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THE

UNSEALED BOOK;

OR,

SEQUEL TO "MISUNDERSTOOD."

BY

E. J. BEACH.

The Philosophy of Life! How grand the theme
Which long has been a sealed book! Reason
And science, come hither and lend your aid!
And you, kind friends, of every land and tongue,
Come help unfold and view the lettered scroll —
Angel emblem — from which God's thoughts are sung.
In realms of space electric wires go forth,
Reaching unto the suns and starry spheres,
From whence millions of spirit-tongues respond
Unto our weak and trembling notes forlorn.
Then let this glorious, happy theme, loved ones,
Our aspiration, inspiration be,
From this day forth forevermore! Stand firm
For truth and right. "And if the God within
Says, 'Well done,' what are other gods to thee?"

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BY EMILY J. BEACH.

DEDICATION.

THE GOOD, THE BRAVE, THE TRUE,

IN PALACE OR COT,

TO YOU I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME;

AND ESPECIALLY TO YOU,

MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS,

BENEATH WHOSE SUNNY SKIES IT SPRANG FORTH;

SINCERELY THANKING YOU FOR YOUR

KINDNESS AND SYMPATHY,

AND WITH HEARTY GOOD WISHES FOR YOUR WELFARE

AND LABORS OF LOVE.

PREFATORY NOTE

BY THE AUTHOR.

SINCE my first half-fledged work went forth, I have been impelled by a power not mine own, and which I would fain have resisted, — more especially because of the cool and disfavorable reception of "Misunderstood," — to again enlist in the battle for spiritual liberty, or physical death, the latter being much more in accordance with my feelings and desires at the time.

Many, doubtless, who read these pages, will be surprised to find their sentiments — expressed in their own language, and addressed personally to me — here made public. To such I will say: You cannot be more dumbfounded and chagrined than was I, when the character of this work first dawned upon my clouded vision; at a time, too, when I would fain have consigned my first offshoot to the fate of oblivion, — myself following in train, — so far, at least, as earth and earthly hopes prevailed.

The only apology which I can render is, that it was so ordained by the "powers that be"; at the same time, I pledge my word of honor never to reveal the identity of those whose writings are thus made public; they will, therefore, be recognized only by themselves, unless it be through their own instrumentality.

I will further say, as evidence of spiritual power and agency, that I was taken unawares, as it were, and the work which has been accomplished through me was unpremeditated, although a faint prediction of the same, which I could not credit at the time, had been given. From this it will be seen that no preparatory study or research had been made. Yet, notwithstanding all this, less than a year has elapsed since the first pages of "Misunderstood" were penned; and the contents of both works have since

been dictated and compiled, with the exception of twelve short pieces, — the last ones in this book, the very last being my very first.

Also, that nearly three months intervened between the *finale* of the first and the commencement of the second volumes, so that the time actually employed in their construction could not have exceeded nine months; and included in these were many days in which I was unable to write at all, others in which I could only devote a comparatively small portion of the day to my labors.

I say this not in egotism, taking no credit unto myself, except a conformity, so far as lay in my power, to the will and direction of the controlling agencies, whose work this is, and to whom, by and through a still higher power, is all the credit due.

April, 1876.

I would here state that, owing to the depression in monetary and business matters, I have been unable to proceed with the publication of this work as I desired; nearly six months having already elapsed since the completion of the manuscript. How long a period will now intervene before it can be brought before the public, I am unable to say.

E. J. BEACH.

October, 1876.

INTRODUCTION

BY CHARLES A. FRAZIER.

A GRATEFUL and appreciative public should always look to the good effects likely to be produced by the production of a book, looking to the good or evil it may disseminate in the community in a well-being state of mind or character, such as may have been seen through the dim visage of nature's own dimensions of intellect and capacity for good or evil communications, of rare habits and influence, subject to be controlled by superficial exhalations of neglectful subterfuges of usefulness, to be conducted through the mediumistic powers of those whose business it is to procure absolution for the want of those requisites that go far to make the man after God's own image, — stamped and rectified to know, and serve out his destiny according to the acquirements of the philosophical mind inculcated by a due obedience to those moral precepts which govern all men in their actions, to serve God according to the wisdom they possess, — notwithstanding the opposition they meet in their daily walks through life.

A great many men think of the persecutions *others*, who have gone on before them, have been subjected to; rejoicing in the good fight *they* made, almost unconsciously to themselves, *through the mediumistic powers which they possessed*, rendering them capable of being influenced imperceptibly in various ways and at sundries time, when their thoughts were at peace with God and man. At the same time, almost unknown to themselves in consequence of the absence of all thought of selfishness or gain of this world's goods, and not likely to be abandoned at every turn of the road they may encounter in passing over the highways of the glorious Redeemer, who vouchsafed redemption to man in

immortality of life, commensurate with his state of being appreciative of the good qualities which bind man's allegiance to his Maker in all time to come, let the consequences be what they may in the sense understood by all those of an inquiring mind and close observance of the things of this life, which go far to demolish the misunderstanding of things rare and beautiful, — although quite unintelligible to the ordinary mind, and looked upon in a general way as superlative in the aggressive cases, — understood by those who have been enjoying a forward move towards the annihilation of the dead issues of this mortal life, void of results of knowledge, and void of proper intelligence to appreciate those good qualities of heart that are continually — and imperceptibly as it were — moving on and forward to aggrandize and buoy up the fallen spirits of this world, and lead and teach them their duties to each other and their Maker.

Also, by and through the hidden paths of Spiritualism, as proclaimed and promulgated by those who preceded us thousands of years ago, — the great first teachers, — of the mysteries of the hidden spirit land, peopled by all who have gone on and are continually retracing the path to visit, instruct, and warn us of the profligacy of the times we live in, the final destruction of the earthly tenement we inhabit, and the promise of a glorious spiritual one, when we pass over as one of God's good and faithful subjects who obeyed his laws and precepts understandingly, according to the wisdom obtained from his instruments of power and knowledge to carry on the work of man's salvation, by means of the spiritual communion based on correct knowledge of the divine precepts taught by our Saviour and his apostles, and now being verified by the visits of the great and good angelic spirits, sent to us for our enlightenment. The profound theologian may have much cause for rejoicing at the mode of spiritual communications if he will but examine the mysteries of the spirit world in a spiritual and godly mood, throwing away his earthly vanity, and inhale the true and beautiful spiritual truths that are being brought forward by an enlightened spirit, to search the truths of God's holy works, and prepare man for the coming millennium.

This book treats of facts in simplicity, diversity, and benevolence. It leads you on in an every-day style of life, taking up all stations in the line of march. It moves forward, gathering a

little here, a fact there, and a solemn truth beyond. Sagacity and Love rule the roast, and Good Feeling does the basting. The instruction to be gained from a perusal of its pages, in a general way, will amply repay the time spent in its perusal. Awkwardness is shown up by bad predicaments caused thereby. Selfishness and want of charity come in in an ungodly air to suit. Love and benevolence shine brightly over its pages, while Christ and the spiritual communion throw their mantle over the sins of the world, and call on man to resurrect, regenerate, and reinform himself to meet the exigencies of the times; and to rehabiliment himself to push forward the great and glorious work of reform and good-will to man in the highest, leaving no stone unturned that may be brought up to help aid and finish his spiritual temple, whereby he may appear in "due form" when he throws off this mortal earthly coil, and habiliments himself with the new spiritual form of righteousness, in order to enjoy all that is great, good, and eternal in the heavens, where no more jealousies, anxieties, or bad influences will enter his mind to bring down sorrow and destruction as seen, felt, and prostrated poor fallen man in this wicked home on earth.

CHARLES A. FRAZIER.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 26, 1876.

THE UNSEALED BOOK.

"I WAS in the spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet;

"Saying, I am alpha and omega, the first and the last; and, What thou seest write in a book."

I SAT me down in silence, friends, within
My room so bright with birds, pictures, and flow'rs;
A voice within me said, Write down thy thoughts;
And more will come. I was not told to write
A book, and why? The veil was not taken
Away; one corner only had been raised;
I could see not far — just a few steps in
Advance — no more. Had one unto me said,
"A book thou shalt write; a few months hence thou
Shalt behold hundreds of pages which have
By thee been penned," should I have then believed
This bold assertion? Not I; my faith was
Not equal thereto. They forced me not my
Powers beyond, but kindly, gently, as days
And weeks went by, they guided and directed
Me in waking hours, and their night-watch kept.
Had I, then, naught to do? "Alas! dear friends,
No heaven-born genius, as ye simply deemed,
Stirred in my childish heart the love of song;
'T was feeling, finely organized perhaps
To keen perceptions of the beautiful,
The great in art or nature, sight or sound.
Books were not my playfellows. Trees, and flowers,

And murmuring rivulets, and merry birds,
And painted insects, all were books to me,
And beautiful language, from the dawn of sense
Familiar to my heart." My early days
And years had been so filled with toil and strife,
There seemed no time for aught beside the daily
Round of homely duties; my school I loved,
Yet even there sore trials did await.
What others learned in "double quick" scarce came
At all to me; my mental powers seemed dull
And thick, my faculties all *fast asleep*.
Was this a fault of mine, think ye? But stay —
It matters not — we have not now the time
To trace the cause. Come forward then with me,
For now, thank God! the veil is lifted higher;
Ask ye how came it so? was it mine own
Strivings alone? Was it by dint of study, or by
Earth's discipline harsh? Nay, my friends, not these.
"Adversity, like the pale wreath of snow,
Falls on the youthful heart, a seeming load, —
But *seeming* such, for after certain space
Continuing there, and if it finds the soil
Not *wholly sterile*, to the frozen mass
Of its own latent virtues, it imparts
A fertilizing warmth, that penetrates
The surface of obdurate worldliness.
Then from the barren waste (no longer such)
Uprising a thousand amaranthine flowers
'Whose fragrance smells of heaven.' Desires chastened,
Enlarged affections, tender charities,
Long suff'ring mercy, and the snowdrop buds
Of heavenly meekness, — these, and thousands more
As beautiful, as kindly, are called forth,
Adversity! beneath thy fost'ring shade."

Hast thou this done for me, Adversity?
In part thou hast, not all; sorrows, so deep

Their forces did with thine unite. And then?
Then, my friends, *the angels came;* beautiful
Angels, heavenly messengers. How they love!
No heaven before my soul had known compared
With this. To me they were both meat and drink;
Or, rather, they unto my soul did give
The same. Each day came manna, just enough;
No portion of the same left over till
The morrow. Why did they give this heavenly
Food? and was it sent for me alone? nay,
All who gathered once received; it hath been
So, is now, yea, *ever shall be so*, for
Thus God's angels pure do teach: *He* is "the
Same yesterday, to-day, and forever."
So are the *laws He doth create.*

What came they for, these messengers of love?
What came they for in olden time but to
Fulfil the purpose of the great "I am"?
We 're told his purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour, and so they do.
Yet hours and days, yea, years unnumbered in
The flight of time, may come and go, and still
The cry will be the same; for us below,
More light, more love, we pray, to guide our souls
Above. Ask ye, my friends, what these blest ones
Have done for me? One thing ye know, they have
Me helped a book to write, and were I now
To pen my thoughts as fast as they do come,
Adding thereto those which came long before,
A score of books methinks would not them all
Contain. In dreams and visions oft they come,
And yet I sensed their presence not until I
"Saw shadowed out, 'as in a glass revealed,'
Things uncreated yet, *that were to be.*"

But of my book, — I call it mine, — *they* gave

Me leave, to *them* I do ascribe the power,—
Indeed, the almost *all in all*; and yet,
Should I their names attach, who would believe?
If "might makes right," then I shall get what they
Cannot receive; at least not from the mass
Of worldly minds. They from a *higher source*
Will reap the "golden sheaves," while I shall reap—
I scarce know what; doubtless from some,
Merits increased an hundred-fold beyond
What my frail powers command; from other some
Contempt and scorn, derision undisguised,
Coolness from those whom I have deemed true friends;
These things I do expect, yea, many such.
Shall my soul in consequence be cast down?
A still small voice within replies, "Thy judge
Is the great God that formed all things, therefore
Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind
Them about thy neck; write them upon the
Table of thine heart; so shalt thou find
Favor and good understanding in the
Sight of God and man."

The said book I have
Not yet seen. Five hundred copies of the
Work have been published—so they say—and some
I know are out. It looks very like *I*
Were out—it can't be in the cold I'm sure,
For this is a bright, sunny land; but weeks
Go by, and no books "ha I—I do nae ken why,"
Unless it may be my patience to try.
I've written until I'm tired of the name
Of "Colby and Rich," place ever the same;
In reply, they say, "The books have been sent."
I begin to fear they are lost, or lent.
Some people would say it mattered not which;
I think, however, it dependeth much—
I know not why this rhyme came in here, I
Almost fear 't is out of place. Things come not

Quickly or quite clear to my mind this day,
My thoughts are wand'ring far away. I feel
Somewhat as David did, when from his son
Absalom he fled, saying,

"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me.

"Many there be which say of my soul, there is no help for him in God.

"But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head.

"I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me.

"I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that have set themselves against me round about."

I can say like him, I am not afraid;
Like him, also, I have long since fled. Where?
From my dearly loved home. Why? I was to
Them a sealed book, no page of which they wished
To con. I could not lie upon the shelf,
A useless, worthless incumbrance. Will they
My book treat this same way, I wonder? Once
I was asked how soon the productions of
My brain would be before the public (or
Words to that effect). My reply might have
Seemed rather ungracious. It was this: "I
Don't think they will be forced upon my friends
Any more than my sentiments have been."
Again, it may seem to some (who would rather
Have never seen the volume) that it has
Almost been forced upon them. To my friends,
Who feel thus, I would say, Pray do not read
One line of the same; you have only to
Lay the book on a shelf, or, if it please
You as well, you may lend it to those who
Will read; I give you my full consent.

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Some letters at last! Rejoice, O my heart,
At the glad surprise! So long have ye been
In wending your way, I began to think —
I hardly know what; but if friends are as
Scarce as their letters have been for the past
Two weeks, some new ones I must try to win,
Although but a little time ago I
Asked for none but the "tried and true." No
New ones can their places fill, yet I fear they
Mostly, if not all, have "gang a gla"!

"A friend in need is a friend indeed"; and
Such, darling, were you, — or was your letter
Kind. And so you have read our book. Do you
Care if here I just write down what you said
Of it? I know, dear one, you say what you
Mean, and mean what you say, as well. If all
As kindly do receive; — but I know they
Won't, so never mind. I'll not give your name,
But the language of your heart, — respecting
The work, I mean. Your kind words endearing,
My lone heart cheering, none other may know.

She writes thus: —

"I hardly know what to think; that some power beside your own controlled your efforts, I am aware. I do not feel prepared to judge; but I must say that I like what seems to be your own writings the best. Your talk about the angels as ministering spirits is very fine, — something that we all believe in. Some of your writings, I think, are beautiful, and some I do not like."

It may not be amiss to here state that this dear friend has never had a favorable opportunity of investigating the Spiritual Philosophy, or had occasion, until quite recently, to give the subject a thought. When she says that she likes what seem to be my own writings the best (she does not know that I could not compile a verse of the same), I comprehend her meaning, and am only

surprised that she deals so charitably with the parts she does not like. With only the experience which she has had, I fear I should not have done as well in her place.

"Quench not the spirit," sister.

"Despise not prophesyings.

"Prove all things; *hold fast that which is good.*

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless."

What is this? Ah, sister, you too have been
Reading our book! and that 's your excuse
For not writing sooner; our sentiments
You will somewhat indorse, I am sure, for
You, dear one, have been long in the "way"; that
Way, at times, led through brambles and briers;
But you turned not back, though they pierced you sore,
Though "life's sunny morn with its golden dreams"
Was soon clouded o'er. May there not be yet
A noontide of glory awaiting thee,
Which shall make you feel "there 's a glad refrain,"
E'en *before* you reach "the other side"?

A prayer I find from thee, an aspiration pure, in language clear, concise, like your own dear self: "Heaven bless you for the fearless utterances of your book!" Thank you, dear. May Heaven bless you also, and cause your sorrows to "melt away as waters which run continually." If we faint not, we shall in due time praise the Lord and say, "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed *because of the truth.*"

This is to me a strange work: the contents
Of my letters to place in so public
A light. I hope, kind spirits, 't will all be
Right. For myself and you I have no fears;
But how will it be with these, our friends, whose
Sentiments you do make me pen? Will
They the same kindly receive? And will they

See themselves as we do see them?
"If not,
They sure no fault can find, as we
No single name shall give. If they their own
Words recognize, our opinion, friendly
Advice as well, comes in gratis, you see.
Therefore go forward, though you do sometimes
Walk in paths you have not known."
"Truly, my
Soul waiteth upon God," but not in vain.
I could seem, dear friends, no further to go,
For the thoughts which came seemed only mine own,
And these were not fraught with faith quite secure;
So I laid myself down to rest awhile.
A good book had I, but I read not much.
You may think it strange, as did I at first;
The ones who control me, *their work to do*,
Are unwilling for me much else to know
In regard to the truths which they alone
Would impart. My mind to them, they say, is
Like a slate. They wish it kept translucent,
Clear, for their especial benefit. They
Then can give their own ideas, unmixed with
Those I might glean from other sources.
They told me not this until our first book
Had been written; not in *words*, I mean; but
While this same work was progressing, I had
Not the slightest inclination to read,
Except it were, in occasional spare
Moments, some seemingly trivial thing:
I do not except the Bible, of course;
That *always* came in. Their object in not
Telling me this in advance I am now
Beginning to see. Their ways have me shown
That they consider "experience the
Best teacher."

As I said before, I laid me down to rest; but as my body was not weary, they gave my spirit rest instead. A voice cried out, "Your books have come." Good news, indeed! For near three weeks they had been on the road. What else have you, a letter? Ah, only a bill; but why should I say *only?* It surely is long enough, and were it not paid, or mostly, would give me no peace by night or by day. If our books do sell well, I shall not get back, on this first edition, nearly so much as I have paid out in "ready cash," say naught of my time, the use of which, in this same way, has made me to feel an outcast from home. But never mind, here comes a "real for true" letter. Come read it with me; just only your part, I mean.

"You are a sly puss, are n't you, to send your friends a great big book, and that the first intimation they had that such a thing was contemplated?"

And this is all? "Flee as a bird to your mountain"; for we know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. We forbear to say more, since the writer of the above simple lines commenced investigating the truths which the book is designed to teach, years before the book itself was in contemplation, or the writer thereof had learned one letter of the spiritual alphabet.

Can "faith without works" save?

Another letter contains the following: "To me the book is quite interesting, and I should judge it would be very *startling to some.* I think it is a great pity that it should have been misrepresented about your brothers, as with those who are accquainted with your family, it weakens the work very much; but perhaps you can explain it all." (Controlling spirit.)

"The writer of the foregoing seems to be laboring under the impression that the *author* of the book and the *subject* of it are one and the same person. This is a slight mistake, yet one which surprises us, as all who are *intimately* acquainted with the author and her family must be aware that it would be a very incorrect record of her life; not only so, but that for her to have placed herself in the exalted position and Pharisaical light of the character represented, would have been an impossibility, nor would it correspond to one act or sentiment of her life. There are, in the book, some instances in which, with the aid of her poetic guide, she has given expression to her own thoughts and feelings, examples of

which may be found on the two hundred and sixty-sixth and three hundred and sixty-ninth pages. These, and all similar ones, as a careful reader will readily perceive, bear no connection with the 'medium,' who is a creature of the imagination, while the spiritual experiences are *actual facts* (some of which came under the writer's personal observation), *truths*, which we trust will be received *as such*. We will furthermore say, Our book has a 'Preface,' which explains this, but which was purposely omitted in our first edition. While we regret that there is any misconception in the matter, we shall feel grateful if those things which we consider of minor importance are the *only ones* which are misunderstood."

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

I have, indeed, had a surprise this day. A clergyman of this place (whom I have only met once) has sent, for my perusal, a criticism on our work, which he has written with a view to have published in the "Observer." It runs as follows:—

"It was our privilege, a few days since, to peruse a new book, one, too, of a unique and uncommon character. The work possesses a rare combination of ease and dignity, simplicity and elegance, truth and sublimity. It elevates the attentive reader above this mundane sphere, and leads him by the still waters and among the green pastures of the spirit land. Lessons of the purest friendship and love, maxims of wisdom for promotion of health and progress in knowledge and usefulness, and illustrations of Scripture truth and practical morality, are scattered with rich profusion and admirable taste through this little volume. The 'Misunderstood' (for such is its name) will be read by many seekers after light in order to a more agreeable development of spiritual power and social affections. That the author, who has come to reside in our midst, may be rewarded for the honest labor here evinced on every page to impress the truth and guard the unsuspecting and the innocent against the alluring influences of evil spirits and wicked associates, is the earnest and fervent wish of —— ——."

We know not how to express our gratitude for this unlooked-for kindness, not the least of which is the endorsement of the sentiments expressed in "Misunderstood," which we had hardly dared hope would be as well *understood* by any one individual.

"The words of wise men are heard in quiet more than the cry

of him that ruleth among fools." Friends, "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; where thou goest it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee." It is our earnest prayer that we may be permitted to say with the Psalmist, "I have taught thee in the way of wisdom and have led thee in *right paths*."

The morn was bright and fair. By your advice,
Kind spirit friends, I took some books, just
Only two, and sallied forth to see if
I could find a purchaser (for
Nary a penny had I to buy for
A letter a stamp. For three weeks' board I
Too was in debt). As you promised that me
You would attend, the result of the same
You full well know; if a lesson thou hast
In connection with this, pray give it me
Now.

"We have, indeed, many things to say;
The result we know was not what you hoped
It might be, but more was accomplished in
Another way, a way *you* dreamed not of.
Through your converse with those you met, *we* gained
An insight of their character, and that
Shall be our theme to-day. We saw thee speak
To one, and give the book into her hand;
But when she learned of what the same did treat,
She quickly did release, as if afraid
Of it and you. Her mind we saw was not
At ease, nor should we be surprised if, had
All been clearly revealed, we might have seen
'Thoughts that are almost murmurs whisper low,
Stinging comparisons, suggestions sad,
Of what I *am*, and what I *might have been*.
This earth so wide and glorious! I fast bound
(A human lichen) to one narrow spot,
A sickly, worthless weed! Such brave, bright spirits

Starring the nether sphere, and I, lone wretch,
Cut off from oral intercourse with all!
The day far spent, and O, how little known!
The night at hand, alas! and nothing done;
And neither 'word, nor knowledge, nor device,
Nor wisdom, in the grave whereto I go.'

And little Annie, — what will Annie be?
The fair-haired prattler! she, with matron airs,
Who gravely lectures her rebellious doll;
'Annie will be papa's own darling child,
Dear papa's blessing; ah! she tells the truth;
The pretty mocking-bird with his borrowed notes
Tells the sweet truth. Already, is she not
Thy darling child? Thy blessing she will prove.'

Another one with wistful longing held
Our book, (herself a medium,) she one
Must have we think; her life has been not all
She strove to have it be, but, 'nothing dies,—
Nothing is lost or wholly perisheth
That God hath called good, and given to man,
Worth his immortal keeping.' Cheer up, dear
Friend, take courage, and thus say, 'Let them go;
Let them pass from me like a troubled dream;
The things of this world; bitter apples all,
Like those of the Dead Sea, that mock the eye
With outward fairness, ashes at the core.
Let this frail body perish day by day,
And to the dust go down and be resolved
Thereunto,— earth to earth; but *I shall live*
In *spiritual identity unchanged*,
And take with me, where happy spirits dwell,
All thoughts, desires, affections, memories,
Sealed with the heavenly stamp, and set apart
(Made worthy) for duration infinite.'

We saw thee chatting for a while with one
Whose jewelled fingers, gay attire, bespoke
For her more time and thought bestowed upon
The casement which enshrined the worldly mind,
Than on that mind itself. She did possess
Some curiosity, as did the friend
Who had dropped in, and made an effort thee
To quiz. 'Alas, poor maid! an arduous task was
Thine; a hopeless labor, recommencing still,
Like theirs, the unhappy sisters, doomed to pour
Eternal streams in jars that never fill.'
A book so 'rich in the truest wisdom' would
Be considered naught but trash by them, we fear;
If they read at all, selecting such as
'Might shock fastidious taste, *less pure than wise:*
The love of God and man, and holy nature
Breathed like the fragrance of a precious gum
From consecrated censer,' *hallowing*
The same, their cloudy vision would not perceive.

A third person we saw enter the room,
And then as quickly disappear, as if—
Well, we had no chance to read his mind, and
Will not of him give our opinion; we
Will say just here instead, in a general
Way, 'All's not well when hearts, that should be
Open as the day, shrink from inspection.'

We saw thee again, and we saw standing
Near, a grief-stricken mother, so lonely
And sad. Her treasures, alas! from her sight
Had fled; 'had gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade;
Where on all beauty death's fingers are laid.'
We fain would thee cheer, thou sorrowing one.
Have you not heard, and read, and learned, how God

'Tempers the wind to the shorn lamb'? So thine,
Helpless and tender as they are, his eye
Still watcheth, and his guardian care protects.
They went in the sunshine of their bright young
Days, in a fairer home they will expand;
And never like thee, kind mother, will grow
'Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet;
Weary with parting and never to meet;
Weary with sowing and never to reap;
Weary with labor and welcoming sleep.'
We saw and read much of the deep within,
The well of this mother's heart; much, I mean,
For the short space of time allotted us;
We think again thou 'lt meet with her, and she
In time become much changed; if so, she will
Say you have done it. Was it wisely done?
'Wisely and well, they say who look thereon
With unimpassioned eye; cool, clear, undimmed
By moisture such as memory gathers oft
In mine, while gazing on the things that are
Not with the hallowed past, the loved, lost,
Associated as those I now retrace
With tender sadness.'
The scene is changed, and
We behold thee entering a mansion
Fair. The grounds about are laid with care, and
Show that flowers have in their season been reared,
And were doubtless cherished tenderly by
Her who welcomes thee kindly, although to
Her thou art a stranger, — as are the truths
She gladly would investigate, — and yet
She scarce had dare. And why? is she not a
Free moral agent? Yes; but then, she hath
An husband; she hath also a loving
Spirit-friend, who reads her soul and gives
Us the following as her sentiments:
'Nature in me hath still her worshipper,

And in my soul her mighty spirit still
Awakes sweet music, tones and symphonies
Struck by the Master-hand from every chord.
But prodigal of feeling she withholds
The glorious power to pour its fulness out;
And in mid-song I falter, faint at heart
With consciousness that every feeble note
But yields to the awakening harmony
A weak response,— a trembling echo still.'

The husband comes, and what says he? His talk
Is very fine, he believes that spirits
With mortals do communicate, that it is by
Or through the laws of nature which at the
Present time are little understood; thinks
It an established fact, and one which will
Eventually be recognized as such
Throughout the world. He seemingly doth say,
'We live, God wot, in an improving age,
And our old world, if it *last long enough*,
Will reach perfection. Lo! conceptions vast
Germ not alone in patriot statesman's mind
Or great philanthropist's.' What good, we pray,
Will from these conceptions vast accrue, if
None dare publicly acknowledge the same?
We saw
Upon thy brow a shade of disappointment
When he refused our book to buy. We saw,
Also, he gladly would have read the same, but,
If he bought it, his wife might read it too;
It might do her no harm; still, her readings
He chose to first select, and then *peruse*.

'It is not once an age two hearts are set
So well in unison that not a note
Jars in their music; but a skilful hand
Slurs lightly over the discordant tones,

And *wakens only the full force of those*
That sound in concord. Happy, happy those
Who *thus perform* the grand concerto, — *Life!*'

Unknown to you, unknown to us the one
You accidentally did meet upon
The stair. We were amused at his attempt
To place before you 'great *I* and little *u*.'
A medium he claimed to be, but said
The spirits all who did appear he would
Vouchsafe to swallow; your brave retort he
Will not quite forget. (I replied that he
Might *swallow* all that the book contained, but
I would guarantee him that it would take
Some time to *digest* the same.) He is young
In knowledge, also in years, we trust not
'Past hope of e'er producing flower or bud.'
We would advise a change right soon, lest he,
Through his *own negligence* alone, be classed
With plants full blown, that nothing lack — but *roots.*

Another one of riper years we saw;
He seemed not lacking in intelligence,
And had a kindly sympathetic mien;
We think, too, he was well read; if asked *why*
Such and such things were, if he knew he would
You tell; if not, acknowledge that as well;
Not say, like some, 'They were, *because* they were.'
We would give him all credit due, while still
We say, 'There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in *thy philosophy.*'"

Friends, not a book did I sell. "Well! well! well!
All's doubtless as it should be; were my will
The rule of action, strange results no doubt
Would shock the rational community.
But farewell to the glaring world without;

The glaring, bustling, noisy, parched-up world!
And hail repose and verdure, turf and flowers,
Also my home o'er whose dear quiet walls
Brood the twin doves, Holiness and Peace."
I must not expect ripe fruit to-day from
Seed sown but as yesterday; to-morrow
And to-morrow may pass ere I perceive
The tiny bud which first must bloom, and then
Its petals shed, before the fruit appear.
Then more to-morrows still must pass, yes, bright
Sunny ones, to ripen and make fit for
Use the fruit which may and will in time
Be gathered home; I must with patience wait:
It is not all who having eyes can see,
Or having ears can hear. This truth we learn
From every-day experience. "How it frets
One's soul to be associated with these
Deaf hearers, blind beholders! Frets one more
That all the *outward graces* they possess,
As it appears unblemished. So we're led
To utter freely what we warmly feel;
And then it proves that all the wires and pipes
That should communicate 'twixt eyes and ears
And the *indwelling soul*, to empty cells
Lead only, sending back response nor sound.
Say with a friend we contemplate some scene
Of natural loveliness, from which the heart
Drinks in its fill of deep admiring joy;
And are our voices mute? O, no, we turn
(Perhaps with glistening eyes) and our full heart
Pour out in rapt'rous accents, broken words
Such as require no answer, but by speech
As little measured, or that best reply,
Feeling's true eloquence, a *speaking look:*
But other answer awaits us; for the friend
(O heaven, that there are such!) with a calm smile
Of sweet no-meaning gently answers, 'Yes,

Indeed it's very pretty. Don't you think
It's getting late though; time to go to tea?'

Some folks will tell you, of all things on earth
They most like reading; poetry with them
Is quite a passion; but somehow it is,
They never find a moment's leisure time
For things they dote on. *What a life is theirs!*
There's the new poem, — they would give the world
To skim it over, but it cannot be!
That trimming must be finished for the ball.
If you indeed, who read aloud so well,
With so much feeling, would but take the book,
'T would be so nice to listen! such a treat!
And all the while the *trimming might go on.*
You cannot have the heart to disappoint
Wishes expressed so sweetly. Down you sit;
The first few pages smoothly on you go,
Yourself delighted, and delighting much
(So simply you believe) your hearers too.
At length a whisper, audibly aside,
Or cross the table, grates upon your ear,
And brings you from the region of romance —
'Dear! how provoking! have you seen my thread?
No, here it is. O, pray don't stop; go on
With that beautiful story.' On you go,
But scarce recover from the first rude shock,
When lo! a second. Deep debate ensues,
Grave, solemn, nice, elaborate, profound,
About the shade of some embroidered leaf,
Whether too dark, or not quite dark enough,
Or whether pea green were not after all
Better than apple green. And there you sit
Devoutly banning in your secret soul,
Balls, trimmings, and your own too easy faith
In sympathy from hearers so engrossed.
Better leave off, you say, and close the book,

Till some more leisure morning. But at once
All voices clamor at the barb'rous thought
Of such adjournment; and you recommence,
Loath and disheartened; but a lull succeeds
Of seeming deep attention, and once more
The noble song absorbs you, heart and soul.
That part you reach where the old dog who lies
Beside Rusilla, and, unnoticed, long
Has eyed the dark-cowled stranger; all at once
(Confirmed by love's strong instinct) crawls along
And crouches at his regal master's feet,
And licks his hand, and gazes in his face
'With eyes of human meaning.' There, just there,
When trembling like a harp-string to the touch
Of some impassioned harmonist, your voice
Falters with strong emotion—
'Oh!' cries she,
The passion of whose soul is poesy,
'That dear sweet dog! it just reminds me though
That poor Tauton was washed two hours ago,
And I must go and comb him, pretty love!
So for this morning (though it breaks my heart)
From that dear book I tear myself away.'
Ah, luckless reader! wilt thou e'er again
On such as these expend thy precious breath?
Inflict not on me, Stars, the killing blight
Of such companionship. O, rather far
Assign me for my intimate and friend
One who says plainly, 'I confess to me
Painting's but colored canvas; music, noise;
And poetry, prose spoilt; those rural scenes
Whereon you gaze enraptured, nothing more
Than hill and dale and water, wooded well
With stout oak timber, growing for the axe.'
'Twixt such a heart and mine there must be still
A bar, oft painfully perceived indeed,
And never overstepped. But I could feel

Respect, affection, *confidence* for such,
If dignified with sound, clear-judging sense
And piety, that gem beyond all price,
Whereunto compared all gifts are valueless.

Many there are among creation's lords
Whom *Fashion* wheels abroad (a listless load);
Quite blind to all the wonders in their way
Of art and nature; with a senseless noise
Chatt'ring among themselves their mother-tongue
In foreign lands, disdaining to acquire
The useless knowledge (spiritless pursuit)
Of a strange people's customs, arts, and speech;
And who return with minds still unenlarged,
And skulls as empty, to their native land.

The stream, the mead, herb, insect, flower and leaf
Sunbeam and shadow, all, as we have said,
Were books to us, companionable things;
But lack of other volume, man's device,
Was none, when turning from the outspread scroll
Of beauteous nature. Sweet repose we sought
In varied pleasure outside these; at times
Passionate longing grasps the ripened fruit,
And finds it marred, a canker at the core.
What shall we dare desire of earthly good
The seeming greatest; what in prayer implore
Or deprecate, of that our secret soul
In fondness and in weakness covets most,
Or deepest dreads, but with the crowning clause,
The sanctifying, 'Lord, thy will be done'?
But as we read, and dream, and smile, and sigh,
Old feelings stir within us, old delights
Kindle afresh, and all the past comes back
With such a rush, as to its long-dried bed
The waters of a stream for many a year
Pent from its natural course, back to childhood.

There is in childhood a holy ignorance, a beautiful credulity, a peculiar sanctity, that one cannot contemplate without something of the reverential feeling with which one should approach beings of a celestial nature. The impress of the divine is, as it were, fresh on the infant spirit, fresh and unsullied by contact with this withering world. One trembles lest an impure breath should dim the clearness of its bright mirror. And how perpetually must those who are in the habit of contemplating childhood, of studying the characters of little children, feel and repeat to their own hearts, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven'! Ay, which of us, of the wisest among us, may not stoop to receive instruction and rebuke from the example of a little child? Which of us, by comparison of its sublime simplicity, its adorable ingenuousness, has not reason to blush for the littleness, the degeneracy of his own? How often has the innocent remark, the artless question, the natural acuteness of a child called up into older hearts a blush of accusing consciousness!

How often might the prompt, candid, unqualifying, honorable decision of an infant, in some question of right or wrong, shame the hesitating, calculating evasiveness of mature reason! 'Why do you say so if it is not true?' 'You must not keep that, for it is not yours,' 'If I do this, or that, it will make God angry,' are remarks we have heard from the lips of babes and sucklings; the first in particular, that probing question, to the no small embarrassment of some who *should have been their teachers!*

The world of a child's imagination is the creation of a far holier spell than hath ever been wrought by the pride of learning, or the inspiration of poetic fancy. Innocence that thinketh no evil, ignorance that apprehendeth none; hope that hath experienced no blight; love that suspecteth no guile, — these are its *ministering angels*, these wield a wand of power, making this earth a paradise. Time, hard, rigid teacher; reality, rough, stern reality; world, cold, heartless world; that ever your sad experience, your sombre truths, your killing cold, your writhing sneers, should *scare those gentle spirits from their holy temple!* And wherewith do ye replace them? With caution, that repulseth confidence; with doubt, that repelleth love; with reason, that dispelleth illusion; with fear, that poisoneth enjoyment; in a

word, with knowledge, that fatal fruit, the tasting whereof, at the first onset, cost us Paradise! And the tree of knowledge, — transplanted to this barren soil, together with its scanty blossoms, — doth it not bring thorns abundantly? And of the fruits that ripen, have any yet ripened to perfection? What hand hath ever plucked *unscathed?*

The child enjoys everything that is, abstractedly from all reference to the past, all inquiry into the future. He feels that he *is* happy, and satisfied with that blest perception, searches not into the nature or probable duration of his felicity.

There may be, there *are* in after life intervals of far sublimer happiness; for if thought, if 'knowledge' bringeth a curse with it, casting as it were the taint of corruption and the shadow of death over all that in this world seemed fair and good and lasting and perfect, *reason, enlightened by revelation and sustained by faith, hath power to lift up that gloomy veil,* and to *see beyond it 'the glory which shall be revealed hereafter.'* But with the exceptions of such times, when the heart communes with heaven, when our thoughts are in a manner like the angels ascending and descending on those bright beams of celestial intercourse, what feelings of the human mind can be thought so nearly to resemble those of the yet guiltless inhabitants of Eden, as the sensations of a young and happy child?"

What hand indeed, upon this mundane sphere,
Hath ever plucked unscathed the fruits of knowledge?
Our life below is far too short for that;
We may reach forth our hand and gather
From the tree those which to look upon are
Very fair; but alas! they are unripe, so
Hard we dare not even taste. Again, we
May some windfalls find upon the ground. They
Have reached the highest state of perfection
Possible to them, and really have
A pleasant flavor; they will not harm us,
But will, instead, give us a foretaste of
What shall come afterward; and such, we feel,
Is life on earth; must it be always thus?
As we grow wiser will our sorrows also

Increase in like proportion to the same?
When thoughts like these arise, *permitted tests*
Proving our frailty, and thy mercy, Lord,
Let but thy minist'ring angel draw our eyes
To nature's book, and lo! this troublous world
Fades from before us like a morning mist,
And in a spirit not our own, we cry,
"Perish all knowledge but *what leads to Thee!*"

I 've been a dreamer all my life, but now,
Alas! the dream has fled; a whirlwind came,
And I alone escaped. The bower which Hope
Had built may grow and thrive in yon bright sphere,
A kindly shelter prove; but not here, no,
Not here! "'T is ever thus, 't is ever thus
With beams of mortal bliss, with things too bright
And beautiful for such a world as this;
One moment round about us their angel
Lightnings play, then, down the veil of darkness
Drops, and all hath passed away. Let it fall,
That blessed veil which shuts the future out;
The *earthly* future — but beyond, away
With dread and doubt!" Have I dread? have I doubt?
Nay, neither. In trying hours like these, my
Weary spirit *longs* to take its flight. I
Feel that I have drank enough of life; the
Cup assigned to me contains but little
Sweet at best. Then come, "O death! — come quietly,
Come lovingly, and shut mine eyes and steal
My breath! Then willingly, oh! willingly
With thee I 'll go away." Mine earthly friends
May not be near, — what matters it? Angels
I know will me attend, — angels as pure
As their own bright homes; my poor lone heart clings
Lovingly to these, with all its finest
Tendrils, with all its flexile rings; I long
To hear the music of the heavenly spheres,

From harps attuned only to notes of love
And tenderness, from lips whose cadence breathes
Sweet harmony and peace. Alas! that these
Should be "sounds too sweet for earth"!
Beautiful,
Beautiful sky! I would thy splendor here
I might trace! The day a dark and gloomy
One has been; the sun shone not until
Its closing hour, when suddenly its bright
And golden beams dispelled the weariness
And gloom. The heavens no mundane artist could
Portray, just as the sun his farewell to
The earth vouchsafed. Spanning a portion of
The low horizon, clouds — if such, indeed,
They could be called — assumed alternate hues
Of crimson, orange, golden; then came a
Belt of clear blue sky; above this same a
Crimson shade again appears, submerged at
Intervals with hues less deep, more golden
Bright, streaming high, softly blending with the
Azure overhead. A little distance
At the right of these, a huge and shapeless
Mass of clouds, commingling all the colors
Here portrayed, nor leaving out the truthful
Blue, presents to our admiring eye a
Soft, not deep, purple, — type of royalty.

I could not write; my gaze was fixed; while I,
Unconscious, "tranced in waking dreams," led on
By impulse not mine own. How bright, and yet
How brief, the interval vouchsafed! Methought
It was a type of life; of some one's life,
It might be mine, I could not say. Thus far
I felt its day had been o'erspread with clouds.
Would my life's day on earth as brightly close?
Should I behold the glorious home above,
While yet my spirit lingered here? If so,

My Lord, I ask no more ; it is the dearest
Boon I crave. I may still dream, but not as
Heretofore ; for stealing o'er my soul I
Feel e'en now the soft, warm breath of purer air ;
While voices low and sweet unto my soul
Are murmuring, "Thy heart shall yet be satisfied ;
Thy visions all come true : we say not *when*,
We say not *where*."
Ah ! spirits kind, I ask
Ye not to tell ; I only ask your warm
And loving sympathy, your aid in all
My labors here ; my life-work too, if thou
Wilt consecrate. O, *then*, indeed, I shall
Be "satisfied" ; and *there* also my "visions
All come true" ; but not here, nay, not here.
One
Lesson more the clouds and sky enforced ; 't was
This : The rolling, tumbling mass of purple
Hue (royalty) was *first to disappear*.
It seemed to go not willingly, but plunged
About, assumed at length the blackness of
Despair, and angrily, trembling with fear,
Gave up the ghost. The dazzling brightness of
The sun had given place to softer shades
Of mellow light ; these, too, soon disappeared,
And all the sky, above, below, around,
Was — blue. Emblem of truth, thy reign shall come !
After a little space of time, the stars
Come twinkling forth ; the lesser lights which hold
Their sway until the dawn of morrow's sun
Doth lighten, brighten all the earth again.

"O sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine ;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.
As every day thy mercy spares

Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy pure example mine!"

Nor mine
Alone; indeed that could not be, for all
Who will, may to thee come; thou wilt not "break
The bruised reed," nor wilt thou search the wounds
That bleed, but *only wound to heal.* 'T is easy
Quite to *say* these things; but oh! to *live* and
Feel yourself a bruised reed, made such by
Cruel scorn, contempt, and pride of so-called
Friends! (Not *all*, thank God! have thus repaid our
Love for them, and all the human race as
Well.) And yet we love them still, knowing that
"It is not love that steals the heart *from love;*
'T is the hard world, and its perplexing cares;
Its petrifying selfishness, its pride,
Its low ambitions, and its petty aims.
'A friend loveth at all times': so ye, if
Friends, will still love me; not only through 'good
Report,' but through 'evil,' especially
When its falsehood you more than divine.
Never tell me of loving by measure
And weight; love cannot be bought, it cannot
Be sold. 'If yours can, let them have it who
Care: it 's a great deal too common for me.
You must love, — *not my faults*, — but in *spite*
Of them, *me*, under all change of circumstance
Too: apart or together, in crowds, or — in
Short, you must love me, *because I love you.*'"

"How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? How long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?"

"I go not like one in the strength of youth,
Who hopes, though the passing cloud may pour down
Its icy hail amain, that summer and
Sunshine may break out again the brighter
From sorrow's shroud. An April morn and a
Clouded day my portion of life hath been;
Yet, would I change, if the power were mine,
One tittle decreed by the will divine?
O, no, not a thousandth part. In my
Blindness I've wished, in my feebleness wept,
With a weak, weak woman's wail, but humbling
My heart and its hopes in the dust (all its
Hopes that are earthly), I've anchored my trust
On the *strength that never can fail.*"
O, give
Me then each day enough to make mine own —
So weak, alas! — endure for present needs, —
A little while, — a little way, — and I
Shall rest at home, no more to know or heed
The world's contempt and scorn, no more to feel
That "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The
Time is past "when life was joy, the fair earth
Paradise"; although I still its green glades
Love, with an exceeding love; I love, too,
"To hold communion with the stirring air,
The breath of flowers, the ever-shifting clouds,
The rustling leaves, the music of the stream,
To people solitude with airy shapes,
And the dark hour, when night and silence reign,
With immaterial forms of other worlds:
But best and noblest privilege, to feel
Pervading nature's all-harmonious whole,
The great Creator's presence, in his works."

"How swift is a glance of the mind!" When I
Think of my native land, in a moment
I seem to be there. A moment since and

I was calm and cold, — cold as this world is
To me; now the warm blood through every
Throbbing vein fast hurrying, mantles over
Cheek and brow, like youth and hope rekindling,
Ebbing now to the full heart again; leaving
A paler cheek, a glistening eye with watery
Gaze fixed fast on visions of the past;
O, where am I? At home, — at home again
In mine own land; its mountain streams are
Murm'ring in mine ear, and thrilling voices
From loved lips I hear. There — there the loving
Band: mine own long lost, oh! take the weary
One, to weep on some dear breast this agony
To rest, — on thine, my friend! Thou answerest
Not; none answer me; that cry was from mine
Own sad heart. And are they gone? Nay, I am
Gone, — gone from my native land. Do friends mine
Absence mourn, or sigh for my return? Not
So; methinks they rather do rejoice at
My protracted stay. Had they this body
Frail, consigned to its last resting-place, no
Lack of tears, no lack of flowers to scatter
O'er the bier, to strew around the tomb, which
After all did but contain the mortal
Flesh inanimate, useless, worthless quite!
Ah, friends, at such a time weep not for me!
Rejoice rather for and with me. If in
Thy hearts one spark of love or sympathy
Thou hast, revive it now, and let me feel
Its genial warmth I pray, while yet I sojourn
Here. When I from earth have passed away, I
Fear ye will not, even then, your hearts upraise
To meet mine own; but *there* 't will matter not
So much as *here* with me; mine own I know
Will meet and love me there: their spirit-forms
Mine eyes shall see, their loving arms will me
Enfold; the music of their voices sweet

Will charm mine ear; what now seems misty, there
Will be so tangible and real. Then chide
Me not if I do ask you, here and now,
To give the love deep-pent within your hearts.
This clayey tenement treat kindly for
The *spirit's sake*, so long as it the spirit
Doth enshrine; when *that* departs, I crave not
For the empty barren casket one tear,
One sigh from thee; let it return to mother
Earth from whence it came; there, tranquilly
Repose.
"O, for a sound of life from a
Single living thing!" The cloud of my spirit
Doth dwell on beautiful things to-day; yet
I cannot be glad; the sound of my breath
In this stillness deep, distresses me sore.
My heart is not sullen, though sad; for your
Silence, dear friends, seems very unkind; and
I — so lonely — must I still live lingering on,
Like a trampled passion-flower, torn from its
Parent stem? must I still keep suffering
On, like a martyr, writing the while, and
You in silent sweetness remain, as if
Fearing to "waste your fragrance on the desert
Air"? Have ye naught to say the spell to break?
I would have you make no kindly *pretence*,
For flattering words more pain than pleasure
Would give; a loving rebuke in frankness
Given would be more graciously received.
One word of sweet encouragement from thee,
Would vibrate tenderly on weary heart-strings
Now trailing low, wayworn with earthly strife;
But if in me thou 'lt not confide, I have
Of thee one more request to make; 't is this:
That when on bended knee, with heart upraised,
Thou dost for *thee* and *thine* a blessing crave,
"Forget not *me*"; invoke a blessing on

My labors too, that I may deck a holier
Shrine, sip from a purer fountain, yielding
Waters more divine!
"Silent friends, fare ye well!
Shadows, adieu! living friends long I've lost,
Now I lose you. Bitter tears, many I've shed, —
None saw them flow; dreary hours, many I've sped
Unknown to you"; yet in my loneliness —
Kindly, methought — some still felt toward me,
Mocking me not with light speech and hollow words,
Grating sore the sad heart, with many ills
Sick to the core; then, if my clouded skies
Brightened awhile, seemed your soft, serious eyes
Almost to smile; making me feel not quite
Alone, not quite companionless.
Spirit friends!
Ye read and replied to my questioning thought.
"Daughter," ye softly said, "peace to thine heart!
We too — yes, daughter! — have been as thou art, —
Tossed on the troubled waves, life's stormy sea;
Chance and change manifold proving like thee,
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed, seeing in part,
Tried, troubled, tempted, *sustained*, as *thou* art.
Our God is *thy* God; what He wills is best;
Trust him as we trusted: then — *rest as we rest.*"
"Silent friends! fare ye well! Shadows! adieu.
One friend abideth still, all changes through."

"There was a time — sweet time of youthful folly —
Fantastic woes I coveted, feigned distress,
Wooing the veiled phantom, Melancholy,
When heaved the light heart that knew no real pain.
But I have lived to feign the smile of gladness,
When all below seemed cheerless, dark, and cold,
When all earth's joys were mockery and madness,
And life more tedious than a 'tale twice told.'
And now — and now — pale, pining Melancholy!

No longer veil for me your haggard brow
In pensive sweetness, such as youthful folly
Fondly conceited; I abjure ye now!
Away! avaunt! no longer now I call ye,
'Divinest Melancholy! mild, meek maid';
No longer may your siren spells enthrall me,
A willing captive in your baleful shade;
No longer feigned distress, fantastic woe!
But for the stricken, the spirit broken,
There 's balm in Gilead still; the very rod,
If we kiss it as the stroke descendeth,
Distilleth oil t' allay the inflicted smart;
I know my griefs; but then my consolation,
My trust, and my immortal hopes I know.
The Christian strife can finish but with finished
Life (below); the spirit may be all resigned,
Yet inly bleed. The willing mind, too, oft
May faint, the hopeful eye sink rayless in
Despondency." Love 's sunshine melting not
To tears the drifted sorrows of the heart;
But "in that region of artistic splendor,
Where the angel faces look so tender,
Human weakness needeth no defender;
In the perfect light of the heavenly city,
Souls can read the *law of life aright.*
O, when the circle made complete, shall in
Thy boundless being meet, we feel, we know
That we shall be made perfect in our love
To thee, holy Father, that good will triumph
In that hour, and weakness be exchanged for
Power."

Rest, weary spirit, from thy labors
Rest; thy doubts, thy wrongs, thy painful wanderings!
Dread memories are these, embalmed with tears,
From which I turn with sick'ning sigh. Retrace
Not thou the past; look up, look up, my soul,
To loftier mysteries! Seek out the isles

Of light, where not a passing cloud obscures
The sunny scene. Trust in his word to thee
Who saith, "All tears shall be wiped from all eyes."
And O, my soul! judge not again at a
Single glance, nor pass sentence hastily;
There are many good things in this world of
Ours,—many sweet things and rare! weeds that
Prove precious flowers, little dreamt of by thee.
Yea, human flowers, that a common observer
Passeth by with a scornful lip and a
Careless eye, in the heyday of pleasure
And pride. Look about, up and down, but take
Care! do not crush the *seeming* unlovely
Flower, for, in truth, there 's beauty in it;
Remove it to some quiet spot, from the
Mid-day sun's broad glare, where domestic peace
Broods with dove-like wing, and try if the
Homely, despised thing may not yield sweet
Fragrance there. All 's not gold that glitters, you
Know; and it is not all worth, that makes the
Greatest show in the glare of the strongest
Light.

Who that hath examined the lovely
And modest violet with care, can pass
It rudely by? Its pencilled markings so
Exquisitely drawn, its royal shadings
Blending so sweetly; and then, its delicate,
Rare perfume; it thrives and blooms almost the
Livelong year; the summer's heat disturbs it
Not; the winter's chill may for a time its
Blossoms check, but oft we 've seen in early
Spring, its verdure bright above the snowy
Mantled earth appear, and buds lain dormant
Ope to the mild breath of April morn. We
Have, too, observed that this lowly flower is
Not easily crushed, or, *if* crushed, even
To the earth, will rise and bloom again for

Those who trampled on and nearly did its
Life crush out. O, blest indeed the *Human*
Flower whose heart doth so rebound with love
To those who break or wound, but never heal!
To such as these methinks Leigh Hunt's beautiful
Allegory will apply. You have doubtless
Read it many a time; so have I, but
Never tire, and so will here it insert.

"Abou Ben Adham — may his tribe increase —
Awoke one night from a dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adham bold,
And to the presence in his room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised his head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.'

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adham's name led all the rest."

These same little violets, so modest
And sweet, thrive not so well in the sun's hot
Rays as in some quiet sheltered nook; they bear
Far better the chill, searching winds and moisture
Therewith, than the sun's scorching heat. Roses
Have we, and other flowers gay, which thrive
Not at all in a cold ungenial shade;
They love the light, and it must have or cease

To bloom; e'en then our roses queenly and
Fair, many an one, do only give their
Blossoms sweet, one month in the year; short-lived
Are they, yet beautiful in their time. When we
Roam from flower to flower, we know not which we
Love the best; we love, yea, dearly love them
All! No rose, 't is said, without its thorn. This
May be true; — but when they say a serpent
Lurks our sweetest flowers among, believe them
Not. Think, rather, that an angel face looks
Out from each, although our vision dim discern
It not; no doubt have we that each and all —
The very least of us — have guardian angels
Us assigned by Him who notes the sparrow
Fall. They 're flitting near, all around us and
Above, on missions of kindness, compassion,
And love. They smile when we 're happy and
Good: are less distressed at our weaknesses,
Failings, and fears than are we, who so little
Of the future may know; they care for the
Least of our innocent joys, and if we but
Heed and trust to their care, will lead us to
Bloom-beds, bright, lovely ones too, where serpents
Harm not, and thorns never grow; where the
Net-work of life flows smoothly on, its meshes
All evenly set, its threads so fine, seeming
Not to have beginning or end, so deftly
Hid. We oft have felt our life below were
At the best a tangled web, an instrument
Whose keys had ne'er been found in tune. O,
In that happy sphere above, may we not
Hope the tangled threads will all come straight? our
Hearts be all attuned to love and truth, the
Master-keys of Heaven? We 've heard that little
Infants converse by smiles and signs with the
Guardian band of angels that round about
Them shine, unseen by grosser senses. How

Beautiful the thought! 't will be renewed too.
Thy childhood heart may receive the same
Angelic wisdom; in after years as
Well as now, thou mayst thy thoughts and smiles
Bestow upon thy heavenly friends, with them
Commune. To some this may a simple fancy
Seem, — we deem it wise and true. Precious babes,
What ministry like love unhired? O Earth!
Earth! Earth! when will your sons become "wise as
Serpents, harmless as doves"? When will they learn
True wisdom, and in singleness of heart
Be willing that even "a little child
Shall lead them"?

"O Lord, my God! if I have done this!"
"Help, Lord! for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

Silent friends, — but wait, are ye friends? ye surely
Are not silent ones; would to God ye were,
For your own souls' good! Toward me only were
Ye silent. My heart and my strength failed me.
"My harp also was turned to mourning, and
My organ into the voice of them that weep."
The days went by, I could not write, — why? My
Very heart's blood was congealed by your icy
Coldness; the sun refused its warm and genial
Rays to lend, to melt away the frozen
Tears which dimmed my eyes as well. Should I, or
Could I if I would, distil its chilling
Breath? Nay, I could not if I would, nor would
I if I could. Methought to wait for brighter
Days to come, e'er I my thoughts poured forth
Again: I waited long, and then— My God!
My God! Who hath done this? Have mercy!
Have mercy!

"Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul."

"Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me."

"Make haste, O God, to deliver me; make haste to help me, O Lord."

"For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him:

But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.

We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company."

"Lord, how long wilt thou look on? Rescue my soul," I beseech thee.

"For they speak not peace: but they devise deceitful matters against them that are quiet in the land." But as for me, "I behaved myself as though he had been my friend or brother: when they were sick I humbled my soul with fasting; and my prayer returned unto mine own bosom."

"Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble; my life is spent with grief."

"I was a reproach among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbors, and a fear to mine acquaintance."

"For I have heard the slander of many."

"When my father and my mother forsake me," then wilt thou, O Lord, "take me up"?

"Because for thy sake I have borne reproach; I am become a stranger unto my brethren and an alien unto my mother's children."

"They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of mine head." Hear me, O Lord.

"Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink: let me be delivered from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up.

Hear me, O Lord, and hide not thy face from thy servant; for I am in trouble: hear me speedily.

Draw nigh unto my soul and redeem it: deliver me because of mine enemies.

Reproach hath broken my heart; and I am full of heaviness:

and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none."

"The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

Ah! *One* hath borne, one alone
Of earth-born sons hath borne, suffered, yea,
Conquered, all below. He feels, he *knows* it
All. In agony, he wept and prayed for—
Whom? For those who *knew not what they did.* O
Jesu! meek and mild, teach *us* to pray! to
Love as *thou* hast loved! Think ye, dear friends, his
Agonizing tears and prayers were caused by
Suff'rings bodily? or by a contemplation
Of the same? Hear ye his words: "Thinkest thou
That I cannot now pray to my Father,
And he shall presently give me more than
Twelve legions of angels?"

"Behold, the time cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am *not alone*, because the Father is with me."

Believed they this? Nay, not one of all the
Twelve believed; not one could comprehend his
Words, when he said unto them—

"All ye shall be offended because of me this night: for it is written I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad.

Peter answered and said unto him, Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will *I* never be offended.

Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, that *this* night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.

Peter said unto him, Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee. Likewise also said all the disciples."

Alas for frail
Human nature! Gethsemane, thou garden
Fair. If thou couldst speak, how much ye might

Reveal: how much of *mental sorrow*, combined
With *anguished love*, record! 'T was here, *alone*
He prayed, while his companions slept; yea, those
Very ones who had their constancy proclaimed
In tones so strong! To them the Master said,
"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even
Unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with
Me." He bowed his face unto the earth in
Agony too deep for utterance: when he
Arose his watchers slept. How mildly he
Them chides with words which tell the secret grief
Within: "Could ye not watch with me *one hour?*"
And then, as if to remove even the
Shadow of a reproach, he adds: "The *spirit*
Truly is willing, but the *flesh* is weak."
He asks them not again to watch; twice more
Alone he prays, saying,

"O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done.

And then appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him."

Then turning to his silent friends he saith, "Sleep on now and take your rest."

Again he saith, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word.

That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.

I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.

I have given them thy word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.

I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

To his disciples he saith, "These things have I spoken unto you, that in *me* ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

My Lord and my God!
Wilt thou keep me from the evil? Although in
The world I still have tribulation, may I in
Thee have peace! I cannot now, I dare not
Hope to ever in earth-life say, —

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." Yet I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.

"Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?

When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back: this I know, for God is for me."

"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! They are more in number than the sand."

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Therefore "will I call upon God; and the Lord shall save me; evening, morning, and at noon will I pray and cry aloud; and he shall hear my voice."

He shall deliver my soul in peace from
The battle that is against me: for there are many
With me, yea, many. Ask ye who they are?
From whence they come? They are a white-robed,
Happy band, who once did toil as I do
Here: I knew them well. They come from that
Celestial sphere where I hope soon (God willing)
To go. What come they for? God's messengers
Are they to me, bearing sweet words of hope,
Encouragement, and love. What say they to
Me? "You strive to conquer," saith one; another,
"You will not always row against the tide";
And still another, "You will yet see the
Purpose of all you are passing through." I
Might go on at length, but this must now suffice.
As for me, blessed Lord, I shall be satisfied
"When I awake with thy likeness."

O Lord,
How good thou art! Not only hast thou
Given me communings with the angel
World, but hast also vouchsafed me tidings
From afar, from earth-friends dear, as these
Letters three denote. "O my heart! *is* all
Indeed so changed? or art *thou* the changeling,
Sore aweary now at times of all beneath
The sun?" Precious letters! penned by loving
Hands. Abundant proof ye bring, that e'en on
This terrestrial sphere are living hearts
And loving ones, that still remember me.
The first is from a mind advanced, though still
In years a youth. Development to him
Has come through sad experience of mind
And heart. To use his own language,—

"I started in life with as high an aspiration as a man could have; with a desire to do right, and to live up to right and truth, in all things that constitute true manhood in all the relations of life. This, from the inmost recess of my soul, I now believe to be impossible. Do not think that I am faint-hearted; to me fear is unknown; but the utter worthlessness of men has led me to almost despise my race. Men's interests are opposed to truth and right, in every relation in life; and when we are brought in contact with them, the result is, they endeavor to constrain and crush us. Therefore, had we not better give up the struggle and float with the tide?

If I should preach what I *believe to be truth*, I should be completely estranged from *society* (I almost hate the word). What can one do, unless one become completely independent of the world? If I had only gone with the tide, my life would have been so much more happy! I might have become (as a reverend gentleman expressed it) 'a light in society, an ornament in the church, and a defender of the faith.' And instead what? Denounced publicly from the pulpit as a most 'dangerous infidel, who would almost shake the faith of an apostle'; shunned by many who are afraid of despoiling their garments by coming in contact with me. This is the fate of such as me; and I repeat, is it worth the cost

to continue the struggle? If we do, just as sure as we live, we shall keep drifting farther away from the world's opinions. Do you imagine all have reached the omega of our knowledge? No, not by any means; we are only just started on the road that leads — where, can you tell? I am in a kind of troubled doubt and uncertainty as regards many things. Duty and the future lead me one way, while the experience I have undergone points me to the doctrine of Darwin, of the 'survival of the fittest.' In all of life and its relations, the first points to a glorious future, that will *atone for all the trials of life.* The latter chains me down to the fearful doctrine of materialism. The first says, *Do your duty fearlessly, no matter what comes or goes;* while the latter says, Do the best you can, *only for yourself.* Do you see the fearful difference between the two doctrines?"

Yes, brother, I see, comprehend in part, not all. The first, as regards duty, with the glorious future awaiting the performance of the same, I believe to be an established fact, as beautiful as it is true; and let me ask what higher incentive there can be to "do your duty fearlessly, no matter what comes or goes," than this? As to the materialistic views, I confess to a blissful ignorance, so far as my own experience is concerned. If yours is a true representation of the same, I hope and pray that it is only pointed out to you as a dangerous path, wherein if you walk the "result and the end" will be more difficult to determine than the first-named one, of duty and truth.

O brother, beware! tamper not with these,
Nor suffer your mind to be in a "strait
Betwixt two"; your better judgment I am
Sure will incline to the first, although, as
You say, 'tis easier far to float with the
Tide. The road to destruction hath ever
Been broad, and many there are who walk
Therein; while "straight and narrow" the path which
Leads to Heaven and God; though few as yet
Have followed the same. But what, my dear friend,
Would be the result if these same few were
All to turn back and "float with the tide"?
And what saith the Scripture of him who "putteth

His hand to the plough" and looks back? A *bad*
Promise, we know, is "better broken than kept";
Not so a good one; 'tis better to not
Vow, than to vow and not pay. We have, as
You say, but started on the road that leads —
You ask where? Doth echo answer, Where? Nay,
Brother; an angel whispers in mine ear,
"To the tree of life." If we indeed a
Gift possess, vouchsafed but only to the
Few, O let us cultivate the same, and
May the fruit it doth produce bear evidence
That we of no "false gift" make boast, which same
Is like "clouds and wind without rain" unto
A parched and barren soil. The waves are dashing
High about us now: the tide we row against
Is strong: the waters almost overflow
Our frail and slender bark; yet One hath said,
"Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further;
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed."
Then let us hope the tide will soon begin
To fall, the sea of life will grow more calm.
There's one thing more I wish to say; wert thou
A "scorner," I it should leave unsaid, lest
Thou me "hate"; I know thy wisdom doth mine
Own exceed in many things, perhaps in
This; yet I have sometimes feared thy fellow
Men did scarce from thee justice receive;
Justice of thought I mean, as regards their
Purposes and intents; in other words,
That thou wert lacking in that "charity
Which covereth a multidude of sins."
Many, and I believe the majority
Of our race, sin thoughtlessly, and more
Through ignorance, than from an evil
Purpose at heart. Another thought still suggests
Itself to my mind, in regard to "drifting
Away from the world's opinions"; may we

Not in this even, go too fast and too
Far, turning the blessing into a curse,
By thinking only of ourselves, instead
Of lending a helping hand to brethren
And sisters who are still weak in the faith?
If we to these can impart the knowledge
Attained by us through sorrows deep, through
Trials sore, will they not escape in part,
At least, the quicksands from which *we* escaped
But with life? and may we not count on a
Blessing ourselves? for "he that watereth
Shall be watered also himself." We must
Bear in mind that "the tongue of the just is
As choice silver"; and that "the lips of the
Righteous feed many." If we from *higher* ours
Receive, methinks we must to lower give what
They unto *our* souls transmit. We are not
Alone in the struggle, although at times it
May so seem; and many I know who are to
Us dear, have no desire to follow or
By us be led; others there are, less dear
To ourselves it may be, whose souls do hunger
And thirst for this meat and drink. "There are
Whom in our daily path we greet coldly
Familiar, ev'n so to meet, mind to mind
Stranger: while a moment's space, mystical
Interchange of tone or look, binds us to
Others in strong sympathy, fast and
Forever."

I trust, dear brother, that you will not take offence at my plainness of speech. My heart's desire and prayer, for you and for all who are workers with us in the cause, is, that ye "feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind. Neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock. And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Extract from Letter No. 2.

"We received your book Christmas day, for which many thanks. In regard to the work, I am surprised that you have been able to so clearly express your views on this peculiar subject; I hardly think any one, after reading it, will question your sincerity in regard to the same. Aside from the subject in question, think you have made some pretty good hits. I am afraid the book will not be a pecuniary success for many reasons, the most conspicuous one, your ideas of free love, matrimony, etc. You, nor I, nor the next generation, will live to see the world governed by love to such an extent that we shall need no laws in regard to matrimony. You are older than I am; but if you had seen and known as much, even, as I have, of the hidden lives of some men and women who are *considered* upright and honorable, I am sure you would very materially change your views.

You no doubt will think it strange that I should know of so much that is bad. The four years that I was in —— were very pleasant ones to me in some respects, but I learned to almost think *virtue* was a thing of the past. But enough of this; and please remember that, however much I may differ from you in opinion, I shall always love you, and shall never think you will do aught but what *you believe to be right.*"

We are very glad this letter was written, as it gives us an opportunity of correcting some *little* "misunderstoods."

The first error which we note is one that we foresaw and mentioned in the beginning of this book, namely, — giving all the credit, or discredit, as the case might be, to the iustrument *through* which the same was transmitted.

As to the "pecuniary success" of the book, it was written with no such purpose or intent; had there been no higher aim in view, it would never have been before the public.

A reverend brother of ours, who has been for years a zealous worker in the cause, informs us that though several thousand copies of a work which he published have been sold, he has not *made a dollar* from it yet, at the same time is accused of *doing it* to make money.

Next, we find "your ideas of free love, matrimony, etc." We will take the first, giving a quotation from the book ("Misunderstood") concerning the same: —

"There never has been, there never can be,
A love upon earth, a love in the sky,
Other than this, — *a love which is free !*
Love is unlike every other thing,
You cannot control it by force of will,
Nor can you by *force* the sentiment bring.
It must be spontaneous, it must be free,
Else it is not love."

This assertion is true, and we shall it maintain; against love there is no law, neither can there be, for "God is love" and love is born of God.

Regarding matrimony, we claim it must be based upon *love alone,* to be sanctioned by the great All-Wise; anything short of this is adultery in the eyes of Him who "looketh upon the heart." As to *when* the world should be so ruled by love that we should need no laws in this respect, we did not pretend to *fix the date,* although the answer will be found in the following quotation from said book: —

"'*God* and not *woman* is the head of all';
'For thy *Maker* is thine *husband*';
When all have learned to recognize this truth,
The *true* marriage will have been established;
When he that is married careth more for
The things 'that belong to the Lord' than for those
Which belong to his *wife,* and when the wife
Careth more for the things which 'please the *Lord*'
Than for the things which may please her *husband,*
When both become 'holy in body and in spirit,'
These things will strengthen the bond;
They will *need* no law to bind them to it."

When this time *does* arrive, as we have said, people will be a "law unto themselves," not only in this respect, but in all respects. "The law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners." That the world contains many such, and doubtless will do so for generations to come, who can only be kept in check by law, we do not pretend to deny; we have, however, endeavored to make it plain to you that it is not free love, or any other love, which makes the law a necessity, but *lust,* which ye yourselves make free, and then endeavor to confound with it; (they will no more mix

than will oil and water.) Not satisfied with this, you strive to "wash your hands" clear of the whole matter by casting it as a reproach upon Spiritualism; linking them together in your conversation as if they "twain were one flesh," when in reality Spiritualism is no more closely allied to these things than is any other sect or ism. A celebrated clergyman thus writes of Spiritualism: "Many suppose it gives license to the animal part of our nature, while the reverse is true. We can safely say that during the score of years we have been investigatiug it from Boston to Louisiana, we have never found higher motives for purity of heart and life than we have always found in the teachings from this source." I candidly believe if the "bottom facts" were known, there would be found less corruption and impurity among Spiritualists than among any other class of people; your own words even, bear me out in this, when you speak of the "hidden lives" of those who are considered "upright and honorable." I have known a great many Spiritualists, but have never been intimately acquainted with one whom I believe would thus debase his or her soul. I think all true Spiritualists will indorse our opinion.

A word as to these "hidden lives." It is one of the great purposes of the spirit world to bring these same to light; and the day is coming when they shall no longer be hidden. "Yea, more, the time is not distant when the conviction of the presence of spirit friends shall be so clear, that men shall understand *how* the hidden things of this world are to be revealed, and men shall *know* that they walk, speak, and sin in the presence of angels *who can reveal all.*" A foreshadowing of this truth is even now upon the minds of the people, and is the principal reason why so many are afraid to investigate the subject of Spiritualism. Of course those who are in reality "upright and honorable" have nothing to fear; those who are falsely considered so may well tremble, for they have nearly "had their day."

Instead of thinking with you that "*virtue*" is a thing of "the past," we think it was hardly known in the past, but is *to be* in the future, when "all hearts are open, all desires known," and when "no secrets are hid."

We would here say that the above communication is not to be considered in the slightest degree a personal one. It is such an one as the subject demanded from us, and from the bearings of

the letter, we took occasion to give it forth ; at the same time believing the writer thereof to be not only "considered" upright and honorable, but to *be* so, in every sense of the word, and one whose character is above suspicion.

As for letter number three,
Long will it remembered be :
Sweet home flowers ! Precious token
Of friendship pure, unshaken.

"He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters."

Yea, he made my heart once more to rejoice and feel the warmth and sunshine of his love:

He smiled upon me, and blessed my labors of love ; he made the earth once more to look bright and blossom as the rose.

He made me to feel that friends I had, both warm and true; not only the long tried, but new ones raised he up to me.

Yea, in a land of strangers, and they took me in, they gave me bread and meat.

They gave me, too, their counsels wise, their warm and loving sympathy, and cheered my heart when lone and sad.

For this, O Lord, I bless thy name and all thy goodness own.

Keep me, O God, from sin; help me thy work to do in thine appointed way.

Bless these, my friends, and recompense their kindly deeds and acts of love.

Teach them, teach *us*, O Lord, to trust in thee, and verily we shall be fed.

Alas, alas ! How weak, how frail am I !
How vain the lofty structure I did rear !
But one short day ago the earth seemed fair,
My heart the home of light and love to be ;
Sweet peace did reign within my soul ; surely,
Thought I, no earthly storms can shake again
My firm unyielding faith in God, my trust

In these, my spirit guides, who have me led
Through waters deep, sustaining by their love
And might when all things earthly seemed to fail,
My soul fast sinking in despair from grief.
Alas! I say, these thoughts were vain; e'en now
"The dream is past," the lights have fled, and I
Again in darkness grope. O, why must dreams
So quickly fade? and why must all the light
Go hence, when seemingly we need it most?
Drew He me from the waters forth, just for
One breath of sweet fresh air, and then must I
Be plunged again; and deeper, deeper still?
Am I so deeply stained by sin, that this
Alone, can cleanse my soul and purify
My heart? 'T was said by one of olden time,
"A man's heart deviseth his way: but the
Lord directeth his steps." He seems not so
To do by me. Is it because I'm only
A woman? Nay, I think that cannot be,
For his "ways are equal," (I would that men's
Were so!) Why, then, doth he hide his face?
The proverb seems reversed to me; he permits
Me not to devise my ways; my angel
Guides, *His* messengers, do that, and then, leave
All the rest to me, directing not my
Steps; at least it so unto me seems. I
Here had found a resting-place, although 't was
From my home afar, beneath a stranger's
Roof; yet these had been unto me kind. I
Loved them well, and gladly would with them
Remain for times to come: but no. "Go forth,"
They say, "another mission to perform.
No longer must ye tarry here, for other
Work have you to do." I ask the time, the
Way, the *means;* and what reply? Silence
Profound. They once had said, "Further south."
When shall it be, where shall it be, and *how?*

My purse is empty: I cannot go "without
Money and without price"! Even could I,
The way I know not, neither the work; then
Why, I say, do these my angel friends refuse
Their aid to lend? Silence I've borne from
Earthly friends, yet that with this could not
Compare; since long ago I left them all,
My spirit work to do: from them it seems
Not half so strange, so hard to bear, as from
The dear ones "gone before," who know full well
My griefs and cares. A friend doth say, "'T is but
A passing cloud, fear not, for He will lead
Thee in paths thou hast not known, and will also
The crooked ways make plain." God grant it may
Be so, for "tears have been my meat day and
Night," while to my heart I continually say,
"Where is now thy God?" Deep calleth unto
Deep, yet they answer not; the light is all
Darkness, else my eyes are blinded that I
Cannot see the light, or the way to go.
My prayers and my tears alike seem vain.
But list! an angel whisper borne on the
Breeze: "Be still and know that I am God." Yea,
Gladly will I be still and wait for thee.
'T is all that I *can* do; no power have I
Of myself to help myself. I'll gladly
"Rest in thee." "Shall not God search this out?
For he knoweth the secrets of the heart."
"As the hart panteth after the water
Brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O
God."

Here cometh a letter from one who is kind and true hearted, who loves both me and the cause which I espouse. Note the contents: —

"I have read a little at a time in your book often, and it has been good for me. After reading I feel as if I could go on with

the duties of life more faithfully, cheerfully, and hopefully. I wish you and your spirit friends to remember me, and may the good your writings do, never end. As I understand it, spirit friends dictate and you write. I had hoped that your photograph would have been in the book; not that *I* forget how you look, or ever expect to, but it would have been pleasant to have shown it to my friends.

I have it in my heart to send you a dollar; not that I think you are writing for money, but I hope that your writings will bring you all that you need. Mr. —— was in here; said he had read your book, and it was well gotten up, but had no preface. *I* consider the *book* a preface to more books that you will write, and hope your writings will be a consolation to many, and comfort and strengthen them in their path of duty."

What mystic power hath words like these? Not all
In vain our labors seem, as we had almost
Feared at times. If what we give doth comfort
Some, and strengthen in discharge of duty,
A consolation it will bring unto
Ourselves, who can but justly claim the small
Amount of credit due the instrument
Through which it come. Our *willingness* is all
Our plea; our highest endeavor should be
To keep ourselves in tune, that no discordant
Notes go forth to mar the truth and beauty
Of the teachings conveyed through our frail powers.
Thou dear kind friend, we will indeed thee in
Remembrance keep. Thy life hath had its "ups
And downs," its trials sore and hard to bear.
From sorrow's cup thou deep hast drunk, thy heart
Hath too been racked with pain for those unto
Thee near and dear, who still in earthly
Habitations dwell. Through all these years of
Change and chance (if chance it be) thou hast the
Gem of faith kept bright, and shown thyself a
Mother kind and true to those intrusted
To your care. We love thee well, we thank thee

For thy words of sweet encouragement; they
Are as manna to a hungry soul; we
Also appreciate the kindness of your
Warm, generous heart, whose impulse is to
Us assist; thy money, dear one, we must
Decline, for others there are nearer to
Thee akin who *need it more*. Our thanks and
Blessing all the same we gratefully bestow:
May angels pure and holy thee attend
Guiding unto thy home above.

Last night
There came to me a friend; I say a friend,
And yet I never saw or heard of him
Before. The angels him did send I 'm sure,
Or rather did conduct him here, for not
Alone came he: a double purpose in
His coming I do see, — encouragement
Unto myself, also a matter to
Search out. To him is given food for thought,
A mystery to solve. Beginning with
The first of these: by conversation I
Did find his native town was near mine own.
He left the same long years ago, his mind
Intent on college lore. His studies he
A time pursued, then joined the ranks of
Soldiers filed to liberate the slave from
Bondage. A brave soldier he may have been,
But for all that his *heart* was captured by
One of the foe, — a girl, the "most beautiful
Creature he ever saw." The result you
May guess. As 't is "home where the heart is,"
He has since dwelt South; says he has "one of
The very *best wives* that ever lived, only
One thing is lacking in her, — she 's not
Musical." Ten years have elapsed since
He has visited his early home. He
Had many friends whose names were familiar

To me, some few with whom I had been
Personally acquainted. Of these we
Conversed; and to me, who for months had not
Met with an individual who had
Ever set eyes on a person that I
Knew, it was a rare treat.

His object in coming to me I will now relate. He had heard of me as a spiritual medium; said he was not a believer in spirit communion, from the fact that he could obtain no evidence of the same. He believed himself to be open to conviction; had several times witnessed the "table-tipping"; but the moment he laid his hands thereon, all demonstrations ceased; said if he could converse with his own mother, he should be convinced, and it would give him much pleasure. Another friend of mediumistic powers being present, we first sat to ascertain the rule of action; were informed that our visitor had a spirit friend present, who would like to give his name, and converse with him. We inquired if our friend should put his hands on the table. They said, "Yes"; and he did so. Our hands, as usual, had been placed lightly on the table, which was quite a heavy one. Before he laid his hands upon it, however, it came up with a light, easy movement, as if it had been but a feather's weight, rapping out replies to all of our questions. The moment he placed his hands thereon, all was as silent as the grave, the table seemed as firm and immovable as if it had been nailed to the floor.

We sat there a long time, but no "voice nor sound" broke the stillness, until our friend removed his hands from the table, when it again raised lightly up, and we endeavored by questionings to solve the mystery. This we could not do, but obtained a promise that it should be done at some future time. The spirit who wished to converse with our friend then gave his name, and lo! it was a soldier-companion who had been *shot down at his side;* furthermore, he was from *my native town.* His family I knew, but was entirely ignorant of the time, place, and circumstances of his death. Our friend, who well knew the particulars regarding the same, then inquired of him thereof, and every question *was correctly answered.* The name of the place at which he was killed was spelled out, the date, hour of the day, etc., given, with sundry other tests proving his identity beyond a doubt (to us at least).

The following message was also given: "You will be convinced of this truth through me if I can have the right conditions." We asked what those conditions were; and he gave us to understand that he was a trance medium, doubtless thinking if he could have an opportunity to talk "face to face" with his friend, he could no longer doubt.

That the eyes of his understanding may be opened, is our fervent desire and prayer.

This, dear friends, is but one instance of the proofs of spirit communion which are daily occurring in our midst, stirring the surface of the soil, awakening the minds of the people, and engrossing their time and attention; not only giving them food for thought, but inspiring them to put that thought into action; some in one direction, and some in another, "to the end that *their* glory may sing praises to thee, O Lord, and *not be silent.*" Noble and intelligent minds are being impressed to write the thoughts given them by wise and truthful spirits from a higher sphere. The Lord, through his appointed agencies, is preparing to break down and scatter the walls of superstition and ignorance by which the people have been hemmed in on every side. For this, O Lord, we praise and bless thy glorious name, praying thee for a furtherance of the same in thine own appointed way, by thy well-chosen means and instruments. We know little of this people, so far as worldly wealth and knowledge are concerned, yet of this are we assured many are seeking the true wisdom from on high, which neither gold or silver can buy.

"There be four things which be little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise:

The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer.

The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks.

The locusts have no king, yet they go forth all of them by bands.

The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces."

Wilt thou, O Lord, vouchsafe to hear our prayer in behalf of this people; though they be "not strong" as yet, may they increase more and more in the knowledge and love of thee, and of thy manifold works.

And may they, in the summer of their lives on earth, prepare for themselves both meat and drink *spiritual*, from which their souls shall be fed in the bright summer-land toward which their hopes and labors tend.

May they, like the conies, "build their houses in the rocks," Jesus Christ the righteous being the chief corner-stone.

Like the locusts may they have no earthly king, but each one go forth, guided and directed by his own *spirit* band, which same will him protect, nor suffer to be led astray.

May we not also hope these mediums of God's mercy and love may, by their "faith and good works," make manifest the spiritual element of the same in its purity and truth, and be enabled in time, like the spider, to enter even "kings' palaces."

These things, O Lord, will ye do unto them, and forsake them not.

O my friends beloved, my heart is filled with deep emotions and strong; some of pleasure mingled with much of pain. I take pleasure in the atmosphere which I breathe, and rejoice in the society of hearts and minds congenial to mine own, whose souls also take delight in those things which, as we are daily assured, "please the Lord." But "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and in all our lives the bitter is mingled with the sweet. As you well know, I'm but a stranger and a sojourner in the land. These people are not my people, although their God is my God, and with them I rejoice and glorify his holy name for all his wondrous works. And then, my friends, will come to me distressing thoughts and sad, of another people, beloved and cherished still by me, but "O, how lofty are their eyes! and their eyelids are lifted up." Yea, wise are they in their own conceits; thinking their own righteousness doth exceed the righteousness of many of God's chosen and elect, who are beneath them in point of worldly honor and estate. I speak not now of myself, nor are the pains I bear so much for me as for those who have shut the door of their hearts lest the "spirit of truth" should enter therein. It doth seem to me strange, a mystery beyond compare, that earth friends can treat their dear ones gone before with such undisguised coolness, giving them not the slightest opportunity of making themselves or their conditions known. I wonder not that such as these cling fondly to their earth-born hopes, and shrink from death's

embrace, trembling with fear at his near approach; for "king of terrors" is his name to them.

O what, dear friends, would be your fate, if these in turn should you desert in that, to you, sad, trying hour? should fail your spirits to conduct unto that home which they, in love, have helped prepare for you? Sometimes, loved ones, when thoughts like these fill all my soul, I long on bended knee before each one to pray, *beseech*, ENFORCE a knowledge of the same. My life for this I would resign. You will doubtless think that of little worth, either unto myself or you, since I have given you to know, death would be to me a "sweet release." But, friends, mine own dear ones, there was a time, and that not long agone, when life to me seemed bright and fair. I had no wish to leave, even for a brighter home I could but feel awaited me. I also thought the time was near at hand, and what I had here to do must be "done quickly." The work in which I was engaged I felt would be my last on earth. I was inspired to work with zeal when health and strength seemed failing fast. This work I must not leave unfinished. There were three obvious reasons for its accomplishment: my own peace of mind; the satisfaction of my spirit guides, who directed and controlled my efforts for the purpose; and last, but not *least*, my beloved friends, the hope of awakening in your own minds a desire to search for this knowledge, and that ye might seek for it as for "hid treasures." Am I satisfied? I surely have great peace of mind. I have reason to believe that my spirit friends are rejoiced at what they have been enabled to accomplish through me. *Spiritually*, I have great cause for thankfulness. Although in the world I have had much tribulation, and have, because of this work and this faith, been made to feel that many dear earthly friends, in whose behalf were these labors, have trampled upon the same. I entered not thoughtlessly into this work, nor was I wholly unprepared for the contemptuous reception of the same by you. I ofttimes felt, while writing, like one who "sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." Nor have I changed, dear friends, in my love toward you; my desire to you aid grows with my growth in spiritual knowledge, and strengthens with my strength of purpose. I am persuaded that the Lord hath begun a good work in your hearts, although as yet ye are unwilling to acknowledge the same. Had I changed, dear friends, I should be elsewise employed. Instead of penning what I do

here, and seeming to you reproach, I should return to you, and on bended knee beseech of you — what? Surely not to look after your *own souls' needs;* nay, but simply to overlook and forgive all that may have been said or written to disturb the equanimity of your own self-conceit; steadfastly promising you that, from this time forward, the *unwelcome subject* should not be so much as named among you, or in any manner brought before the public, lest your own shortcomings be made manifest, and you appear before the world in the *same* light which your own heart tells you, He that looketh upon the *heart alone* doth not in all things approve. Were I in pursuit of earthly friends, and were that my highest intent, this would surely be my course of action; and it may not be amiss to add, that whatever has been or may be said, by or through me, which may seem harsh or unjust to yourselves, proceeds from no bitterness or unkindly feeling toward any, but from a desire to establish the truth. While we firmly believe that the "wounds of a friend" are faithful, and that "open rebuke is better than secret love," we know that they are not so received or understood by those who have attained but a small degree of heavenly wisdom. We are assured that many things which are hidden from the worldly-wise and prudent are revealed unto babes in Christ, and that "they are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge."

"The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can *render a reason.*"

"Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee. Rebuke a wise man and he will love thee."

"As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse CAUSELESS shall not come."

"When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her."

My dear home friends! to you my heart doth cling
Tenderly, fondly, lovingly, kindly;
Yet for myself no boon from thee I crave,
Not e'en to lay my bones within your
Churchyard pale, to mingle with their native

Dust: your faces I no more may see on
This side heaven, except in dreams, or in
Imagination fair: yet in my *heart*,
Deeply engraved, are images which time
Nor distance can efface; fond mem'ry dwells
On these, with scenes once bright and fair,
But now, alas! "all gone, all gone" from me,
Or I from them, it matters little which;
But O, my head, my heart! which pain is most
Severe? I cannot tell, I can but weep:
Tears blind mine eyes while this I write; the fount
Of grief I thought was sealed for aye, bursts forth
Afresh, and threatens to my reason overthrow.
"When I am weak then am I strong," I oft
Have said, but now, alas! 't is all turned round,
I thought myself quite strong, but find instead
How weak I am, how little I can meekly
Bear; again, it was my purpose now to
Only talk to you of spirits dear, who
Are to you closely allied in friendship
And in sympathy; when *self* comes looming
Up between, thus scatt'ring all the better
Thoughts which should engage my mind and heart.
Away with self! and selfish grief, avaunt!
Let wisdom guide, and love direct my heart
And brain.

My friends, I left you here, for O,
Mine aching head and saddened heart prevented
More; sweet balmy sleep the former did restore,
A vision did the shadows from my heart
Disperse. It came to me in silent watches
Of the night; an angel stood beside my
Bed and thus unto me spoke: "Thou art a
Cat's paw to release souls from the burning
Sins of ignorance." A moment's silence
And the scene was changed. I sat in a
Familiar room before an open fire, whose

Embers fast were dying out, though still alive;
I was, as now, far from my home; in an
Adjoining room a friend unto me dear
Seemed busily engaged, when all at once
Her angel guide said unto her, "Sister,
Pray." She bowed herself and earnestly poured
Forth her soul in prayer; the words I could not
Catch (if words indeed they were at all); the
Sounds which came to me, in murmurs soft and
Low, seemed not the voice of *one*, but *many*
In the distance; their earnestness did seem
To set my soul on fire; just then my spirit
Guide spoke once again this single word, "Write."
I instantly complied with his request.
An inspiration seized my soul, and rapidly
The lines I penned. My friend kept praying on.
Her prayers, as they ascended high, did seem
The inspiration to enhance; my soul
Was filled with ecstasy at thought of what
Would come of this: and with these thoughts
The work kept pace, till suddenly the dream
Was past, and I awoke. A dream I say,
Yet well I know it was not all a dream,
For oft at night these visions come to me;
Sometimes I can the same interpret; when
This I fail to do, my spirit friends who
Give the same do lend their aid, and make it
All unto me clear. So when the morning
Light doth come, I'll ask them to this one
Explain, and give its meaning unto you.
When I awoke the moon was shining brightly:
At first I thought 't was dawn of day, but soon
The clock struck three, and I was undeceived;
(I wish, my friends, that you would read a book
Which doth this title bear, "The Clock struck Three";
Methinks it might *you* undeceive, and help
To break from error's chain.) I tried in vain

To close mine eyes and slumber on; no rest
Had I till from my couch I did arise
And write this vision as you see.
The morn
Hath dawned; and though 't is neither bright or fair,
My heart is light compared with yesterday:
For visions float before mine eyes of what
May be in after years. O, shall I then
From yon bright sky behold rejoicingly
The scene? I promised you the meaning of
My last night's dream, so now that promise I 'll
Fulfil, for he who gave it me hath it
To me explained. The fire he said did
Represent the "burning sins of ignorance";
While the "friend" from whom those prayers went forth
Did signify a people strong; that people,
Friends, your own dear selves. "Her angel guide," of
Course, a simile of your own beloved
Spirit guides, who, even now, had some induced
To fervently "seek truth and live"; from these
Did float sweet incense to the skies. And your
Dear ones caught up the strain and wafted it
Unto mine own angelic band, while they,
In turn, the joyful news conveyed to me,
Awaking again to life my fast
Declining hopes, inspiring each long-dormant
Key its slumb'ring genius to pour forth in
Language not mine own. The earnest prayers had
Been just what they seemed, voices and sounds from
Many hearts, murmured rather than spoken; no
Form of words could yet express the same; and
Then, my friends, he kindly did my soul remind
Of that dear "boon" I was of you about
To crave. I have more courage now to speak,
For some, I feel assured, will lovingly
The same consider, and bring about a
Good result, a twofold blessing undisguised.

This boon, as I have said, is not for me;
'T is for *your own* in spirit land. O, how
They love! and how they long their love to tell
To *you*, who will not, *dare* not heed! Ask ye
How I a knowledge of *your friends* have gained?
Many an one to me has come, yea, in
Sadness come, because — they *could not*
Come "unto their own" and be received. In
Vain have they knocked at the door of your hearts;
Ye bid them not to enter in, nor even one
Kind word with them did offer to exchange.
Again I ask, How can you treat them so?
No *earthly* friend, less dear by far than they,
Would ye thus coldly turn away. O, had
You seen what I have seen, and heard what I
Have heard, the mute and silent grief of some,
The wild and frantic cries of others, who failed
To make themselves unto their earth friends known,
No further urging would ye need, unless
Your hearts are harder than the cold and
Selfish world ye choose to serve. O, if within
Your warm and loving hearts, one spark of fond
Affection still remains for them, I pray
You kindle from the spark a flame of love
Once more, to light your pathway here below,
And lead you to the heavenly pastures fair
And large, when earth and earthly things grow faint
And dim, o'ershadowed by your spirit vision
Bright and pure. A blessing you will then confer
On those who watch and wait for you; a blessing
Too yourselves receive, a bond of sympathy
And love establish, firm as the "Rock of
Ages," and lasting as eternity.
Know ye not, my precious friends, that *Christ did*
Teach what you discard? "Long ago he wept
Over Jerusalem; to-day he weeps
Over his mistaken people." To-day

In our Father's home in the sky, beloved
Ones are weeping, waiting with hands outstretched
To feed our souls with the bread and wine of
Celestial love; to lift for us the veil
Of pride that shuts from our sight the beautiful
Spiritual light, that many in their
Cultivated religion have hidden.
Religion, without this light, is as barren
And sterile as the spring and summer would be
Without flowers. O, could you but see for
Yourselves the beautiful world that lies near
You, the beautiful dawn that is upon
You, no longer would you suffer the curtain
Of prejudice to shut out the light, "the
Only light that reveals to you *where God*
Has placed your loved ones." May God be with you,
And help you to find the way that leads you
Into the fold of *truth*. Amen.

We take the liberty of copying from the "American Spiritual Magazine" the following beautiful lines, which were breathed by the spirit Consuela through an unconscious medium: —

"CONSUELA" TO THE "PILGRIM."

When the dawn's rosy light first illumes the sky,
The lark chants her matins, light winds wander by;
When the angel of dreams lifts her spell from thy brain,
And thou wakest to life and its labors again,
I will be coming, coming to thee.

When thy soul is oppressed with its duties and cares,
There comes no response to thy tears or thy prayers,
When the wrong shall abound, and thy toil seem in vain,
When truth in the house of her children is slain,
I will be watching, watching o'er thee.

A pilgrim, a wanderer, long must thou be,
To bear our white banner o'er land and o'er sea;
But oh, when the lone heart grows weary and chill,
When hope's voice is silent, love's song is still,
I will be singing, singing to thee.

When the storms are all over, the breakers are past,
Thy foot on the shore, home at last, home at last!
Sing huzza, shout huzza! for the victory won,
Anew o'er the hills beams thy life's morning sun.
I shall be ever, forever with thee!

"Home at last!" ay, for me a home in the
Skies, where I may be "ever, forever
With thee," my own dear spirit bard; and yet
These words recall to mind a warm and
Cherished earthly friend, who breathed rather than
Spoke the same, while clasping me with kind
Embrace. And was it home to me? if so,
Home, like heaven, must have two definitions,
Each from the other distinct: the one a
Location, the other a state of being;
The first, permanent or transferable at
Will; the second beyond our power of control.

I, I, I! This everlasting big *I*, this constantly recurring I, I, I! *I* wish *I* could rule it out of my vocabulary; and yet if *I* should, what could *I* do or say? *I* might write it thus, (i); but even then it is *I* all the same, however insignificant in appearance; and beside, in the *I's* (eyes) of the world it "might n't be *proper*," as said a friend, who, after writing me a long letter, "would be glad to hear from me, but," etc. There is no danger of my overstepping the bounds of propriety in this respect, so long as my friend's good name is at stake, in his own eyes or in the eyes of the public, however much I may differ in opinion; not that I *do* differ in opinion even, in this case, except in the use of the word "proper," for which I should substitute the word

right, and act according to my own convictions of the same, without regard to public or any other opinion as to whether it was proper or the reverse.

But this is a digression. If we were to substitute a small *i*, it would of course be attributed to ignorance on our part, and would render us more conspicuous than before, and in a manner which might n't be pleasing. To obviate this difficulty then, I propose to adhere more strictly to a mode I have already adopted at times, or, rather, has been adopted by those more deeply concerned than myself. In other words, to substitute *we* for *I*. This seems but just to the kind spirits who, I am pleased to believe, control even my unspoken thoughts. The plurality of the expression seems perfectly right and proper too, when we consider that two or more persons are enlisted in the service, and, we fully believe, sanction the same.

Let us pause and reflect. A letter has been written; a reply to the same "might n't be proper." Why? The only reason which suggests itself to our mind is, the writer is a *man*, the receiver a *woman*. Is this conclusive reason? In the eyes of *society*, yea and amen. In the eyes of the great All-Wise, who is no "respecter of persons," and who created both man and woman, "true greatness has no *sex*, true religion no *sects*." Why is "woman's sphere" so much written and talked of, while man's sphere is an unheard-of thing? Why but because the contracted, narrow-minded portion of the community, who, on account of their multitudinous numbers, have so long ruled the world, endeavor to *make* the sphere of woman so diminutive that it can be spanned at a single glance of the eye? While man's is so wide and far-reaching, no eye can measure its greatness, much less find a name comprehensive of the same!

A wise and just God will deal with each of us according to the cleanness of our hearts; and He in whose book are all our members written, will call us to an account for each member. In his eyes the true sphere of every human being is that for which nature has best fitted him or her.

We shall make some extracts from the lectures of one who deserves great "credit for her talents, intelligence, and her support of popular rights. Although she wielded much power, it is alleged that she never used it for the promotion of unworthy persons; or, as other favorites have done, for corrupt purposes."

This "eccentric" individual (as the newspapers call her) lays claim to the honor of having caused more newspaper paragraphs and more biographies (pretended) than any other woman living. Of the latter she has herself seen twenty-three or twenty-four, *not one* of which "came any nearer being a biography of her than it did to being an authentic history of the man in the moon." As many as three times seven cities have been given as her birthplace; and the laughable thing is, not one of these self-imposed writers has "hit upon the real place of her birth." She begins to doubt whether she ever had a father, or was born at all, except in the separate brain of every man who has attempted to write her history.

After having given, in her own words, the calm and more peaceful portion of her life, she says: —

"What is to come is all storm, excitement, and unrest, and full of seeming contradiction, I know; but there is, or *should be*, a key which, when possessed, explains the difficult volumes of our natures, as well as there is to the works of science and art. I am fortunate in this at least, that the subject of my lecture has nothing to lose by having the *truth* told about her."

If all could say this, the world would not know itself, the bright millennial dawn would be upon us in all its glorious splendor. Equal rights would not only be demanded, but would be supported and sustained in every relation of life. Whether this will or can be brought about without the aid of the ballot, we are unprepared to say; but there is much truth in the following, and we would advise every true woman to consider the dignity of the same: —

"One woman going forth in independence and power of self-reliant strength to assert her individuality, and to defend, with whatever means God has given her, her right to a just portion of earth's privileges, will do more than a million of convention-women to make herself known and felt in the world. There is such a great difference between strength of *mind* and strength of *tongue!* Men only laugh at a convention of scolds, and pay no more attention to what they say than to the chattering of a flock of blackbirds; but they will gaze with admiration and respect on a woman who sets herself to a brave and manly task, and actually accomplishes a heroic deed; but we shall be told that such exam-

ples are almost solitary cases. No, they are not. It will puzzle any man to find in the pages of history as many instances of real and startling heroism in his sex as I could hunt up in mine. There have been whole eras in which the heroism of women shone out with a general lustre which made it the *rule* and not the *exception* of her character."

But do these women receive the credit they deserve? By no means. For instance, the discovery of America: what child could not tell you by whom it was discovered? And yet how few of our learned progenies could or would acknowledge the discovery of the same "due to the far-sighted sagacity and patronage of a woman, Queen Isabella of Aragon; for when the king and his court had *refused with scorn* the petition of Columbus, the great discoverer had recourse to the queen, who *furnished him with means and aid*, which resulted in his triumphant success. Our friend also writes: "It is true there is hardly a great or heroic woman of history, whose name has escaped the contagion of scandal; while great men have passed measurably unscathed, because, I suppose, the world had no right to expect any degree of morality in the life of a great man. But woman, ah! she must be a saint, even while she hurls a tyrant from his throne, and does the rough work of war and revolution.

Well, so she should be, and thus leave to man the entire monopoly of all the sin of the world! I do not offer one excuse for her faults. I only demand that a great woman should be judged by the *same* rules by which a great man is judged. To descend from this high plane of public history into the private homes of the world, in which sex, think you, should we there find the purest spirit of heroism?

Who suffers sorrow and pain with the most heroism of heart? Who, in the midst of poverty, neglect, and cavilling despair, holds on most bravely through the terrible struggle, and never yields, even to the fearful demands of necessity, until death wrests the last weapon of defence from her hands?

Ah, if this unwritten heroism of woman could be brought to light, even man himself would cast his proud wreath of fame at her feet!"

This strong-minded woman also says: "Alas! for a woman whose circumstances, or whose natural propensities and powers push her forward beyond the line of the ordinary routine of fe-

male life, unless she possess a saving amount of that force of resistance which will enable her to stand firm. Many a woman who has had strength to get outside of that line, has not possessed the strength to stand there; and the fatal result has been that she has been swept down into the gulf of irredeemable sin. The great misfortune was, that there was too much of her to be held within the prescribed and safe limits allotted to woman, but there was not enough to enable her to stand securely beyond the shelter of conventional rules.

Within this little bit of philosophy there is a key which unlocks the dark secret of the fall and everlasting ruin [we trust not "everlasting"] of many of the most beautiful and naturally gifted women of the world.

If a woman is qualified to be a happy wife and a good mother, she need never look with envy upon the more gifted woman of genius, whose mental powers may have unfitted her for the quiet walks of domestic life. In the woman of rare mental endowments there may be a necessity in her own nature, forcing her into a field of action altogether different in its sphere from the duties usually allotted to woman. When this is the case, she must obey her destiny; but the woman who has only those humble charms which fit her to be the light and the presiding goddess of the beautiful circle of 'home,' is really to be envied by her more gifted sister, whose powers tempt her out upon the turbulent sea of politics and diplomacy.

But, alas! woman's lot in this sphere of home is too often a sad and thankless one. It is demanded of her that she make a home, whether her husband provides the means or not; and it must be a happy one, though his temper is as savage as that of a tiger.

What do men mean when they call woman the weaker sex? Not, surely, that she is less strong and brave of heart and purpose to meet the tidal shocks of life! Not that she is not every whit the peer of man in all the elements of heroism and genuine nobility of soul!

That masculine philosophy which regards and would treat woman as an inferior being, is not only an insult to that God who created her as the equal companion of man, but it is contradicted by every stage of history and experience.

Her excellence may be generally displayed in a less ostentatious field than man's, but still the idea of perfect equality is not impaired on that account. In the best type of the female character there is a firmness which does not exclude delicacy, and a softness which does not imply weakness." This reminds us of some exquisite lines of Moore: —

"Yet there was light around her brow,
A holiness in those bright eyes,
Which showed, though reaching earthward now,
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes, for a spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, e'en while it errs,
As sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still."

Many, doubtless, will this read who will say in their hearts it is a one-sided argument. To such we will say, there is no prescribed rule or form of rules which will apply unto, or by which we can judge, any people of either sex individually. All have their exceptions, be they many or few. We can recall to mind hundreds of instances which would justify a complete reversion of some portions of the foregoing; where the man's instead of the woman's "rights" were trampled upon, and he the party who was constrained to meekly bear all things from his *mis*called "better half," forbearing to arouse her indignation by any suggestions in regard to economy or any other matter in which they were both equally concerned; he meanwhile providing bountifully for the needs of the household by his unremitting toil, while the wife and mother, instead of making herself and home bright and cheery for his reception, only regales him with murmurings and complaints the little time he is permitted to spend in this delightful retreat.

We are not surprised that such should seek elsewhere for the congenial society their own homes fail to supply; nor do we think such would be envied by our friend, "not because they were men, but because they were *not women*." As far as we have been able to judge, however, these cases are the exceptions, and not the rule.

What we would advise, and hope to see in "the good time coming," is for every human being who is endued with reason and

common-sense, to assert and to maintain their own individuality of character, that individuality based upon the true principles of equality, equity, and justice.

A bright sunny sky, a fresh balmy day;
And best of all, some letters for us, I
Suppose; but let me see, one is for me,
A sunbeam sent by a bright little spirit,
Whose heart is the home of sunshine and love;
God bless you, sweet child! and make you as pure
In your spring-time of life, as the tiny
Sweet-scented flowers which came, and which were by
Your loving hands culled. O, how I do long
To clasp you once more to my heart, estranged
From all it on earth holds dear; to hear your
Sweet accents of tender child-love, as guileless
And pure as the angels above!
And here,
Spirit friends, are letters for *us*, two. How
Strange that by threes they so oft do come, and
Then for days will be "nary a one." The
First we shall read is from a learned M. D.,
Who kindly expresses regard for me,
And also vouchsafes a short message for
Us, although from his words I cannot tell
Whether he in his heart accords it to
All.

"Please accept my sincere thanks for the book, and allow me to congratulate you on your success in presenting to the reading community something so worthy of their perusal."

"Let them shout for joy and be glad, who favor my righteous cause: yea, let them say continually, Let the LORD be magnified."

Our second letter contains the following: —

"I have perused your book, and while I found many things in

it which I both understand and appreciate, seeing therein the earnestness of your soul, and the best of motives for the helping of womankind, and the elevation of all, I can still see, with an unprejudiced mind, that it can never practically influence the minds and hearts of those you wish to reach. These influences, my dear, I have had some experience with, and find this: that until the spiritual has become so refined and elevated as to unite with it the practical, what you would get would result as your book will result, in a failure to do what you wish done.

Now I find that what we want to know is, to understand when to cast up the pearls before the world. What you need is this, to let the influences work upon your nature until they have moulded, fashioned, and educated it; then you will be ready to write what will satisfy yourself and be a help to others.

The lives of many of us, however rich they may be to ourselves, are a barren waste to others; and although we have many rich experiences that bear fruit in our own souls, every man and woman has something of the same, but when told in prose or verse, they fall a dead weight to the ground. The majority of people care nothing for Spiritual*ism* or spiritual *things*, being busied with making money, and not having worked out of the swaddling-clothes of selfishness. I expect yet to have thoughts from you that will really satisfy my whole nature, but I cannot find them in this book. Study practical things, at the same time educate your spiritual and ideal conditions as you are now, and all will be well."

The writer of the foregoing, though quite youthful, seemed so much the embodiment of wisdom, that after perusing the letter, "I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue,

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may *know how frail I am.*"

A gleam of light flashed upon my soul at the remembrance of the following: —

"Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.

Whoso keepeth the fig-tree shall eat the fruit thereof; so he that waiteth on his master shall be honored."

My mind was somewhat relieved, though still in a state of doubt and perplexity as to the course I was to pursue, believing as I do that to "every purpose there is *time* and *judgment*, therefore the misery of man is great upon him. For he knoweth not that which shall be: for who can tell him *when* it shall be?"

I applied mine heart unto wisdom, and all this have I seen.

"There is a time when one man ruleth over another to his own hurt. There be just men unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the wicked. Again, there be wicked men to whom it happeneth according to the work of the righteous." I felt like the Preacher to exclaim, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." I went to my spiritual pastor for counsel and advice. He gave me to understand that he wished to answer my friend's letter through the organism of a medium whom he had upon a former occasion controlled for a like purpose (but not for me). Having obtained the consent of the medium to be used as his instrument, the following communication was given: —

"Your letter is a strange compound of misgivings suited to persons of doubtful minds, who have no just idea of what it takes to make up a book to suit the times and the public taste. Something might be said in regard to an active theology of events comprising certain doctrines or taste in policy making, whereby the ins and outs of society might be understood and acted upon. In the first place, it is not to be supposed that a person *unknown* and *unsung* should have the prerequisites of book-making in such a degree as to fully understand in advance exactly what the world would receive as *bona fide* literature, whether it be for instruction or amusement. In the premises, there is such a thing as magnificence of taste suited to the squeamish proclivities of the forlorn and dissolute mortals who peregrinate from place to place and who have no local habitation or home. Such as these may be likened unto the moral precepts contained in our book, which may account for our misgivings as to the propriety of enlarging upon the merits of our proficieney in book-writing. We, having no fixed ideas but the general good, chose to treat all of our subjects contained in the book in the way to greet the hearts and souls of the great majority, with something likening unto a char-

nel-house of filth which needed cleansing, all for the want of that attention necessary for a general distribution of the great and good gifts held in store for those whose discernment could see the beauties of nature exemplified in a threefold sense of justice to mankind groping in darkness and ignorance; not knowing which way to look for succor or atonement for their sins of omission and commission, engendered by a lack of wisdom which will be supplied by this book in its simple and artistic style of reasoning and good sense.

A mere looker-on in Venice saw but little to tell of the beauties there to be seen; but those who entered and examined all and every thing to be seen and learned, returned with great wisdom to their simple-minded friends who stood aghast at the magnificence as rehearsed by the *practical inquirer and examiner*, who saw and examined all and every thing he met in his researches among the grand and glorious displays therein exposed to the light and glory of this world, as a beacon-light for all who will come hereafter, searching for things to feast their eyes upon and fill their hearts with gratitude to the great Giver of all good, that they were permitted to enjoy such a feast of reason and flow of soul, in contemplating the satisfaction and ease of mind secured by their researches among the hidden treasures of this world, emblematic of a much better enjoyment hereafter in that 'home not made with hands eternal in the heavens.'"

"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places," taking for our weapon "the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God."

One week agone, my spirit friends, feeble
And faint I lay, I could not see which way
To go; I asked of thee, but no response,
Each friend and foe did seem his face to hide,
While troublous waves came dashing high, and beat
Against my little bark far out at sea:
I thought I must my course pursue, and vainly
Tried to paddle on until my strength was
Wellnigh spent; then came a voice of sweet accord

And breathed unto my soul these words: "Am I
A God from thee afar, and not a God
Unto thee near?" And then within my heart
I said, "Thou art my God, my times are in
Thy hands." It was the same dear voice which had said,
"Be still, and know that I am God." I have
Been still, and peace has been again restored.
The winds above, the waves below, are hushed
To rest, and I once more may calmly sail,
With thee, my precious loving guides to steer;
Thou hast already pointed out the beacon
Light far, far ahead, and bid me row my
Boat to shore; that shore no longer is obscured
By black'ning storms of dark despair: the *way*
I know, the *time* has unto me been given,
While from an unexpected source came *means*
Sufficient for my present needs. And now,
Dear Lord, enable me to "look ahead
With cheer," to do thy will as thou may it
To me reveal; and if I fall, may I
By thy might arise. When I again in
Darkness sit, wilt thou, O Lord, be unto
Me a light, and may thy love still hold me
Up, for I am thine, and only thine. I
Trust "whate'er betides, *I've known the worst*," for
Thus an angel friend doth say, a friend I
Fearlessly can trust, since never from his
Truthful lips or guileless heart have come a
Word or thought untrue. My loving band are
All both kind and true of heart: I know they
Will me guide aright, although at times they
May withhold, and wisely too, from my weak
Brain, the purpose which to them is clear. Did
They not so, their task would be a vain and
Hopeless one; I may, and doubtless sometimes
Do, these loving ones misunderstand, and
Suff'ring bring in consequence; but I am

Daily led to see it is not meet that
We of earth should too much wisdom
Gain, while yet we sojourn here; our cups of
Understanding are so very small, they
Hold at best no great amount, a surplus
Would them overflow; and this suggests some
Other thoughts. If by God's mercy we have
Been abundantly supplied with food while
Many faint for lack of daily bread, shall
We not give them from our store? God's bounty
Hath for all supplied, his wisdom hath
Directed how each hungry soul may with
The bread of life be fed; yet myriads
Of starving souls no morsel may obtain:
And why? Is God unjust? nay, 't is we his
Appointed instruments who are unjust.
This earth-sphere we would liken to a wheel,
Whose centre is the throne of God; each spoke
The wheel contains being the ladder of
Progression; upon each round of the ladder
There are, or *should be*, sentinels on duty,
Whose mission it is to instruct and to
Enlighten corresponding sentinels,
On the round of knowledge but a step below
Themselves; at the same time refreshing their
Own souls with glimpses of the beautiful
Beyond, as portrayed by the holy angels,
Who are continually ascending
And descending in their midst.
Were God's wise purposes fulfilled, and did
We his instruments work according to
His will and design, how perfect and
Complete would be the attainment of heavenly
Bliss; but his glorious plans are hidden
From view, by our own folly and ignorance,
In substituting our narrow and selfish
Ideas and aims, thus destroying and

Perverting the harmony and love which
A fulfilment of his designs would
Establish and maintain. The sentinels
In many cases fail to reach forth a
Friendly hand to a brother in need,
Striving only for their own exaltation;
Thus the condition is broken, a link
In the beautiful chain is severed, and
What is the result? That all below must
Fall to the ground, their senses shocked by the
Sudden descent, their faith and their hope
Amazingly less. And what of the chain
Left dangling in air? Alas! it must hang,
Until some brother or sister draws near,
Assisting with zeal untiring and true
To unite once more the bright golden chain
Of peace, harmony, and love. If, when we
Did wrong, no effect was produced save unto
Ourselves, the incitement to good would be
Far less strong; but Nature's first law, "cause and
Effect," render this same impossible with
Spirits or mortals, and all who do come
Within our sphere must share somewhat in our
Revulsions. Were all to do their own true
Share of labor, no broken or no unfilled
Rounds our ladders would contain, no missing
Or disjointed links our chains exhibit;
Nor would the honest whole-souled laborer
Be forced, because of his great love of humanity,
To do double or even quadruple
Duty, as is often the case. These same
Golden chains 'twixt earth and heaven are still
Far apart and by many unseen; their
Spirit exists o'er the widespread earth, but like
All things spiritual, cannot be discerned
By the carnally minded sons of earth.
The spirit must be clothed upon

After it is found to exist, and we
Are the instruments of a higher power
To construct and mould its fitting apparel,
While angels of light in our labors assist,
Teaching us how to finish and polish
Each link in its turn, by our deeds of
Kindness, our words of love. These chains at the
Base are large and coarse; but each succeeding
Link grows smaller, and in texture more refined,
As it reaches upward, and gathers from
The surrounding atmosphere purer
Elements for its construction. Higher
And yet higher ascends this magnetic
Chain, until, at length, etherealized
To us, it rises beyond our frail vision's
Domain. One thing we do note, which is this:
These spiritual chains, all alike on
The start, become when wrought upon, widely
Diverse in structure, form, size, and color.
This may be attributed to the
Executive ability, finance,
Genius, or taste of the director. If
The material is good, the work well
Performed, each will serve the same end;
While each employee will receive, according
To his or her labor, compensation
Due; if it be a mere mechanical
Labor performed from necessity, no
Good will accrue to the soul therefrom; if
The laborer be in pursuit of worldly
Gain, and is actuated by selfish
Motives alone, his reward will be of
The earth earthy, "which perisheth with the
Using." If pride and ambition be the
Ruling aim, the end is not far. But we
Like not long to dwell upon these, we fain
Would see all, from pureness of heart, engage

In labors of love for their dear Lord's sake;
And these are the labors which alone can
Weave the bright *golden* chain we all may
Covet, but few can possess. Its links are
Composed of "faith, hope, charity," kept bright
By "humility and holy zeal." Our
Saviour perfected the first of this kind.
It is still in existence, but, sad to
Relate, seldom used by those who claim its
Sole right. Its links by neglect so tarnished
Have grown, no stranger would guess its substance
Were gold. There are upon earth chains which, though
Less golden, are kept more bright by the
Using. These chains will increase in numbers
And strength, in spite of opposition and
Scorn, till all the wide earth, from east unto
West, from north unto south, resound with glad songs
Of joy and of mirth, re-echoing far
The news of their birth.

Another letter, dear friends, from which we give the following: —

"I have read your book carefully, interestedly, and I think I appreciate it for what *it is*. But I must insist upon one thing, and that is, that your own personality is clearly stamped upon it in almost every line, and I do not by any means give all the credit to your pastor's dictation. I love the spirit of the book, because it is the spirit of the Master, and think you make many things very plain to the inquiring mind.

May God speed you in your labor of love in lighting up the dark places of earth, and bringing souls to a knowledge of the truth as it is most perfectly revealed to us in the perfect life of Jesus Christ. Many questions that used to puzzle me are all cleared up now; for I find that it is — after all the controversies, dogmas, isms, and ites — contained in one little word, *love*, — love to God and love to men. I often wonder that people will persist in bothering themselves over vexed questions that avail nothing after they are all settled, when the truth is so simple that a little

child may know it. God bless you and make you very useful, and give you physical and spiritual strength that you may lead others to the fountain of life."

"We thank you, kind friend, for your loving God-speed.
We feel to reply, since she upon earth
Who for us hath done the best that she could
Is unwilling to receive all the credit
You give. Nor yet doth her pastor lay claim
To it all, but begs to inform you he
Is but *one of four* whose labors
Have accomplished the work. If our book, as
You say, breathes the spirit of the Master,
And his teachings make plain to the inquiring
Mind, it matters but little from whom they
Go forth, if only received in the spirit
Of *love;* for 'love is the fulfilling of
The law.' In this, dear sister, we with you
Agree, and pray the good Lord his blessings
To shower on one who is with us in labors
Of love, whose life is devoted to the
Master's cause. May your influence be wide-
Spread upon earth; may the spirit power
Conveyed through you, bear healing on its wings,
And those intrusted to your care be not
Only physically, but spiritually,
Made whole. We deem you in wisdom by far
Too advanced to vex your tired soul, or waste
Precious time in studying out just mere
Personalities, for such questionings
'Avail nothing after they are all settled.'
But for the benefit of those still young
In the faith, we will say: The dictations
Were given by three: one upon earth and
Two in heaven. A fourth comes in, fulfilling
Her part; which part is, the arranging and
Compiling portions of the same; so, instead

Of one, 't will be seen we are four: one upon
Earth, and three in heaven."

Is this to be my home? My dear Lord and
Master, my kind spirit friends, draw near me,
I pray, for hence have I come to the place
Appointed by thee. O, wilt thou, dear ones,
Thy purpose reveal; for I am so blind
It seemeth to me there 's naught I can do,
In this wearisome wild, so barren and cold.
The winds howl around, the rain cometh
Down; yet it may be that I, and I only,
Am at fault. My spirit and my flesh are
Both alike weak. The longer I live, the
Farther I roam, the more do I see to
Awake in my soul the need of
Reform; and this brings to mind a letter
To which I've just made reply; its contents
I'll give you in part, knowing, as I well
Do, the writer no objections would have.

"Reform (says he) is a noble work, but it must be performed by those who are strong in this world's goods, and who are completely independent of all men. Are you fitted and prepared to wage a conflict with the world, and to make all sacrifices which you must of necessity make in waging war upon old-received religious opinions? We can walk in the true way without compelling others to go with us, or, in plain English, we can set ourselves right and let others alone. I know that this is selfish: so is the world. Do all you can for humanity, make all sacrifices that you possibly can for others, and they will turn round and smite you. We cannot go back; that, as you say, is impossible: but you have no call to crush your own life in trying to help those who scorn help, and who would turn and heap abuse upon those who would aid them. Our first duty is to ourselves. The struggle that we have been called upon to engage in is nothing compared to that which must eventually come if we continue to do battle with the world. Of course, if we learn the truth ourselves,

and keep silence, this will be avoided; but if we give our opinions, *the result must follow.* Outside of purely religious matters, stand women's rights, social freedom, free love, and many more questions, and I tell you, *you* are drifting towards them (perhaps unconsciously). Are you willing? Do you feel strong enough to engage in the battle?

Your life ought to be a smooth, happy one, devoid of all mental troubles. Such it cannot be if you persist in waging war against accepted opinions. I would not lead you one hair's breadth from your duty; but yourself ought to be your first care. 'Be wise as serpents, harmless as doves.' We have no need to make any very great effort in the cause of truth; it WILL *triumph,* it needs only time; it will come to the minds of men only as men's minds expand to receive it. We cannot force *great truths into small, dwarfed minds.* Therefore the young in our schools, and the conditions in which our race are brought into existence, are matters of vital importance. We have nothing to fear. All things are governed and controlled by immutable law."

I thank you, kind brother and friend, for your
Tender, solicitous care. I acknowledge
The truth of much you have said. I also
Believe that much may be done to further
The progress of truth upon earth. In the
Minds of all, be they ever so dwarfed, exists
The embryo of future enlightenment.
If left to itself long dormant it lies;
If awaked by a dart from the arrow
Of truth, the possessors of the same may,
It is true, turn and rend the messenger
Of love; but, nevertheless, the work is
Begun. Their slumbers are broken; they may
Lay them down, they may fold their hands and
Cry from their hearts, "O, a little more sleep,
A little more slumber!" Their sleep has
Departed, their idle dreams fled, and naught
Can they do but think, think, think; and the more
They do think, the more will their minds expand

And enlarge. The work will go on, slowly
And unconsciously at first, it may be,
But sure in the end as the law which
Governs the same.
"If we give our opinions,
The result must follow." Sad experience
Hath this me taught. Yet not *unconsciously*
Have I been drifting, nor, as I believe,
Without a safe Pilot to guide my frail
Bark, and anchor to cast on that beautiful
Shore where war wages not and the weary
Find rest.
"We cannot go back—" O, no, O, no!
And who would desire it? Of all the dear
Spirits who have spoken to me from their
Home in the skies, not one has expressed a
Wish to come back and live once again upon
Earth.

"We can walk in the true way without compelling others to go with us." Quite right, my friend; compulsion is useless, as all will find who endeavor to preach or to teach the true way. Time was when I thought by gentle persuasion some might be led; but even that I am forced now to doubt. I have long since ceased my views to express *unsolicited.* I have refrained from the outpouring of my heart as the spirit gave utterance, save in writings, which of course could not be enforced upon any.

"Our first duty is to ourselves." And what, dear friend, of our duty to our neighbor? My Catechism teaches this: "To love my neighbor *as myself,* and to do unto all men as I would that they should do unto me." If we strive to do this, the minor considerations will follow, in course. Included in the same catechismal answer is the following: "To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters." This, also, I am willing to do, but shall claim the right and privilege of choosing my own teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters.

"Are you willing? Do you feel strong enough to engage in the battle?" This inquiry recalls to my memory some beautiful

and expressive lines penned for me by a very dear friend, at a time when I was "sore let and hindered." I trust you will excuse me for inserting them here:—

"Lean hard, child of my love, lean hard, and let
Me feel the pressure of thy care. I know
Thy burden, child. I shaped it, poised it in
My own hand, made no proportion in its
Weight to thine *unaided* strength; for even
As I laid it on, I said, 'I shall be
Near, and while she leans on me this burden
Shall be mine, not hers: so shall I keep my
Child within the circling arms of mine own
Love.' Here lay it down, nor fear to impose
It on a shoulder which upholds the
Government of worlds. Yet closer come, thou
Art not near enough; I would embrace thy
Care, so I might feel my child reposing
On my breast. Thou lovest me? I know it;
Doubt not then; but loving me, lean hard."

"The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." I feel at times, friend, that the battle with me will soon be o'er. I look not for reward in temporal gifts. The years allotted to mortals below are threescore and ten. The first half and more did I spend in serving the world. I mean not by this that I was wholly devoid of motives beyond; but my labors unceasing were sordid and mercenary. I received, of course, the equivalent which these did demand. My health was impaired by my own folly and ignorance. At length came a change, to me a glorious one. I shall ever regard it as the new and spiritual birth of the soul.

In the two short years which have since elapsed, my labors, however insignificant, have been of a different character. I have endeavored to serve my dear Lord and Master in his own appointed way. I have chosen *whom* I will serve. My pastors and my teachers are not of this world. Yet in one respect they differ not: I have ever been subject to authority,—being a subordinate,—and have learned that the employee, to give satisfaction, must work according to the will and direction of his or her employer. Our spiritual teachers make the same requirements; and though ofttimes their "ways are not as our ways," it behoveth us to subject ourselves entirely to their will and pleasure, who have a far higher knowledge and conception of the result to be obtained.

"The young in our schools, and the conditions in which our

race are brought into existence, are matters of vital importance." They are truly so, nor do we pass them by. It hath been ours unto the first of these to daily minister, and, in so doing, little time or opportunity has been given for our own advancement in spiritual knowledge, especially as we are prohibited all reading of a deep or instructive character. An enlightenment as to the conditions in which our race are or *should be* brought into existence, seems not to come within our sphere at the present time. We possess a general knowledge of the same, but are unprepared to give the subject the consideration its importance demands.

"Reform is a noble work, but it must be performed by those who are strong in this world's goods." In one sense of the word this is true. Our bodies must be sustained, or we can do nothing. Were it not for this, methinks the noble work would speed on wings of love.

In my experience, however, I have found more zealous hearts and willing minds among the poor in this world's goods than among the rich; it may not be the experience of all. But we must not forget, dear brother, the "cup of cold water" given in the Master's name. We read how Apostle Peter went up into the temple at the hour of prayer, and saw there at the gate of the temple called Beautiful, a certain man lame from his mother's womb; "and fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, Look on us. And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them. Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I unto thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Such as we have can we give; it may be but the "widow's mite," yet who can tell the good it may do?

"There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor yet hath great riches."

So now you will see, my brother and friend,
Your doubts and your fears on my account
Are groundless and vain. I cannot go fast,
I cannot go far. If friends do forsake,
There 's One ever near, to Him will I pray,
So long as God giveth me breath.

"O, send out thy light and thy truth: let *them lead me;* let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacle.

Then will I go unto the altar of my God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the help of my countenance and my God."

A friend thus writes: —

"I thank you much for your Christmas gift. We have all read it, and were quite interested. Have lent it out, and there are two more waiting to read it. But don't flatter yourself that we shall all be converted to your belief, although the lady who has it now says she has had to fight herself *to keep from believing it.* As for myself, I have no desire to study into these things; do not believe I should be any happier myself, or make my friends here any happier; and

'Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.'"

Our thanks, kind friend, for your candor and truth;
Yourself can judge far better than we
What studies and labors will give you just
Now the greatest amount of happiness
And peace; we feel that your heart is right
Within, that much you have done, are doing
Still for humanity's sake, in your own
Quiet way; that way is not ours to choose
Or direct; yet some things we know which you
Have not learned. There are with thee daily, kind
Spirits and true, who help and sustain you
When tempted and tried; they long have watched o'er
You and done what they could your burdens to
Lighten, your sorrows to heal: your life has
Been brightened by their minist'ring love, though
All unconscious it may be to you.
We would ask thee to retrace the years of
Thy life, when lonely and sad thou wandered,
As one bereft of all that earth for thee
Held dear. Thy loving ones passed on before

Knew not the way, more than did you of
Coming back; therefore when sorrows deepest
Were upon thee, not one was near to wipe
Away the burning tear, or whisper comfort
To thy sinking heart. These since have learned those
Mysteries in part, though slow and toilsome
Have their labors been. Would ye know why
Their progress hath in this been slow? Because,
Dear friend, their loved ones below have "no desire
To study into these things"; unaided
And alone, so far as earth help is concerned,
Must they fight their way; unwilling are they
To tread on to brighter fields and fairer
Joys, lest the distance 'tween them and those they
Still hold dear on earth become so great, they
Must "for aye" remain apart: so still these
Loving ones do wait and work, their task oft-
Times a thankless one; this task, which now to
Them is hard, would soon become an easy
One if shared by thee. As we before have
Said, you have exclusive right your ways of
Happiness to choose; your earthly friends to
Strive and please. Can you stop here? In justice
Nay; for one of the holy Trinity
Would be left out. First person I, second
Person you, and third person he, she, or
It. He, the God who formed and made you live,
Demands of thee acknowledgment. She, thy
Mother, and others so called dead, yet living
Still, would ask to share thy kind remembrance,
And sometimes to commune with thee. It, the
Principle of truth and right, though here we
Give it as the last, in time will grow to
Be with thee and thine the first. "Where ignorance
Is bliss 't is folly to be wise," say you;
Say we, "A perpetuity of bliss
Alone is bliss."

Of your friend who "has had to fight herself to keep from believing it," we know nothing. She has doubtless read of the conversion of one whose name was "Saul," who made havoc of the church and imprisoned many, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." Not content with this, he journeyed toward Damascus, having before desired letters of the high-priest, "that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem." But a Priest yet higher he found by the way, as round about him suddenly shined a light from heaven. He fell to the earth, while a voice said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is *hard for thee to kick against the pricks.*"

Saul then doth ask what the Lord will have him to do; and the Lord saith, "Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." He arose and opened his eyes, but lo! he was blind. He who went boldly forth *to bind* God's chosen people, weak and trembling was *led by the hand* to his place of destination, and for three days and nights could neither eat, drink, or sleep. During this time he had a vision, as did also one other who was to him a stranger, but a disciple of the Lord, whose name was Ananias.

"And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus; for, behold, he prayeth.

And hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias, coming in and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight.

Then Ananias answered, Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem:

And how he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call upon thy name.

But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel:

For I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake.

And Ananias went his way and entered into the house; and putting his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even

Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost.

And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales: and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized."

'Tis the first day of spring, so saith our calendar;
It must be so, yet how unlike what we
In our day-dreams have pictured forth in this
Bright sunny southern clime; the day is dark
And gloomy, the sky o'erspread with clouds, the
Winds are bleak and chill, the icy rain comes
Down amain, no song or chirp of bird we
Hear, nor do we scent the breath of sweet spring
Flowers; all above, around, below, seems
Cheerless, dark, and cold. O, who can tell what
A day may bring forth? But yesterday the sun
Its genial light and warmth poured forth in
Radiant streams of love divine; all nature
Seemed alive with songs of gratitude and
Mirth. Ah, what truthful type of life below!
One day our faith and trust seem anchored firm,
The next by adverse winds they 're shaken; these
Adverse winds no power have we to govern
Or control; the ready heart, the willing mind,
Grows faint and weary with delay; we grope
In darkness because of our unbounded
Ignorance, which each day becomes more visible,
More lamentable; by night we are tortured
With dreams or visions, we scarce can tell which.
We find ourselves in the midst of a throng of kind
Earthly friends, — friends to ourselves we mean, yet
Enemies to the cause we uphold; they
Gather about us, they shoot from afar.
Their darts harm us not at first, we are
Strong and brave, standing well our ground; but as

The combat deepens, the arrows fly thick,
And — what are we among many? Our courage
Falters, our strength is failing fast, we look
For some to help us, and — awake.
Sleep comes
Again at length; another scene presents
Itself, one which earth mortals ne'er beheld;
A private home was our resort, though many
Were assembled there from highest to the
"Low-down black." All came with same intent, each
Heart open to receive the truth; there seemed
A place for all, and each to know and fill
His or her place undisturbed: for the home
Had many apartments. The assemblage
Was mostly composed of "freshmen" in the
Spiritual kingdom, and this was their
First public meeting. Little was accomplished
On this occasion except to harmonize
The several groups by music and song.

Again we awake, and this time 't is morning. But enough of this, for here comes a letter which may give us something more interesting.

Extract.

"How I would like to see you to-night and talk over matters and things with you, it is such a slow way to converse, — this writing! Your hand must have ached many times while writing that book. I do not think the book has been carefully read; it is not understood, as you say. It needs much study to see into it. *We* do not see anything so very *wicked* in it (as others do); but somehow I do not believe in the spiritual *mediums*. I do not see anything in the Gospel to correspond with a medium, except the 'Lord Jesus': he was our Mediator and Saviour. To be sure, the 'angel of the Lord' appeared unto many, but does not seem to me through a *medium*. I believe, dear, that every word that you say in reference to it is the truth, so far as your understanding goes. There must be a power that impresses

you some way, and I cannot see that you are any the worse for it. You are in your right mind, are n't you? (*Crazy*, they call you.) B—— is awfully down on your book, and H—— keeps hers *locked up*. I told Mrs. —— you had been writing a book. She wished to read it, so I lent her mine. She said it was the best work she had ever read on that subject. She is a great reader; also, we have always supposed, a sincere Christian.

May I ask you, do you hold any converse with spirits gone before without the assistance of a medium? Do you have any revelations now while you are away? If so, it seems as if you would hear from us up here, — our thoughts and feelings, if they are known."

Beloved child, what you say in regard to spiritual mediums does not surprise us in the least; but I think we can perhaps explain to you in part. We do not, it is true, in the Bible see the *word* "medium" applied as in spiritual writings of the present day; but if we have the right understanding, the word "gift" as there used has the same interpretation as "phase" with us. "Diversity of gifts" is no more nor less than diversity of phases of mediumship; and there is a *phase of the same corresponding precisely with each separate gift* there mentioned, as well as some minor phases which are not mentioned. Jesus Christ, our great mediator, possessed *all* of these phases in a high degree of perfection. Among his apostles, as St. Paul tells us, these gifts were distributed. We should infer from reading the chapter that only *one* gift was possessed by any one individual; but as we find many of them exercised more than that, we take it as a general term of expression; each one doubtless had a gift which was his specialty, as do our mediums of the present day; for believe me, friend, every inspired writer, apostle, and prophet, who took part in the construction of the Bible, was a *medium*, whether so called or not. One of the most "eminent divines of the Orthodox church," *twelve years ago*, after holding his audience spellbound through a long and eloquent discourse on the inspiration of St. Paul, paused and quietly said, "I suppose many of you have already asked how the inspiration of St. Paul differed from the inspiration of modern spiritual mediums; for the day has long since passed when any *candid and thinking mind* would doubt the claims of modern mediums to special influx." And then he said: "*I answer that the inspiration of the modern mediums is precisely like the inspi-*

ration of Paul; the only difference being that the inspiration of Paul was by authority, and that of the modern medium is WITHOUT AUTHORITY." As to the phases of mediumship, inspirational is one of the highest, corresponding to the "gift" "word of wisdom." Impressional is another, corresponding to "word of knowledge." These phases, which are often combined in one person, are given *directly to that person* by the controlling spirit; therefore *requiring no assistance* from any other medium. This class embraces our writers and speakers of the present day as it did in former times. And many of our most able and intelligent orators are thus inspired, *unconsciously to themselves;* while others not a few, who are conscious of the gift they possess as well as the source from which their power is derived, remain *incog*, from *policy*. We give an instance of the latter as follows. A friend writes: —

"On one occasion I was struck with the report of a sermon by a very orthodox man, given by a parishioner, and called on his pastor, then in an Eastern city, and now far West; and as soon as he found I was a Christian Spiritualist, he told me that both he and his wife were mediums, and to that he owed his popularity (which was very great).

'I would not deny it,' he said, 'but I do not feel called upon to parade it before the world, when it would lessen my influence to promote the spread of that truth which this development is designed to establish.'"

These phases of mediumship, which are really the most satisfactory to an aspiring mind, are also very common. The other phases all have their uses, as did the different gifts. "But all these worketh one and the selfsame spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." As there are many different gifts, so are there many different classes of minds to enlighten and instruct; while one of these gifts might be an eye-opener to one, it would produce not the slightest effect upon another possessing different qualities of mind and heart. Take yourself, for example: immediately upon the perusal of our book, which (if we mistake not) was the first you had ever read of that character, you were convinced that some power outside of the medium directed her efforts. Now let me ask you if, had you witnessed another phase, table-tipping, for instance, it would have produced the same effect upon your mind? I think not. While many another person, who

would consider the book mere trash, and would not waste their time in reading a work of this character, if they should see a table or chair jump around the room by the laying on of their hands, would be in rapturous glee, instantaneously convinced that there must be "*something* in it," and perhaps be led to search out the matter. There are, I am sorry to say, those who, even after they perceive the truth of these things, have no desire to progress, and therefore never get beyond these low orders of physical manifestations; while others advance step by step from lower to higher; many, even at the outset, commencing on a higher plane of development than some who have been slowly progressing for years.

We doubt if there are any possessing the higher phases of mediumship who do not also possess some of the lower ones which may be called into action when occasion requires for the benefit of those whom the higher ones would outreach; but they have no need to use them in their own behalf, finding "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" in the first mentioned. This is, to us, conclusive reason why these orders of mediumship are less traceable in both the ancient and modern inspired writings. It is also the reason why we chose to dwell more especially upon these in our former work, which was intended for beginners. Advanced Spiritualists would regard it as a mere primer.

The trance phase gives good satisfaction to many, and the evidence is truthful and conclusive under the right conditions; but these are not always available. Therefore what is given through the organism of these mediums is but as grains of sand on the sea-shore compared to what we can give impressionally. We also give much in dreams or visions, and symbols. These you will find are scattered in profusion throughout the sacred writings. You will also find, upon a close examination of the Old Testament, that the kings and nearly all of the celebrated characters mentioned therein had recourse to magicians, astrologers (*mediums* i. e.), and that their supply of wisdom and power was derived — either directly or indirectly — from the spirit world. The Magi, or wise men from the East, in our Saviour's time, were also mediums. You will recollect that our Saviour said, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." To his apostles and immediate followers he said, "The works that I do shall ye do also"; and they did them, never knowing themselves how or why, except that the power was given them from on high.

Philosophy and science have since been at work, and for the past few years their strides have been rapid toward the attainment of knowledge regarding the fixed laws of nature which govern and control all things. "Spirit intercourse and its true philosophy is now known and believed in by many millions of the present generation, including the most eminent and enlightened minds of the world, — in fact, no others can have a perfect intellection of its philosophy, — many of whom not only believe, but *know*, not from high-wrought feelings of excitement, intense orgasm, or contagious sympathy, which religious converts experience, but with cool, positive demonstration of science and absolute knowledge."

Whether our medium is in her right mind or not, "judge ye." We should not count her a true disciple if her works and ways were not such as to elicit terms of reproach from some of her MORE "CRAZY" friends; but when they all get crazy, we'll have a good time *together*.

May God bless you, dear child, and strengthen your good endeavors. We might convey some of your thoughts southward, for we can both read and impress you to some extent, but it is not our mission to "tell tales out of school." (*Controlling spirit.*)

Next morning.

Darling, I believe *I* must add a postscript, for somehow it seems to me this letter was the means or measures used by a "higher Power" to prevent the destruction of property, if not to preserve life. I attended a concert last evening given by a blind girl. When I came home it was rather early to retire, so I commenced penning the reply to your letter.

After I had done so I could not seem to leave it until finished, which took me into the "wee small hours" of the night. It was a very unusual and *seemingly* foolish thing for me to do like this, as I had plenty of time for writing you to-day.

When I was through I went to the window and saw near the back piazza quite a blaze of fire, which proceeded from an ash-barrel, probably kindling from live coals or sparks left in the ashes. There was a sort of form covered with dry boards near, one end of which had already caught fire. If this had not been discovered, the house must shortly have been in flames. There were others immediately adjoining, and I believe (as the lady of

the house herself said) the whole block of buildings would have been consumed. There was a gentle breeze at the time, which soon arose to quite a gale of wind. The family were quietly sleeping in another part of the house, which is a large one, and the "head of the family" was away from home. As I have told you before, this is a small town, and they have no facilities for extinguishing fires.

I will here insert one of the songs of the blind girl, sung with sweet, pathetic tones. The words are simple (as was the music), yet so comprehensive, so comforting and encouraging.

"In some way or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way,
And yet in his *own* way
The Lord will provide.

At some time or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time,
And yet in his *own* time
The Lord will provide.

Despond then no longer, the Lord will provide:
And this be the token, —
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken;
The Lord will provide.

March on then right boldly, the sea shall divide,
The path be made glorious
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
The Lord will provide,"

"All things are ready, begin thy appointed Task." These words keep ringing in mine ears; from Whom they come, for what purpose they are sent, I know not; I place them here and wait. Ask Ye for what I wait? For further light, for Wisdom more to come; my daily food is

Spent, I hunger, thirst for more; how long, O
Lord, have I to wait? and what may be the
Task thou hast for me? O, make it plain I
Pray! for I am ready, I am waiting.

"As a sheep before its shearers is dumb,'
So they opened not their mouths. Two months
Ago and more our little book went forth;
It was our care that *our* people, dwellers
Of *my* native town, should be first served. We
Labored zealously at the last, fearing the
Issue of our book would be too late for
"Christmas gift." Some there we sent on sale,
Others as *souv'nirs*. Were they in time?
We know not, neither can we tell the day
Or the hour of their debut; this much we
Do know, they were duly sent: weeks afterward
We incidentally did hear they reached
Their destination. How were they received?
Time's tongue must tell if e'er it gets unloosed;
No soul from there has yet vouchsafed to us
A "thank you," much less, a kind "God speed": we
Comprehend not why these same do hold their
Peace in just this way. Solomon the Wise
Did say: "Even a fool, when he holdeth
His peace, is counted wise." But this cannot
To these apply. Our people we have oft
Been told were a conservative people.
Be this as it may, we know them to be
An intelligent and well-read people,
Therefore we think the reason of their silence
Must be this: "The heart of the righteous
Studieth to answer." May we not hope
To receive from their mouths words which shall be
As deep waters; and from their wellspring of
Wisdom, thoughts which shall refresh the soul as
A flowing brook?

We have been debating within ourselves as to which is the most beneficial in its results to mankind, — active ignorance or passive knowledge.

Our decision is in favor of the former; which, although it is terrible to combat, gives an opportunity of development, both to the possessor and to the recipient or recipients of his wisdom (!). While passive knowledge bears no fruit outside its own *individual* capacity. Its possessor may be wise in his own conceit, but has not reached even the "alpha" of true wisdom. Let us pray for the days of enlightenment and freshening to come, when we shall have only *passive* ignorance to contend with, which will be easily uprooted by the true wisdom of those possessing *active* knowledge combined with love of truth.

"Speak of angels and you will hear the flutter of their wings," contains more truth than poetry sometimes. Two letters have come from inhabitants of our town: the first, whose wellspring of wisdom has been so long pent, gushes forth: —

"I have felt I could not say one word of my thoughts to you, whom I felt were sincere, doing what you believed was for the cause of right and good. When any one has asked my opinion, I have invariably replied, that I did 'not wish to discuss the book.' One objection which had weight with me in this has been, that if spirits controlled you to write, — as you believe, — they ought to be able, if they have advanced in their life beyond, to write in a style superior to our *best writers* here. I do not think the rhythm and harmony of the verse at all to be compared with that of our first-class writers; and the comment that forces itself is, if they cannot do better, it would be to their credit not to make the attempt."

Reply.

"Show me him who never changes his opinions, never learns, never progresses, and I'll show you a fool who morally stands still and vegetates like any other tree, on whom a just God should not force immortality against his will. 'He who cannot reason is a fool; he who dare not reason is a coward; who will not reason is a bigot; but show to me him who can and does reason, and I'll show you a man,' and a progressive man, and, if honest, the highest type of God's mundane works.

All things are not possible with *God.* He cannot possibly make heat and cold, light and darkness, coexist together; nor

any two things antagonistic harmonize, or occupy the same place at the same time. He cannot make a two-year-old, anything, in an hour, — to use an inelegant and rather uncouth phrase, but in point full of potential significance; you will pardon me, I am after the truth, if I have to get it in vulgar garb ; I seek the jewel, if I have to dig it from dirty rubbish ; if he could, then there is no excuse or reason why he does not make the high and happy angel of a century's development, immediately upon the creation of poor, miserable man, as fabled Minerva sprang, full fledged, from the brain of Jove."

Our second letter contains the following : —

"I hope the time will come when we can see and believe more alike ; you know I have a good many cares and anxieties, with so many children to try and help do for."

"The time *will* come, is coming day by day, hour by hour, and even now thou art not wide apart, as we who read thine inmost soul discern. Thy cares and anxieties have been, still are, numerous ; yea, thou hast done, still art doing for thy children, thine own dear ones, more than thy most exalted imagination has ever pictured or dreamed ; more, a hundred-fold more, than the artificial observer who might accuse thee of doing *too little.* Thou hast ploughed deep in the soil of their hearts ; the seed hath not only been well sown, but hath been watered and tended with care, nurtured in the warm sunshine of thy affectionate love. This seed hath taken deep root, is firmly stranded in the soil, and some e'en now is bearing fruit. Thy harvest shall be plenteous, thy garners well filled, and filled with good grain.

Then courage, brother! Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid, for all with thee is well. Who only stirs the surface of the soil may *sooner* reap, but not to perfection, for some will by the midday's burning heat be scorched ; other some the chilling, searching winds of reality and adversity may blast and uproot.

Thy life hath been one of vicissitude and seeming unrest. Yet these very changes have developed, enlightened, educated your mentality, which, though unpretending and unobtrusive, stands high in the region of thought and good understanding. Then fear thou not, but go on thy way rejoicing, assured by us that not only *thy* children, but thy children's children, for generations to come, shall 'arise up and call thee blessed.'"

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY A CONVERSATION WITH THE BLIND GIRL.

So quiet, gentle, guileless too, she seemed,
Her trust reposing all in Him, who, as
Her sweetest song bespoke, will for his
Children dear provide in his "own time," in
His "own way." She could not mourn the loss
Of sight, for sight — except the inward vision
Pure — she ne'er had known; but this to her had
Been vouchsafed wondrously clear, in other
Words, she had a tender angel guide who
Never left unless another one her
Kept in charge; she knew this not, although she
Had no fears for herself, travelling from place
To place continually with no accompanying
Earthly guide or protector, alleging
That her very misfortune was to her
A safeguard and protection, eliciting
From those with whom she came in contact both
Sympathy and kindness. With childlike
Simplicity she asked if any could
Her tell, how it was that she could a person's
Presence sense, without from them the slightest sound
Or perceptible movement; and then she says,
"If a person stares at me I feel it:
If a person speaks to me I *know* their
Character at once, my first impression
Of them is always correct." These things she
Knew, though not by outward vision; of the
Angel presence she knew nothing, although
It did her sweetest, holiest songs inspire;
But she in time will *these* things also learn.
"I have," she said, "met and conversed with some
Spiritualists, and they seemed so happy,

So cheerful." Yes, sister, and we would that
All our happiness might share; in some way
Or other, at some time or other, they
Must, they will, for "no word *He* hath spoken
Was ever yet broken." He "will provide."

We might go further and say, He *has provided* the way. In confirmation of this, we give an extract from Rembert's "Philosophy of Life." We have already quoted a little from this deep-toned and most excellent work, and may do so more in future.

"Now in view of all the facts and truths I have presented, especially considering the great developments of late scientific research in the domain of mind, the universal ethereal medium through which mind acts upon mind at any distance and without any obstruction, when minds are in rapport with each other, is it not a wonder that deceased spirit friends, if they be really living, do not thus communicate with some of us in the flesh, with whom they may come in rapport? Is n't it a wonder that excarnated human spirits don't see and communicate with us incarnated spirits through this same universal electro-ethereal medium through which we communicate with one another on this rudimental earth plane?

When men in the flesh have learned to use this mystic medium by putting themselves in and assuming that necessary negative condition of perfect passivity and receptivity, is it not a wonder that those out of the flesh, if still in existence, do not then manifest themselves to us through this same medium of the many millions on both sides of such various electric temperaments? And when we also consider that some, in all ages of mankind, have had such mysterious manifestations without understanding them, is it not a wonder indeed that our spirit friends in the spirit spheres do not now manifest themselves intelligibly to us with our present progressed facilities? As we have learned the lightning and lettered its sheets, and thus attest our immortality and their felicity? The science of mind and electricity has reached that point that we must expect, nay, must have, such communications from our friends who have gone before, or else conclude forever that they live no more. For spirit here can now communicate with spirit unimpeded by flesh, distance, or any

other obstacle; and some of those eliminated spirits who have left the body can communicate through the same universal medium to some of us yet in the body in unison with them; therefore if they do not now communicate, we are bound to believe they live no more, but died and perished with their bodies. But cease these wonders, dry your tears, dispel your doubts, linger no longer your patient expectations, for list, ye tenants of the tomb! Hear it, and feel a new glory thrill your vital being of your mortal body, ye prisoned spirits of the mouldering urn! The glorious truth and the glorious proof of your immortal life and immortal love hath sounded its glorious symphonies upon your sombre shores! The glorious reality has come, the mighty and momentous truth in lights of supernal splendor has blazed upon the world. Just at the time when science leads us to look for it and must have it, or bury our hopes and loves in the grave forever, the grand and glorious fact comes careering on the wings of the wind, ay, on the lightning's pinion, with angelic anthems. And O, what a fact, what a truth, is this we have learned in our favored nineteenth century! Every pulsation of our corporeal, and every vital vibration of our spiritual heart should beat, throughout the infinite future, glory to our Creator.

That was a grand event in the pages of the past, when Columbus pictured a new and unknown continent on the map of the world; but this new continent, like the old, is filled with the bitterness of death and blasted hopes.

That was a proud period for man when the printing-press leaped forth from the mind of Faust and Guttenburg to spread knowledge broadcast among the nations, and render her springs imperishable; but its reflected lights never reached beyond the dim horizon around us.

That was an epoch in the chronology of time when Christ stood forth and proclaimed immortal life to the good and true; but he only proclaimed the truth, and left the world still in the darkness of doubt. And that was sublime when he illustrated his life in his glorious death, and was lost to mortal vision in the brightness of his empyreal sphere; but the splendor of his illustration grows dim in the distance, and the glory of his ascension is believed by few and known to none. But all these grand events and epochs of the past grow pale before the luminous effulgence of this new-risen sun of science which is now illuminating the world of mind.

They sink into insignificance beside the gathered glories of this new apocalypse which is brightening into bliss the sorrows and sufferings of earth's dying children. Not with meek proclamation, nor proud preaching, nor pompous declamation on futile faith, but based on philosophy, with absolute demonstration and certainty of science, this grand and mighty truth, so long dark, dormant, and unknown, has leaped into light, life, and knowledge, and already warms the hearts of its enlightened millions, soothing their sorrows, easing their agonies, and binding the glory of immortality around their love.

That Jesus was a most perfect harmonic man, with the highest spiritual endowments, it is only necessary to state, for those who even doubt these transcendent merits, that from the Acta Pilati transmitted to Rome, Tiberias Cæsar, the emperor, was influenced to suggest to the Senate the propriety of admitting him among the number of gods, and sent his own prerogative vote, in favor of the measure. But Jesus was not our God and Creator, for all this and much more, for all his splendid perceptions, and wonderful revelations, and apocalypse and exalted practices; he was our great, gifted, spiritualized brother of humanity, and illustrious exemplar of social life. But Jesus is worshipped as a God, or rather *the* God; yet he says, 'Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God.' 'Thou shall worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.' That there is but one God, and he is in heaven, that it is not his to give, but his father's, etc.

The splendid Milton is so often cited as the pink of Protestant orthodoxy, that I should mention here his posthumous state papers, published in 1823, prove him to have become decidedly Arian in his opinions on this point; that the character of Jesus was moulded in the most perfect model of human nature, the beauty, harmony, and symmetry of his proportions constituting the most perfect paragon of humanity that ever existed, but not God. And what sensible scientific man of this day can believe otherwise? Milton lived a century ahead of his contemporaries."

"And it came to pass that, while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus: and finding certain disciples,

He said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye

believed? And they said unto him, *We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.*

And he said unto them, Unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism.

Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus.

When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.

And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; *and they spake with tongues, and prophesied.*"

We would ask if this doth not verify the statement previously made concerning Christ's followers (doing the works which he did, scarce knowing how or why)? Their own words proving that they not even knew that there was a Holy Ghost (or spirits, if you please, which, as we endeavored to make plain in our former work, bear the same interpretation). "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." We would also ask if this truth is not becoming more manifest, and our Saviour's glorious teachings more luminous and grand, as brought to remembrance, explained and elucidated by the bright progressive spirits "gone before"?

This from the letter of a very dear friend:—

"I know your book will be read and appreciated by many. Cousin —— spent a night with us last week. He was looking over the titles of our books, and I called his attention to yours. He immediately took it and began to read, and got so much interested that he read the greater part of it before he left. He expressed himself as much pleased with many of the ideas contained in it, though I believe he is an Adventist, or at least he *used* to be. He thought that part of the book which portrayed the public sentiment in regard to Elizabeth Tilton as compared with Beecher, especially good; also that in regard to the laws of divorce and property as applied to woman and to man. Your book will do its work, and a *good* work too."

Whether Adventist, Spiritualist, or Romanist by name, it mat-

ters not, if the understanding be quickened to receive and inwardly digest the teachings of equity and justice, as enlightened reason, the God-principle of nature, dictates.

There are countless millions upon the earth, who have never, with their outward ears, heard of Spiritualism, who are truer Spiritualists at heart, than many who have named the name.

And "there is vastly more conviction on the part of the clergy than is made manifest, or calls itself Spiritualism. God keeps his agents preparing the way for new revelations.

A few weeks since I attended the opening services in one of our city churches after the summer vacation. The pastor is among the most popular of all the clergy of this giant city, and circumstances made it an occasion of more than ordinary rejoicing that they had resumed services around their favorite altar; and in the fervor of the pastor's gratitude to God, he thanked him that 'we can feel assured that those who have loved to meet with us here and have left the earth for the higher life, are yet able to join us at this time of our rejoicing, and that they still hold dear this place of their former worship.' I was not a little surprised, but supposed the expression due to the effect of memory on the emotions, during the inspired moments of earnest prayer. But my surprise was greater, when I found the sentiment only the repetition of the calm and deliberate statement of the pastor, when writing his sermon in his study, where he enlarged upon the idea. I was greatly astonished, when I met him on business the next week, to learn that he '*had no sympathy with Spiritualism, and thought it was doing injury!*' I was not disposed to question his assertion, but thought to myself that the sentiments of the prayer and sermon of the preceding Sabbath prepared many a mind to conclude that if spirits attended church and joined in communion service, it would be equally easy for them to go to some medium, if thereby they could express their interest in loving friends, and many would reason that they would be *more* attracted there than to church.

I might multiply instances showing that God is preparing the *Church*, as well as the world, to welcome this providence which is soon to end the evils and dissensions of sectarianism, and silence the voice of the materialist, by demonstrating the meaning of the New Testament, so that there shall be no chance to doubt. Within a week, one of the rising stars and earnest defenders of Trini-

tarian theology visited a medium friend of mine, and solicited a seance, and appeared to enjoy it. I know a bishop of the Episcopal church, who is said to make no secret of his interest and conviction. The opinions of the Beecher family, especially Rev. Thomas R., of Elmira, and Mrs. Stowe, have not only made many converts, through the *Christian Union*, but have emboldened others to express what they were before disposed to conceal, and must have led many prejudiced persons to inquiry."

"Enlightened intellect, a strong, clear mind with true philosophy, must always believe a truth that is demonstrable, whether all the abstract or concrete principles of that truth be understood and comprehended or not. This latter (comprehension) cannot enter into a question of mere credence or credibility; understanding properly has nothing to do with believing. How frequent it is for us to say, 'We believe it, but don't understand it.' Can we say of a fact that we understand but don't believe it? We may believe without understanding, but cannot understand a fact or truth without believing, for this very understanding of a truth or fact necessitates the truth or fact. The highest, grandest triumph and achievement of modern science is in the domain of the mind. It is tracing out the elements of immortal spirit, and the means and instruments through which and by which it operates and acts. It has discovered a refined electricity to be the connecting link between mind and matter; that it is the medium of mind; that it is the medium of God and his government; and that it is the grand primordial element of the universe.

This is the most sublime achievement of the human mind, — to learn itself, to unravel its own mysteries and read its own future.

It is the science of the living mind, its silent and mysterious workings, and energetic powers.

It is the science that evolves the majestic movement of rolling worlds, the falling leaf, and claims the great law of the universe as its own. And I'll add, the science that involves the philosophy of our immortal life, and spirit intercourse with incarnated men.

'Yet such a science as this has been called a humbug, and such men as these (Dr. Dodds) have been assailed.' Again, truly and eloquently, 'True fame is not the birthright of the hero. The blaze of glory that has for ages encircled his head, and with its brilliancy so long dazzled the world, is beginning to grow dim. The laurels that decorate his sullen brow have been gathered at

the cannon's mouth, from a soil enriched with human gore, and watered by the tears of bereavement. That favored pinnacle of glory on which he proudly stands has been gained by conquest and slaughter. His way to it lay over thousands of his fellow-creatures, whose warm hearts had ceased to throb; and the music that followed his march was the widow's moan and the orphan's wail. True fame does not lie here. It has a higher origin, a nobler birth; a more elevated aim. True fame consists in the lofty aspirations after intellectual and moral truth!' The greatest study of mankind is man; the greatest lesson of our lives is to learn ourselves, which is, in fact, the sum total of all learning; a lesson unlearned, all other learning 's naught. Our duty and our destiny, the end, and aim, and object, and origin of our existence, have always absorbed, and always will absorb and monopolize the brightest intellects that shed radiance over the dark precincts of time. All the great minds that have graced the annals of all the ages have devoted their energies to solve this mighty problem of themselves. To men of mind, in contradistinction to men of matter, it is *the* problem, and *only* problem.

'Man, know thyself, there all wisdom centres,' says Dr. Young. Thales said, 'The most difficult thing in nature is to know ourselves, the most easy to advise others.' Chilo had engraved in letters of gold in the temple of Apollo at Delphi this aphorism, 'Know thyself.' [*Query:* does Beecher know himself?] Phyrro, the sceptic philosopher of Ellis, asserted that no man can have certain knowledge of anything. One of his friends reproved him in the following logical dilemma: 'You either know what you say to be true, or you do not know it. If you do know it to be true, that very knowledge proves your assertion to be false, and you do wrong to make it; if you do not know it to be true, you do wrong to assert it, since no one has a right to assert what he does not know to be true: therefore, in either case, you do wrong to assert that no one can have a certain knowledge of anything.'"

We quote the following also from Rembert, who makes his own apology: —

"Some of you will doubtless consider it vulgar Brownlowism, or, worse, diabolical Beecherism, which will perhaps jar on more refined ears, as it was written under the intensity of youthful impulse and ardor, unchastened by age; and you will not expect me

to stop now to smooth its severity with more polish, inasmuch especially as it speaks the truth, though the pen be porcupine dipped in fiery lava, contains the jewel, though full of flint and fire.

We have seen the stricken soul, perhaps wild and wayward, mayhaps erring and erratic, but high-hearted and noble, unfortunate, with soul and exalted nature, who, like the Scarvola, would thrust his arm into the burning fire and see it and feel it perish, rather than stoop to meanness or falsehood ; who would disdain a low act as the bird of Jove disdains the mire; soul of impassioned mould and lofty aspirations, that soared like the eagle of the mountain into the clear cerulean; with no fault but misfortune, no weakness but too much trust, no guilt but looking to heaven, no crime but devoted love, like the immortal Milton, traduced, maligned, abused, and barked at by human hyenas sacerdotal sanctity with eyes that roll in holy horror at the aberrations of erratic love and pure devotion, — the little peccadilloes perchance of others, — who should have poured the oil of healing, and who will themselves, according to their own theory and *practice,* roll another horror to the billowed thunders of devil's daily dirge, and cast a shadow over the regions of the damned like embodied midnight. We have seen the innocent, the injured, and the pure torn down with pharisaic friendship and satanic soul by falsehood's forked tongue of demoniac traduction, by the vile and villanous preacher who, under the assumed sanctitude of the Prince of peace, would scent out the victim of misfortune and urge on his hell-hounds of carrion to their feast of devil's obsequious simpletons, who would howl when their master hissed, — incarnated spirits of distilled iniquity, whose souls, if they have any, will make black spots in hell's darkest midnight, — spots that the roll of ages will not efface, and the darkness of the damned will be sunshine to their spirits, deep and dark enough to extinguish the light of a thousand suns."

From the same author we give the following extract; after the perusal of which, "guilty or not guilty," is not the question, but blame or no blame. *If* blame, *who's* to blame ? If no blame, why this widespread commotion, this "social earthquake" ?

"Said Shakespeare, who, not as a poet, but as an acute observer and profound philosopher had no superior, 'There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.'

Man is impelled to every action by either internal impulse or external influence. External influence is that which he can control, or that which he cannot control. If the latter, of course he cannot be held responsible for it or guilty of its effects; if the former, — that external influence which he can control, — he either controls it or not, as he is prompted or enabled by his internal impulse or inherent power.

Hence it is narrowed down to his internal impulse. Now this impulse impels him as the character of the impulse predominates. If evil predominates, he is impelled to evil; if good, then to good actions. These impulses ase inherent in him, and constitute as much his moral nature, as the form of his body or color of his skin constitutes his corporeal individuality. Now the question is, can he control his natural, inherent impulses? I will answer this by asking, can he control the natural form of his body or color of his skin? He certainly can, to a limited extent, at first, modify and improve the natural form of his body and beautify the complexion of his skin; and no more, *at first*, while subject to the animal. To this extent and no more, in low, undeveloped life, should we hold each other accountable, and visit a commensurate punishment for deliberate violation; this is the true rationale of crime, — this much and no more.

This certain penalty is the proper appliance to prevent crime in unprogressed men. Then if this strict justice be, as it should be, by all humane hearts, tempered with mercy, little will be left to punish. Hence moral suasion, proper education, philosophic scientific development is the great lever of human reform, the true principle of human progress. The more external influences are brought to bear, of which consists education, the more will the impulse be moulded and the conduct controlled. Hence the labors of the jurisconsul, the salutary influence of penal law, and judicial and retributive example, and juridical learning from Bracton and Fleta to Storey and Taney, are not without their good results on the conduct of men; nor can we, indeed, in our present low rudimental condition of moral development, and dense population, live without these salutary influences and restraints.

And it is not inconsistent, though it may so appear, to aver that in the concrete if not in the abstract, in the aggregate if not in the segregate, — for God so governs through general and no

special laws, otherwise, we should find no exceptions: everything is just as it was designed to be by the Creator; and in this averment there is philosophy enough to fill a book. Indeed, it would require a volume to fully unfold the philosophy and vindicate the assertion; for there is method in the conflicts of nature, as there is in the conflicts of human laws. Nor is it necessary to exclude the 'rare and exceptional phenomena of nature for the basis of analogy and argument,' as James Martineau said of Bishop Butler, whose 'strained analogy,' said William Pitt in a conversation with Wilberforce, 'raised more doubts in my mind than it answered.' In fact, some installed divines say that in everything we do, we, though unconsciously, worship God. I do not think so; the Creator has not decreed, nor designed, nor governed special isolated cases. He governs alone through his organic general laws; and to these general laws, and not to special statutes, individual cases must be amenable. When man strikes down his brother man, — is that worshipping God, their common Father? Religionists, Christian as well as, and even more than, heathen, have always preached this strike-down principle of persecution, and practised it to perfection, especially the former, when the victim is to them a nonconformist.

And upon the same principle the victim or nonconformist or heretic should strike them down as nonconformist and heretic to *his* religion. And thus the wholesale human slaughter under religious dictation will be continued, unless rejected reason supplant fanatic faith, and spiritual love supplant carnal hate. Nor does my philosophy involve 'fatalism' in its common acceptation, though some of the greatest intellects of the world, Napoleon Bonaparte among them, were decided fatalists. The celebrated argument of Milton, so universally accepted and adopted by old orthodoxy, to vindicate the Creator against the evil of man, by casting the blame for all our woes upon our first parents, is, for impotency and imbecility, unworthy of its source, and becoming only a third-rate pedagogue, or pettifogger of the pulpit, if there be such an animal.

He says man was created with 'all he could have,' 'sufficient to have stood though free to fall.' I ask, could not man have been endowed with greater obedience, and made with greater self-control? If not, then God's plenipotent power is limited. What impelled Eve to eat the apple? Curiosity, or whatever else you

please. What operated to prevent and withhold her? The command of God. But the latter was not sufficient, therefore the former, her curiosity, or the whatever else you please, was stronger, and predominated.

But God made her just that way; she had no hand, or even will in her making, — 'so was created,' as Milton saith.

Then, in justice, the blame cannot be laid to her. And so Adam: what impelled him to partake? Love of Eve. What prevented? Command of God. Which predominated? The former. Why? Because it was stronger. Who made it stronger? His Creator. So chloride of nitrogen is quiescent until touched with the proper oil. What then? Explosion, or violation of their obedience, just as nature made them. But man is endowed with reason, and 'reason also 's choice,' says Milton (though our preachers say we must n't use it, and in justice to them, I must say, they practise the precept, don't use it much, as Artemus Ward might say). Yet that does not change the question in principle, only in style and extent. Was reason strong enough? No! Who made reason not strong enough? God, the same Creator.

There is great good sense in the reply of the man who fell from a house and caught in a scaffolding. His friends said to him, 'You ought to feel thankful to God for having thus saved you from death.' 'I do; but was n't I cute, too?' It may be replied that this anecdote illustrates free-agency, makes against me, militates against my position; the argument seems swung around, in cant phrase. To which I will thus replicate: this ability and disposition to catch the scaffold to save himself, this 'cuteness,' which is a trite word, signifying smartness, was either inherent in his creation, that is, the gift of God, or the acquisition of his own exertions. If the former, of course he is not entitled to the credit: it is all due to the Creator; if the latter, whence did he get the will and energy to put forth the efforts, and the opportunities to acquire this 'cuteness,' this sagacity, and the ability and disposition to save himself? Now it might be rejoined, that it was owing to his own volition that he exerted them. To which I put the surrejoinder in this interrogatory: How came his volition to act in that way unless predisposed, and prebiassed and prompted by some pre-existing inherent cause? And the argument might thus go on to what the lawyers call rebutter and surrebutter, and extended indefinitely, but ending always, if ever ending, in some-

thing inherent, something antevenient, or intervenient, or supervenient, over which he could have no control whatever."

Therefore we ask, is Beecher to blame? Is any one to blame? And after all this preamble, we come back to our first starting-point, indorsing the sentiment expressed in our former work, that this is "no child's-play game," but that a great purpose is to be worked out by and through this so-called scandal.

Unto a quiet country church we went
One bright and joyous Sabbath morn in spring.
The young were there, the old were there, and all
Except the wee small ones seemed well to know
The purpose for, intent with which, they came.
Their earnest prayers ascended high, their songs
Were resonant with love to Him whom they
In their uncultured way did magnify.
The priest arose with solemn face and air.
He read aloud from God's sure word some
Mighty deeds recorded there: the deeds themselves
No impress made upon his unprogressive
Mind; at least it so to us did seem.
Our evidence, the way he read. Some thrilling
Scenes, replete with brightness enhanced by
Glorious spirit power, were read much as
A child might read, — the punctuation all
Awry, the emphasis all placed upon
The passages like unto this: "*For thus it*
Is written," and then a pause, as if
These words he must digest, and then impress
Indelibly upon the minds of these
His simple-hearted listeners. Another
Incident he reads, all radiant with
Love divine. Pay close attention, else you 'll
Only hear, "*for thus saith the scripture.*" A
Hymn of praise must next be sung. Two lines
He reads, two lines they sing; he reads two more,
Two more they sing; and thusly to the end.

The prayer — But this we will not criticise,
Except to say 't was earnest, sincere, yea,
Very good.
The sermon, I fear we it
Shall not do justice. 'T was based the
Bible all upon; we mean not now its
Teachings wise, its glorious truths, nay, but
The *book itself!* With Adam number one
He did quite well. No one, of course, could him
Expect to go beyond what had *been written.*
That would be absurd. But what he read of
Him he knew to be true, for the "*Bible*
Said so." The last Adam a "quickening
Spirit" was. Ah, that was a "poser"! And
Yet, for aught he knew, he "might be right here
In our midst." But if the Lord Jesus were
Here, his glorious brightness would blind our
Eyes; not one, but all of us would become
Perfectly blind. And O, what sinners all
Were we! The purest soul who dwelt this earth
Upon could ne'er be saved, unless himself
He thought to be the very worst of all
Arch Satan's crew; yea, and the same unto
His God most high, confessed. He need not *be*
The worst; ah, no, not at all, but he must *feel*
And *say* he was the worst, else no mercy
Would unto him be shown, no matter how
Pure and holy a life he led. Neither
Cared he what advanced *thinkers* might say; he
Knew he was right, not from any knowledge
He possessed, but because it said so in
The Bible.

"The devotees of the Bible say that it is so far above and beyond human reason, that they cannot pretend to fathom, explicate, or understand it; that reason is not required, and must have nothing to do with its exegesis in determining the question of its

reception or rejection; but, with the deglutition of the anaconda, it must be swallowed wholly, soully and bodily as we find it, without mastication of incisor or molar, without concoction of encephalon or viscera. But was not reason the cause, objectively and subjectively, of all their church reformations? And do they intentionally or ignorantly set aside the words of the gentle Jesus, their very God, 'Why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?'

And don't they use reason, or try to use reason, in expounding it? Will they acknowledge no reason in their preaching? And, moreover, what is it that makes them come to the conclusion to accept it without any research for reason? It is reason that prompts them to reject reason. If they reject reason in explaining, why accept reason in rejecting? They stultify themselves in this whole subterfuge, as indeed they do in every other. But, quoth the preacher, 'The Bible is true because of the miracles it records'; and 'these miracles are true because the Bible records them.' The Bible is true because St. Paul says so; and St. Paul is true because the Bible says so.

A distinguished divine, in an elaborate effort to vindicate the Bible, commences thus: 'God forbid that I should depreciate the value of reason in any of its offices. Reason is God's gift to man, and must be used as God designs. But so is the Bible God's gift to man, and must be used as God designs. Two gifts from the same perfect being cannot conflict with each other,' etc. But this is enough, — fair specimens of theological argument and logic, or rather sophistry; taking for granted at the start the very point in dispute, and thus beg the question in the beginning. They are disgusting for their want of sense as well as want of honesty. I'll prove there's no death, and from death itself, and without meanly begging.

There's nothing certain but death, it is certain; and there can be no death without first life; then life becomes certain as death; but if life is certain, there can be no death, for death cannot ensue without extinction of life: therefore there can be no death. This is the tergivisation and sophism of logic, without the disgusting begging of simulating simpletons. They evince not even a modicum of the astute dialectic talent of the ancient sophist, who, addressing Clinian, asked, 'Is he who learns wise or unwise? Answer, he is wise. But was he not previously ignorant of what

he learns? Answer, yes. The ignorant therefore learn, Clinian, and not the wise, as you supposed.'

As for the Bible, claimed by its votaries having brought immortality to light, its authenticity is more difficult to prove, if possible, than the immortality of the soul, and both are incapable of proof unless we call in modern spiritual science, which, with its philosophy, will at once prove and explain the truths of both, as well as expose the fallacies and falsities preached from the Bible and published from Spiritualism. And there are many such myths to be cleared up under the wield of progressive reason and science.

Old orthodoxy never had a truth but that its priests warped and wove it into error and terror and horror. They would turn, distort, pervert, and convert a healing, heavenly ray of celestial light, direct from the angel world, into a burning, blasting shaft of diabolic darkness direct from Pandimonium. If an excarnated human form appear in the character of an angel, luminous in resplendence of perfection, they instantly shout God! clothed in fire, and probably bright blazes of burning brimstone. If one appear from the shades of Sheol, darkling in the habiliments and frowning face of unprogressed humanity in the spiritual form, forthwith they proclaim Devil! with cornuted and caudated appendages bifurcated horrifically, roaring round seeking whom he may devour — somebody.

How superior is this to the blind infidel obstinacy that denies all spirituality, past, present, or prospective, or to the weak efforts of Renan, trying to throw doubt on the truth of the Christian record? I dispute equally with the professed infidel, who would invalidate all spiritual record, and with the professed Christian, who would make all 'religion unnatural and all nature irreligious.' It is not so much with them the God of truth, the God of nature, the God of their destiny, as the God of their fathers. Few can rend the veil and view the truth of God and God of truth. Well did Jesus say, 'Few there be that find him.'

I believe in the cardinal truths of the Bible as founded in philosophy, approved by science, and sustained by the laws of nature and the light of reason and common-sense; but I cannot believe the whole Bible, with its palpable contradictions and absurdities, immanities and inhumanities, as founded in faith, disproved by science, and refuted by well-known laws of nature, and obnoxious

to reason and common-sense. And you will find that my philosophy supports, and it is the *only philosophy that does sustain the truths of the Bible*, and without it the Bible must fall. Under the modern march of mind this thaumaturgical book cannot stand on mere faith; it must have the support of science and philosophy, or fall like fabulous myth. *The Bible is a record of Spiritualism, or it is a record of fable.* My opinions on this great subject are not the mushroom growth of a moment; they have matured from profound investigation, laborious research, and assiduous study; honestly, independently, defiantly, for the threat of eternal torment has not terrified me, nor am I intimidated by popular or unpopular opinion, as you well know. Public opinion can have nothing to do with me in striving to learn my duty and my destiny; and if there is truth in eternal torment, certainly it cannot be intended for one sincerely seeking truth and striving faithfully to do his duty and learn his destiny. With science as the unerring touchstone and reason the guide, one the book of nature's God, and the other the God-gifted light to read it by, I seek and vindicate truth, and shun and combat error, whether under the name of infidel, Christian, Spiritualist, or Pagan, whether in the Bible or Koran, or the Code of Menu." — *Rembert.*

We will now give an extract from the writings of a highly intellectual clergyman whose mind has been directed to the investigation of the spiritual philosophy. After a careful perusal of the same we would ask our readers to decide for themselves which of the two clergymen would by their teachings facilitate the true doctrine of spiritual religion as taught by the holy Nazarene; the one who took the *Bible itself* for his guide, enlightened only by the teachings of the first Adam, "*as it is written*"; or the one who read and interpreted its truths *by the glorious light of inspiration* from the second Adam or from any other "quickening spirit" who might serve the same end.

Mr. Putnam thus writes: —

"Life's pathway has seemed to myself and many others to be illumined with a new light, either an ignus fatuus, a false light, luring to dismal swamps of error and disquietude, or it is a *sun*, conceived from creation's dawn, in nature's living laws, now but beginning to shine on man with steady light, and promising to

guide his steps to long-hidden fountains of truth and gladness. Is it a phantom or a sun? Is it a creature of deluded human brains, or is it the handiwork of the eternal God? Having used my own senses, — those, to me, best possible witnesses, — and having used them in this work for more than a year, I am prepared to receive the light that is now struggling through the mists around us, as the dawn of a new day. And if it has been my lot, as we are performing our march over life's hill-tops and down across its valleys, if it has been my lot to stand on a spot where its earlier beams have met my eye, why shall I not speak of the cheering event to those, whether before or behind me, who are now marching in the shaded valley?

I behold a God so perfect, that his wisdom and power were, from the beginning, competent to devise such laws as should without violation, without suspension, admit under and in obedience to themselves, all all the light, and all the angel visitations, which his children on earth might ever need. When man shall see and feel that heaven's inhabitants may come to earth by natural processes, and work among us, just according to their several abilities and characters, then the greatest difficulties of philosophical faith in the Bible as a record of teachings from on high, will melt away, and the wisdom of God himself will appear to us more complete. The departed Samuel did appear to the woman of Endor and to Saul; Moses and Elias did appear to Jesus and his companions; and as spirits are seen and conversed with in our day, the fair presumption is, that the processes of return were the same then as now.

Angels rolled the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre; they opened Peter's prison doors; spirits move heavy bodies now, and why not by the same laws as then? In olden times such works were done in the dark: they are mostly and most successfully done in the dark now, and thus give ground for presumption that both are manifestations of the one law. Unlearned apostles spoke in languages which they had never talked or studied before: many mediums now do the same. The sick were healed by a look or a touch, the same thing is frequently done now. Jesus, in a certain place, performed but few mighty works, because of the unbelief which surrounded him: and at this day unbelief on the part of those present is a formidable bar to spirit manifestation. Jesus walked upon the water, Margaret Rule floated in the air, and so have others quite recently; these and other points

of resemblance in the manifestations indicate a compliance with the same law or laws. The above conclusion by no means requires one to ascribe the same wisdom and holiness to the spirits who come now as to those who came of old; nor does it bring the moral and religious character of Jesus and the apostles into comparison with that of modern mediums. Formerly there was occasion to 'try the spirits,' and most surely the need exists at the present day. Far back in the Jewish history, God said he would put a lying spirit in the mouth of his prophet, and it is written that an evil spirit from the Lord troubled Saul. Lying and evil spirits from some source, as well as truthful and good ones, find their way into mediums now. The mediums themselves are not all supposed to be above treachery and deceit. There was one Judas of old; perhaps our times furnish many. There were both good and bad spirits and prophesiers in Bible times, and there are both good and bad spirits, and mediums too, at the present day. One fact of Scripture, showing the immediate author or authors of John's inspiration when writing the Apocalypse, may throw a bright light upon the subject of spirit action. Jesus sent his angel to John, 'in the spirit.' John saw and heard that angel, and learned from him that he was not God, but one of John's brethren, the prophets. This seems to be a clear statement that the spirit of one who had been a prophet on earth was sent by Jesus to John; and that when the angel was present, John, 'in the spirit' (trance ?) saw and heard the things which he described and recorded. That angel was a speaker to John, and it is his words, in part, which come to us as inspiration. Let that light shine back upon the Book of Daniel, and some other parts of the Scriptures, and see if the Bible itself does not contain internal proof that individual, finite spirits furnished many parts of it to the recording mediums, and thus indicate that inspiration from above comes in obedience to some universal law. Let a view like this become general, and then, if its effects upon those who already take it warrant a prophecy, the world will turn to the Bible with fresh interest, and find there, more than ever before, a storehouse richly furnished with treasures of truth, and love, and wisdom from the heavens. *The Bible will hereafter find its truest friends, its only invincible defenders, among those who shall guard it within the walls of Spiritualism, and read it there in the light of heavenly inspiration.*"

A contemporary, soliciting the favor of quoting from his works, received the following reply: "It gives me great pleasure to learn that my early lecture has found favor with one who can appreciate, and is disposed to speak to the world upon the spiritual philosophy of life. If it has been my privilege to furnish the world with anything instructive and useful concerning the intercourse of spirits with mortals, I desire to thank God and his ministering spirits for the opportunity and the power. The little which I have published is at the sevice of any one who judges that he can make it useful."

We give this, as it expresses so exactly our sentiments in regard to quotations and extracts. We do not consider it matter of importance to always give our authority, nor should we desire it from others. Our knowledge is all gained, either directly or indirectly, from a higher source, and what have any of us that we have not received? We frequently adopt the method of conveying our ideas in the expressed language of another, simply because it is more expeditious, and we can thereby accomplish a greater amount of usefulness in a shorter space of time. As for ourselves, we care not by whom or in what way our writings may be used, only so, by the blessing of God, they be the means of good to his people. Unto Him, and not us, be all the credit ascribed.

We give the following extract from S. S. Rembert, as illustrative of the fact we have before stated, that many are inspired both to write and to speak, unconsciously to themselves. That it was written under inspiration, who can doubt?

"In view of these great developments of modern science and its rapid progress, I wrote the following in a work entitled 'Dissertation on the Analogies of Nature and Revelation,' published in 1857, which many of you have read, and from which I have already quoted, and shall as often quote as it serves my subject. And here allow me to say that those portions of that book which ignore philosophy, I would now correct or utterly reject; that our entire life, past, present and future, from the first organic germ, ay, from the primal atoms in the elementary growth, up to the highest altitudes of progression in the great hereafter in erternity, is but one continuous illustration of philosophy; that all nature is philosophy; that there is philosophy in everything; that there

is nothing in all nature without its philosophy; and that nature's God is the grand embodiment and personation of philosophy. I would also disclaim and discard every idea of the infallibility of revelation; for there can be no infallibility where the finite is involved, either in receiving or imparting. If the talented divine had said 'faith' instead of 'Christianity,' when he commenced his sermon with 'Christianity begins where philosophy ends,' he would have uttered a greater truth, for faith flourishes in the soil of superstition and ignorance, and has no philosophy. But rational and rationalistic Christianity, or true religion, is founded in philosophy, and goes hand in hand with science; and any religion not thus, is fallacious. Said preacher, I must opine, has sadly mistaken in proclaiming such religion, for such religion or such Christianity can have no beginning, inasmuch as philosophy has no ending. A foppish man, on presenting his ring, remarked to a lady, 'It is emblematic of my love to you, it has no ending'; to which the lady replied, 'It is equally emblematic of my love for you, it has no beginning.' It is, or ought to be, an absolute idea, and the effete orator who would now utter it has either outtravelled science and gone ahead of everybody else, has impatiently jumped over all philosophy, and plunged into the abysmal ocean of 'faith' to slake his thirst, or else is far behind the progress of the age, and ignorant of the modern march of mind. He would remind me of the drunkard who was taken to a graveyard in a state of unconsciousness, and laid out on a tombstone. On recovering from his inebriation, and looking round at his strange situation, perceiving nothing but the silent tombs, he exclaimed, 'Well, I 'm either the first that 's riz, or I 'm behind time, — all got up and gone ahead of me.' He has certainly gone ahead of everybody else, or is wofully behind the times. But science has bridged this hitherto shoreless ocean of incertitude, and found a beacon on the other bank; or rather, has thrown its electric wires across the dread abyss, and communicates with the splendid denizens of the other shore; while the man of faith, fed on its effete pabulum and extinct cabalistic traditions, is left struggling in the salty surge, without a shore and without a sounding, midst upper, nether, and surrounding waters. But to my extract: —

'And it is reasonable to suppose that when death destroys this mortal temple, this immortal being will wing his flight to the God from whom he sprung, in harmony with all known laws of nature,

by which attraction gathers all smaller particles to the one great central larger of their like; and that all thus attracted, congenial in feeling, desire, disposition, to the great attracting God, will be either absorbed by him and made partakers of his glory, or be fitted up in immortal tenements, and provided with abodes of bliss, commensurate with their merits, where

"Sceptred angels hold their residence."

While on the other hand, in accordance with this same universal law of nature and nature's God, attraction and repulsion, the disembodied spirits of the wicked, with feeling, desire, disposition adverse, opposite, and oppugnant to God, will be repelled by him, and provided with places of shade adapted to their moral condition. Indeed it is evident, as we shall hereafter show, that God must make this distinction, must draw some line of demarcation hereafter, or else forfeit and absolve his claim on man, for the integrity of his righteousness. . . . The whole history of man, individually and collectively, teaches progression is a law of his being, here and hereafter: individually in the great change from infancy to maturity. An infant, he is the most ignorant and helpless of beings, not even endowed with the instinct of the brute; a mere inert and almost impassive germ, which, under this great law of his progression, is destined to far outstrip all his animated compeers of earth, to display a spark of Deity, to measure worlds, and span the intervening voids; ultimately, to leap disembodied the barriers of earth, break through the confines of time, and become the denizen of an immortal heaven, with near developments of might and magnificence, and powers of expansion and progression as boundless as the roll of eternal years; collectively, in his mighty advance in science and civilization, his rapid progress in social condition, the extent and solidity, safety and protection, of governmental compacts, the diffusions of constitutional reforms, and all the ameliorating influences incidental to, and resulting from, the improvement of science. And in all this progress, personally and socially, man is himself made the active instrument of his own reforms, his own progress, improvements, and emoluments. They do not voluntarily come upon him, reposing in ease and indolence.

Franklin, Lardner, Kepler, and Laplace were not born such: their knowledge, erudition, and philosophy were not voluntary

gifts of Providence, but were acquired by incessant effort, assiduous study, and faithful toil and vigilance. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," said Jefferson; eternal vigilance is the price of all progress, says science. And though some men are born and grow up with stronger minds as with stronger bodies than others, yet universal man, in every state, station, and condition, is emphatically the carver of his own fortune, the architect of his own destiny under the mysterious providences of nature.

The constitutions of England and America are not the gratuities of fate, but the legitimate result of a moral progress, effectuated by the labor of enlightened mind. Again, if the longevity of man has been regularly decreasing since his inhabitation of the earth, when will it reach the point of an hour, or no existence at all? What the cause of his deterioration in length of life until about the fifteenth century, and then the reaction? The instability of government, the wide extent and almost universality of ignorance, of insecurity, idolatry, and superstition; and these are certainly sufficient to entail the most fatal results. That the longevity of man, until within a few generations back, had been degenerating regularly, is in strict accordance with his historic biographies; and that for the last few generations he has fully maintained his longevity, is also of historic record. Now, what is the cause of this reaction? And were it not for this salutary, saving reaction exerted upon man, he would inevitably have degenerated into nothing. But since the effectual and efficient evulgations of knowledge, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the concomitant diffusion of letters and learning, the conquests of peaceful science in lieu of bloody war, the rapid multiplication of books, and the birth of science, man has been enabled to snatch himself from his own extermination, and rescue earth from its threatened depopulation.

During the long dark night of a thousand years, man's habitual occupation was war and mutual extirpation; and his prevailing religion taught him that the loss of life in battle was a certain passport to the blissful halls of Odin. During this thousand years knowledge was unknown, or locked up in night, and darkness usurped the dominion of day. Famine spread out the dark shadow of its dread wing over the nations, and death and desolation were winged upon the blast. Whole towns and cities were depopulated, and provinces brought to destruction. Is it strange

that the average duration of life should have been so abridged at this dark epoch? But since the rise of science in its purity and splendor, winged with the elements, with all its attendant blessings of wisdom, peace, science, commerce whitening the water, as civilization gilds the land, new elements and adjuncts, evolved of social comfort and progress, new edibles for men's sustentation discovered and transported, stability, consolidation of states and governments, with the sceptre of peace waving as the trident of empire, and protection, progress, population, the insignia of his bannered march, is it strange the average life of man should be again extended? Nay, when we consider the *late wonderful developments in the science of electricity, the most sublime science of the human soul, as it is, in all probability, the elemental essence of all ethereal, spiritual creations, from the godhead down, and the all-pervading element of nature,* it is reasonable to hope that man will yet be enabled, under the guidance of his God and the design of Providence, to work out his own immortality in a world renovated and restored to its pristine eden.

Providence, as we have seen, works by means, and has made man the instrument of his own ameliorations; why not make him the instrument of effecting his own restitution, and the restitution of his world? *Philosophy already points her finger to the subtle agency of electricity as a universally diffused fluid and all-pervading element of the universe of mind and matter.* And though we are as yet but in the alphabet of this most magnificent and boundless science, we can even now make the bodies of the departed frown, weep, or smile in death, excite the limbs and muscles into various action, and almost revitalize the cold clay. We have seen the sick and the suffering healed and restored and eased in an instant by this invisible fluid. Indeed, the boundless universe, as well as the complex machine of man, especially his nervous system, in all its minute and mysterious ramifications, which is nothing else than his psychological connection with matter, which is nothing else than electrical organization, is all under the predominating influence and control of this mighty and mysterious element or essence, in its vastly various modifications. AND THE TIME MAY COME WHEN MAN, CLIMBING STEP BY STEP THE ABSTRUSE ALTITUDES OF THIS MIGHTY PHILOSOPHY, WILL BE ENABLED TO UNLOCK AND LOOK INTO THE SECRET RECESSES OF JEHOVAH'S GREAT LABORATORY OF LIFE, AND HAND IN HAND

WITH SCIENCE, THE PROGRESS AND PERFECTION OF MIND AND MORALS, CO-OPERATIVE, CONTEMPORANEOUS, AND COEXTENSIVE WITH HIS DIVINE REVELATIONS SHALL DEVELOP THE DESTINIES ORDAINED BY HIS CREATOR FOR THE WORLD, *shall stay disease, expel sin and hatred, implant piety and love, and, by the direction of Providence,* weave out again his lost and tattered garments of immortality.

What is this but the millennium? What is the millennium but prophetic revelation? And are we not evidently drifting to its consummation? Rather, are we not working to this end? If so, is it not proof of the prophetic inspiration of revelation? Earth may yet be renovated and restored, and made a fit heaven for the good and the true; and man himself, as he is ever made the instrument of all his own ameliorations, may be made the instrument of this his last and mighty consummation, through *the means of this universal, ethereal, and omnipotent agency, electricity, the philosophy of all mind, and all matter, and all life on earth and anywhere; ay, the great philosophy of God!* Then for the resurrection! When revelation shall have accomplished its mission, what a sound breaks upon the ravished ear! what a scene bursts upon the enraptured vision of fancy! Father, mother, loved and long-lost friends awakening into life, and coming forth again to clasp the arm of love that never more shall break! Verily, the echoes of Odin's halls are hushed, the charms of Thor have departed, and the virgins of the Valhallah have lost their fascinations. Verily, the mighty fabric of mythology, that so long spread its desolating shadow over the nations; that stupendous temple in which the spirits of superstition offered incense and ignorance run riot; that vast structure, built of human bones and cemented by their blood, beside which Tamarlane's pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls is as nothing; this mighty collossus, which so long has stood the tempests of time and flourished in its whirlwinds, is crumbling into ruins. The fiery lightnings and thunderbolts of heaven have scathed its gray summit, the earthquake roll of revolution has swept its hoary base, yet it stood and triumphed in the storm; commotion was its preservative element; and the roll of revolution its loved melody. But this revelation of true and eternal God has tranquillized the troubled elements, has stilled the tempest, disarmed the whirlwind, and whispered peace, purity, and love into the ears of the moral

tornado in which the fabric flourished; has shot the light athwart its dark and dismal dungeons; has encircled its pinnacle in sunshine, invested the whole structure in a heavenly influence, and lo! it crumbles into bitter ashes! Is not this a triumph and a conquest? Let history answer!'

These adumbrated vaticinations, ay, direct prophecies without ambiguous symbols, with no professions of inspiration, were penned, be it remembered, before I knew anything of the spiritual philosophy, as some of you are aware. True, I had read newspaper accounts of spiritualism as a strange illusion among some people in that hot-bed of hallucination and frenzied fanaticism, in the Northern States, — and good has come out of Nazareth, — but knew nothing of it as worthy the name of science, and only regarded it with contempt. I was first led to investigation by a course of lectures which I heard delivered in the city of Galveston in 1858, by Thomas Gales Forster, nephew of Mr. Gales of the 'National Intelligencer.' It was as a mere pastime, to spend a leisure evening, that I attended his first lecture, at which I found but a small audience. When I went home and retired for the night, I could not rest nor sleep, so deeply impressed was I, and felt disposed to write an editorial for the next morning papers, calling the attention of the citizens to his magnificent eloquence, that they, too, might enjoy it with myself. I had to get up, get the candle and light it myself, get my writing tackle (portable desk), and waited upon myself all through, without disturbing any one, contrary to my usual custom, as we always had a young servant at hand to wait upon me in such cases. After inditing the article, I again laid down, and rested and slept composedly and quietly. I will read the article, — it is short, — together with the prefatory remarks made by the editor of the 'Galveston News':

'Professor Forster delivered his first lecture last night, and we hear the most unbounded applause bestowed on him by those who were present, as having far surpassed, in his power of eloquence, all efforts of elocution ever before witnessed by them. Such is the testimony of all. We append the following testimonial from one of the most intelligent among our citizens, whose initials will doubtless designate the writer. He will be allowed to be a good judge of true eloquence.'

Editor's News. — Allow me to say that Mr. Forster's effort last night, for intense eloquence and majestic sublimity, — and I don't

express more than half my feelings, my judgment, my soul, — was the most splendid lecture, the most eloquent oration, the most magnificent effort of human intellect and godlike grandeur that ever blazed before my mental vision, or thrilled the tendrils of my heart. Immortality and glory, borne upon philosophy, towered as the theme for the children of the earth to the God of the heavens. I don't know the man, never saw him before, nor does he know me. Would that he might speak every night and all night. O, the sublime strides of the soaring soul toward the eternal God and his angel immortalities! The discriminating editor of the 'News,' with his large experience, when he said, the other day, that the most eloquent lecture he ever heard fell from Mr. Forster's lips, said a great deal, and yet he said nothing. The pages of human history filled with the eloquence of ages, from Cicero to Clay, from Massillon to Maffit, not stopping to look away down upon the pigmy, piping preachers of the times, who stick like blue mud to the bright wheels of religious progress, — the pages of human eloquence, I say, are filled and yet are blank. Like the morning sun just risen from his eastern couch, dissipating the fogs of night and robing the earth in radiance, Mr. Forster rises and throws his thoughts of light, like a morning rainbow, from the animal to the angel world. The vestal fires that burn upon the altars of eternity seem kindled in his bosom, and he just breathes the flame into the hearts of his hearers. If I had to characterize in three words his overwhelming eloquence, composed as it is of philosophy and reason, argument and elocution, brilliancy and beauty, sublimity and majesty, prose and poetry, fancy and fluency, I should say, power, power, power.

You may say I am utterly carried away; yes, and I hope to continue to be thus led away from this death-drifting stream of time, in the lofty soarings of the soul after the loved and lost, and the great, the good, and the glorious.

(Signed,)

S. S. R."

THE SPIRITUAL CORPSE.

"Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

To the house of God, his earthly court, this
Day we went. We call it court: no other
Name in this case would so well apply.
Above — the statement of the case — above
This earthly sphere was he who first did make
His plea; below the earth plane (general)
Was lawyer number two. They both did through
One mouthpiece speak, the mouthpiece of the
Clergyman, a medium, endued with
Powers he knew not that he possessed, nor could
Control. He knew not when the spirit first
Did him inspire; he knew not when the change
Occurred, when one stepped out, the other in,
But thought his own most fertile brain did
Generate, grow, and produce the knowledge
Both fair and unfair which his organs, both
Wisely and unwisely (allowing us to be the
Judge), poured forth.
It never hath been ours to
Witness so great and instantaneous
A transformation in the language
And appearance of a human being as
Was here displayed. The first part of the discourse
Could not have been more tempered with mercy
And love, had the Lord himself inspired the
Theme. Not only love and mercy shone forth
In golden splendor bright, but far-reaching
Thought soared aloft as on eagle's wings, far,
Far above earth's low confines of narrowness,
Feasting the soul on the untrammelled delights,
The glorious conceptions of the beautiful
Beyond. This spirit pure not e'en presumed

His brother-man to judge, much less the
Wisdom infinite, supreme, of Him whose ways
Are inscrutable. No creed, sect, or church
Availed in his domain of mind, but only
So the *heart* with God was right. Ah, the gospel
Of love had stamped its image on his heart;
A ministering angel truly he, although
"Entertained (or entertaining) unawares."
Alas! that such a spirit should, even
For a time, be forced its place to yield unto
Another, simply because "I am weak
And thou art strong."
O thou cruel-hearted
Tyrant! bound with chains of error which not
Even the hottest flames of your pictured
Hell-fire can loose or absolve. What mean ye
When ye say that nations of every
Kindred and tongue have gone down, yea, that
"Multitudes! multitudes! multitudes!
Have gone down, down unto the depths of the
'Bottomless pit' of eternal damnation?"
And not content with consigning them there,
To declare that the torment, the burning,
Seething lake of fire you have portrayed in
Its horrifying darkness (strange kind
Of fire) is but the "beginning of sorrows";
That their woes shall not only last throughout
Eternal ages, but that each succeeding
Age shall force them deeper, deeper down into
The abyss of agonizing despair!
Wherefore came this knowledge to thee? Hast been
There, and "I only am escaped to tell
Thee"? Again, ye say these bodies all have
Been consigned, returned unto, *mingled with*
Their native dust. What then is burning? Their
Spirits, surely, no fire can harm, since they
In flames of fire, in burning bushes did

Appear, in fiery chariots ride. What meanest
Thou then? To prove these things, thou bringest
Words of Jesus, "If thy right eye offend
Thee" or thy "right hand," to pluck out, cut off,
And cast from thee. If he our earthly eyes,
Our fleshly hands did mean, who hath obeyed?
No soul who dwells hath ever dwelt this earth
Upon, as we can learn; and yet no eye
Or arm hath been created that has not
Repeatedly and undeniably
"Offended." If the body is meant, there
Can be no angels in heaven; if the
Soul or spirit is meant, what then? "The soul
That sinneth it shall die." And did ye not
At the very outset say that "Adam's
Spirit died, — he became a *spiritual*
Corpse?" We have not forgotten, as we were
Forcibly "struck," never having heard the
Like before, and supposing the spirit
To be immortal. Again we ask, what
Mean ye? Adam's fleshly body "mingled
With its native dust, his spirit dead, a
Corpse." What *can* there be left to burn? 'T is a
Mystery beyond compare. And where is
"The last Adam, a quickening spirit?"
Ah! I remember now you did mention
Him, as saved by the blood of Christ; but this
Only deepens the mystery, for where
Was Adam all the intervening centuries
Twixt him and Christ? If he was really
Dead, — spiritually, soully, and bodily
Dead, — he was incapable of suffering.
If Adam thus died, why not all the human
Race the same? Again, if he did not thus
Die, but was cast into the bottomless
Pit, going down, down, down, *eternally*
Down, as ye say must all who enter therein,

The Lord himself could n't bring him back, unless
Ye make of him a liar like unto yourself.

But enough of this: what we term "active ignorance," and coming too, from a denizen of the spirit world. Should we cite and criticise all of his inconsistencies, we should have little space for anything else.

Suffice it to say that after the departure of the controlling spirit, the poor deluded clergyman (for whom we felt a vast amount of pity) arose and gave the finale; said he did not know whether he had uttered one word of truth which would fall upon good soil or not, but one thing he did know, he had performed his duty to God ("and by their fruits ye shall know them"), and moreover, that he could tell a Christian by his face, also making some very personal remarks, which it is not ours to give; but we inwardly prayed that he might become cognizant of the gift he possessed, and be enabled not only to discern spirits in the form but (what to him would be more important) disembodied ones as well.

To the poor undeveloped spirit, who made the walls to re-echo with his concocted monstrosities, we would say: "The black Hades or hell you preach, and to which you would doubtless consign me for eternal duration, is, thank God, for you, only eviternal, not sempiternal, as you proclaim. The grand economy of progression will lift even you from this eviternal Gehenna, and will make your black spirit ultimately blossom with charity and love. Such I would have you, and the God I serve will do more than I can wish, different from your God, who would, if adjudicating your practices by the standard of your precepts, damn you forever in hell's hottest abysmal ocean of fire, fury, and flame. But no; I hope to see in future centuries the fruit of angel love growing up out of your present black and bitter ashes. By the perfect optimism of Providence, which is nature, the doors of Paradise are ever open to you and to all. But perhaps yours is the best religion to hold in check the evil of the ignorant, and please the feelings of the vindictive: for the deity and religion of a man always assimilate to the plane of his feelings and perceptions. It is natural for the cruel, tyrannic, puritanic, and vindictive natures to believe in and worship a cruel, tyrannic, and vindictive God; and those who heartily believe in such a God cannot

be otherwise, for the God whom they thus invest is but the mirror of their character; given the attributes of the God worshipped, and the character of his worshippers appears in a mirror; or given the character of the worshippers, and the attributes of their God will assimilate to their plane; it is not only natural, as I said, but it is as impossible for such natures to have any other sort of God, as it is for a carnivorous animal to desire any other sort of food but flesh; or for God himself to contravene his own laws and work a miracle."

The question now arises, is the spirit, the soul, immortal?

"To this we may reply: Everything in nature serves its purpose before it perishes; that the purpose of everything is to contribute its part toward the great end of unfolding and elaborating something higher; that everything below man thus serves a purpose; but that man, the highest earthly creation, for whom everything was made, and to whose creation all things else conspire, serves no purpose whatever, if so be that he perish; that his creation is a failure without purpose or wisdom, unless he, too, unfold something higher; and that as he is the only creation that has a conscious hope of something higher, with conscious aspirations for undying love, the verisimilitude is that he himself, with all his conscious memories, will unfold into a higher future, and thus continue nature's great chain of progression, else a huge hiatus here occurs.

Again, death, throughout the wide domains of nature, strikes nothing but what it can touch; effects nothing but what it can reach; kills nothing but what is tangible and material, and, therefore, susceptible of being killed. But soul, spirit, is intangible, immaterial, and therefore not susceptible of being killed. It cannot be touched, it cannot be reached, and therefore cannot be struck or affected by death; unless it can be proved that there is another kind of death in operation, or that the common known death can operate on any other than physical matter. But the former, that there is a different kind of death, is not known; on the contrary, all nature proves but one death (called such), of which we have any knowledge. And as for the other only alternative, that this known natural death can operate upon any other than physical matter, but may also extend to the spirit, Nature furnishes, in all her ample range, not one such instance.

And further, if death is not confined to physical matter, but may extend its ravages to the spiritual creation, and spread its dread wing of desolation upon the universal ether, where shall the flight of its dark pinion be stayed? Where the limit to fold its sable wing? Where stops dread Azrael?

'If human souls, why not angelic, too,
Extinguished; and a solitary God
O'er ghastly ruin frowning from his throne,'

through the desolate realms of a death-struck universe!

We are therefore led to conclude, as an illative corollary, that man has an immortal spark within his bosom, that natural death can no more affect than it can affect the Deity; that man is himself an immortal being temporarily incased in this casket of clay.

And again, man is endowed with religiosity, or spirituality and veneration, but the brute is not. Now, where the wisdom in giving religiosity to men without immortal life, or in giving undying life to the brute without religiosity? And further, the love of the brute is as deep and intense for its young, while young and requiring protection, as that of the mother; but as its young grow up and mature beyond the necessity of maternal care, its love ceases and subsides entirely; all memory, even, is lost. Why so? Because its life is transitory, hence its love is also transitory; and *e converso,* because its love is transitory, its life also is transitory. For where is the object, the wisdom, or goodness in giving immortal life, where there is no immortal love, or immortal love where there is no immortal life? We know that the love of the brute is not enduring, but ephemeral; and we know the love of the mother is immortal as her life. Hence the wisdom and goodness of giving her immortal life, to enjoy this immortal love implanted in her breast.

'They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity;
Earthly, those passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth.
But love is indestructible,
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
It soweth here in toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is over there.'

The atheistic European, the polytheistic Asiatic, and the spiritual American, all — save perhaps the priesthood in the time of Leo X., according to Erasmus — believe in and yearn for a hereafter. And it is worthy remark that the only people who never had an organized priesthood, namely, the aboriginal Americans, are the possessors of the most true, the most simple, the most natural, and the most philosophical religion.

Rev. Mr. Gogerly, in his translation of the *Damina Parida*, written in Pali, makes Buddha repeatedly speak of a future life. Hear Buddha: 'The sinner suffers in this world, and he will suffer in the next world; in both worlds he suffers. The virtuous man rejoices in this world, and he will rejoice in the next world; in both worlds he has joy.' This great Hindoo prophet, 'whose code of ethics equals that of any other religion,' in the words of the scholar who published the *Ushtakas* of the *Rig Veda*, flourished eight centuries before the advent of Jesus Christ; and the contemporaneous Gymnosophists of India were wont to send messages to their departed friends by those who were about to die. [Be it known that Buddhism has more disciples by far than any other religious sect, embracing more than one third of the whole human race.] Confucius, who lived five centuries before Christ, is said to have proclaimed the golden rule of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us; and so did Hillel the Jew.

Let us turn also from these dim legends and traditions, and look to those illustrious characters that loom up along the past like lights from eternity. Come forth, soul of Socrates, and awaken once more your mighty memories, that give a glory to philosophy! 'The cause of this is that which you have often and in many places heard me mention, because I am moved by a certain divine and spiritual influence, which also Miletus, through mockery, has set out in the indictment. This began with me from childhood, being a kind of voice which, when present, always diverts me from what I am about to do, but never urges me on. But this duty, as I said, has been enjoined me by the Deity, by oracles, by dreams, and by every other mode by which any other divine decree has ever enjoined anything for man to do.' Toward the close of his last address before his judges, Socrates said, speaking of his death and the future life: 'If this be true, O my judges, what greater good can there be than this? At what rate would

not either of you purchase a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, with Hesiod and Homer, or with Ulysses or Sisyphus, or ten thousand others, both male and female, that might be mentioned? For to converse and associate with them would be an inestimable felicity. Truly, I should be willing to die often if these things are true.' His friend Crito inquired of him how he would be buried. 'Just as you please,' said he; 'i. e. if you can find me': at the same time smiling and saying, 'Crito thinks that *I* am he whom he will shortly see dead, whereas *I*, Socrates, shall have then departed to the joys of the blessed.' 'Unless I thought,' said he, 'that I should depart to other gods who are wise and good, and to the society of men who have gone from this life, and are better now than when among us, I might well be troubled at death. But now I believe assuredly that I shall go to the gods who are perfectly good, and I hope to dwell with wise and good men, so that I cannot be afflicted at the thought of dying; believing that death is not the end of us, and that it will be much better for the good than for the evil.' He claimed an ever-present demon, so called by the Greeks, or tutelary genius, as termed by the Latins, or *presiding or ministering angel* with us, who always faithfully warned or wooed him every day, and as this was omitted on the day of his death, he hence considered his death no evil. His last words, when sinking under the fatal hemlock, were a charge to pay a debt he had overlooked, and not 'neglect it.'

Speak, spirit of Plato, who rent the curtain that binds the future of other men's visions, and read through the vista of unborn years! 'The soul is *self-motive*. That which is self-motive, inherently and perpetually moves. But that which always moves with an inward motion, always lives. Hence the soul is immortal. Again, nothing foreign to itself can ever destroy it; and its own evils, such as injustice and wickedness, cannot destroy it, since they render it, if possible, more alive and sensible to suffering than before.' And again, says Plato in the Phædrus: 'We are then initiated into and made spectators of entire, simple, quietly stable and blessed visions, resident in a pure light, being ourselves pure, and liberated from this surrounding vestment which we call body, and to which we are now bound like an oyster to its shell. Among the eternal emanations of which I have spoken were not only gods of different orders, — the intelligible

and intellectual, the supercelestial and mundane, — but also demons, heroes, and the souls of men. The demons were an order of beings superior to ourselves, some good and some bad, occupying a sort of middle between gods and men.' While Plato thus perceived a germ or principle in man which was to unfold into future perfections, he also had a just conception of the average of mankind on the inceptive earth-plane, as is evidenced by his remark that 'man is a biped without feathers.'

Lend us another echo of your eloquence, O Cicero, and proclaim to mortal man the immortality of his human soul divine. 'I look forward with pleasure to the glorious day when I shall go into the great assembly of spirits, and shall be gathered to the best of mankind who have gone before me. I feel impelled by the desire of joining the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers, whom I reverenced and loved. O, illustrious day, when I shall go hence to that divine council and assembly of souls, when I shall escape from this crowd and rabble; for I shall go, not only to those illustrious men of whom I have before spoken, but also to my Cato, than whom one more excellent in goodness was never born.'

Æschilus, in his Persæ, represents the soul of Darius, deceased, as still possessing the thoughts and feelings of his former life. The dying Plotinus exclaimed, 'I am struggling to liberate the divinity within me!' Proculus, a senator, took an oath to the Roman Senate, that the spirit of Romulus, founder of the Roman Empire, appeared to him and communicated. This oath was considered by the Romans a binding and solemn pledge of truth, and was called '*religion*.'

Let us listen to the great Persian Shah, contemporaneous with some of the early writers of Bible history, who cared not for immortal life and love: Cyrus, whose domestic and parental affections were as great as his genius and energy are famous as the conqueror of the rich Crœsus of Lydia, and for taking the greatest city of antiquity, with solid walls of massive masonry a hundred feet high and nearly as thick, and about a hundred miles in circumference, by turning the river Euphrates, which flowed through walls and city, thus effecting an easy and unsuspected entrance; the king of the countrymen of Zoroaster, from whom originated the idea of a vicarious atonement, and who first taught the existence of an evil spirit, Ahriman, from which the

Jews, and thence we, have derived our present imaginary Devil; which, however, according to Zoroaster, was to ultimately succomb to the good spirit Ormudy. But hear Cyrus, nearly six centuries before the advent of Christ:—

'Think not, my dearest children, that when I depart from you I shall be no more; remember that my soul, even while I lived among you, was invisible: yet by my action you were sensible it existed in this body; believe it therefore existing still, though it still be unseen. How quickly would the honors of illustrious men perish after death, if their souls performed nothing to preserve their fame! for my part, I could never think that the soul, which, while in a mortal body lives, when departed from it, dies; or that its consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious habitation; on the contrary, it most truly exists when it is freed from all corporeal alliance.'

'When 'reft of all yon widowed sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years:
Say can the world one joyous thought bestow
To friendship weeping at the couch of woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassioned mould, she speaks to you!
Weep not, she says, at nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again.'

'If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?'

'To have been and not to be is less than unborn.'

Then man must be immortal, or God cannot be good, inasmuch as goodness would never create and implant happy affections, cherished feelings of friendship, angelic love, and irrepressible desire to live on with loved friends to demonstrate goodness, and then tear all these cherished ligaments asunder and lacerate the very heart of love with the relentless destiny of certain separation. But the very implantation of these holy, happy, and hallowed affections proves goodness, unless we can imagine cruelty to be a predominating attribute to his character. Therefore, man is im-

mortal, and by proper effort at a proper development may attain the abodes of bliss and love as the heritage of his hopes.

'It must be so ; Plato, thou reasonest well !
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this sacred dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction ?

'T is the Divinity that stirs within us ;
'T is Heaven itself that points an hereafter
And intimates an eternity to man.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of world.'

Then we conclude man is immortal, or a good Creator would never have endowed him with these glorious aspirations to be ruthlessly crushed with the relentless destiny of certain death.

More especially, again, when we know that he has implanted within us no natural appetite or desire of our bodies, but for which he has also placed within our reach the means of its gratification. But we ardently desire an undying union of love and friendship; therefore we infer he will also give us this best and brightest boon.

Goethe says, 'I could in no wise dispense with the happiness of believing in our future existence, and could say with Lorenzo De Medici, that those are dead for this life even who have no hope of hereafter.'

We might quote from Swedenborg, the illuminated seer of Germany, and the philosophic and scientific Christian of the eighteenth century, who lived and moved in mind among the angels, and who predicted correctly the day and hour of his death; from Blackstone, the great legal philosopher of England, and his annotator, Chitty; from the epic Iliad of Homer, and the anterior Valmika, the Homer of Hindostan; the rural Bucolics of Virgil; the plaintive pleas of Ossian, who sang, 'spirits ride on beams of fire'; the stately tones of Shelley; the original Chaucer; the dramatic life-pictures of Shakespeare; all the inspired spirits of

song along the stream of time hymn the hopes of the human heart to be beyond the dim horizon that bounds our visual organs. And the Wesleys, founders of modern Methodism (in contradistinction to the Methodism, Popish, of France, several centuries previous), with their whole families, witnessed in their houses for a long time strange and marvellous manifestations of spirit power, but, like all others, while fully believing, did not understand them or their mighty significance. And Adam Clark, their biographer, familiar with many languages, and author of popular and voluminous commentaries on the Bible, acknowledged their superhuman and ultramundane origin. Wordsworth believed that prophets lived in all ages; Coleridge claimed supernal inspiration; and Raphael professed to derive the ideal of his splendid paragon of beauty from his immortalized mother.

We might go on and quote from Sir Matthew Hale, one of the founders of English jurisprudence, and St. Augustine, one of the fathers of the Church, and a great many others of the most noted characters that illume the pages of the past, from the earliest to the latest ages.

But for our limited time these must suffice to establish the fact that, from the earliest ages to the present propitious period, mankind have cherished a *vague belief* in their immortality and ministering angels in the form of their friends who formerly lived among them in the flesh.

The Mehestani, and Eastern Magi, who were disciples of Zoroaster, believed in the immortality of the soul, in rewards and punishments after death, and in the resurrection of the body. Now this philosopher of Urmia and his disciples flourished 570 years before Christ; and only the later prophets of sacred history, Micah, Haggai, Ezekiel, *et alii*, who lived contemporaneous or later, that speak in any *prominent terms* of immortality; the earlier prophets generally ignoring it altogether. Are we not bound, therefore, to give this credit to Zoroaster, while musing in spiritual meditation, as recorded, twenty years in the wild solitudes of Elbrooz, like St. John in the wilderness nearly six centuries later? And to Buddha, and Brahma, of Hindostan, two or three centuries yet earlier? And to the 'Code of Menu,' embodying law, religion, and philosophy, earlier than all, about a thousand years before the Christian era? The few sacred prophets who flourished anterior to these philosophers, always held present or temporal

reward as the motive for good, or what they esteemed good, but which we now know to be in a great many, if not majority of instances bad. The ancient Hindoo philosophers, the Parsees, and the Oriental Magi, were the first who held future rewards and punishments, that I can find in all history; and the Jews from their intercourse with Egypt, and it with Persia, derived their ideas on this subject. A Christian writer, Schlegel, in his 'History of Literature,' says: 'Perhaps among no other ancient people did the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the belief in a future state of existence, ever acquire such a mastery over all principles and all feelings, and exert such influence over all the judgments and all the actions of men as among the Indians' (of Hindostan). And the idea of an incarnated deity was originated and entertained five centuries before the advent of Christ by all the Scandinavian nations, as the Hindoo god Vishnu took upon himself the form of man and periodically appeared upon earth; and the destruction of the world by general conflagration, as well as its creation from chaos, was recorded or proclaimed about the same time in the Valuspa, a book of prophecy by Vala; that evil spirits entered and disturbed the peace of the world; that good and evil are in constant conflict; that Thor bruises the serpent's head, etc. Is it at all strange, then, that these ideas, as well as other parallels, should have been derived from that ancient religious people, when we know that the very names of the days of the week, as adopted by all subsequent people, and still universally retained, were derived from their theology, which we now call mythology, just as our prevailing theology will by future generations be called mythology? Sunday is so called because they worshipped the sun on that day; Monday, they worshipped the moon; Wednesday, after their god Wodin, god of battles, Wodinsday; Thursday, after Thor, god of thunder, Thorsday; Friday, after Frea, god of winds; Tuesday, after Tisa, god of litigation, and wife of Thor, still pronounced in portions of Scotland Tiesday; Saturday, after Sæter, whom they worshipped respectively on those days.

Those Hindoo Indians were also the inventors or discoverers of decimal ciphers, the greatest achievement, next to the alphabet, of the human intellect. Just think a moment of this, by the use of only ten marks, or figures, or characters, by their various positions and infinite combinations, any number can be represented

and expressed, from fractional portions of one up to millions, billions, quintillions, decillions, vigintillions, etc., without limit.

According to a work entitled 'India and the Indians,' the Jews had full knowledge of the Hindoo theology, but the latter had none of the former. Now if the Jews deserve the credit of divine inspiration for their theology, when it is acknowledged they might have borrowed it from the Hindoos, *a fortiori* should we accord a greater credit for divine inspiration to the Hindoos, when it is acknowledged they could not possibly have derived it from the Jews, having no acquaintance with them, and both systems of theology the same. But I cannot believe they had no knowledge of the Jews, because, if the Bible history be true, they undoubtedly branched off into Southern Asia, from the primal centre around the Euphrates. Now, it might be objected, that these ancient records of religion so far antedate the Christian era, that they could not have existed, as the art of writing must then have been unknown. But this may be retorted on the orthodox objector, as he claims a greater antiquity for his orthodox theology; if his argument invalidate my history, it equally invalidates his."

If the immortality of the soul be true, the next questions which arise are these: where are Adam and his posterity? where are our own dear ones who have gove before?

"If we leave our orb and its immediate environs, in order to imagine any location beyond the range of astronomical bodies, as abodes for our spirit friends, it would place the locality at a distance, according to Herschel, requiring nineteen hundred thousand years for souls to travel, moving with the velocity of light, two hundred thousand miles in a second. Our first parents, Adam and Eve, have by this time only got one-three-hundred-and-six teenth part of the way to heaven, though they started early in the morning of creation (by the Mosaic record), and have been travelling with the speed of light ever since. If we infer such a general and distant place of reception for spirits, then in that celestial emporium every soul from all the myriad of worlds must congregate. 'Far more rational would it seem,' says Prof. Hare, 'that our heaven should be associated with our own native planet, in the welfare of which the past history and future prospects of the souls who were born upon it must take pre-eminent interest.' What a delightful, what a happy thought is this, that immediately after our

dissolution, which really is the date of our true nativity, our grand natal day into life, unencumbered, like our first birth from a more encumbered and confined life, to one more enlarged and unencumbered, that, instead of being transported to remote and unknown places of incalculable distances, we can be near by, and look back at friends depositing our old casket, now tenantless, in the tomb; the casket of clay which we so lately inhabited, and through which, as a necessary material medium, we moved among material things, in a sphere of physical materials; that from thenceforward and forever after, without end, we may continue to linger around the loved localities of our infantile associations, the old homestead, our native hill, the rock spring, the purling brook, the tall pines moaning in the wind, the tough tupelo, from which we made our boyish tooth-brush, the stately poplars, the umbrageous elm, the stalwart oak, or early, sweet, and shady maple, where we passed the happy boyhood time of our earliest years; that we can always be personally present with our loved children and friends, participating in their pleasures, and rejoicing in their progress, or sympathizing in their sorrows, and mourning, though only for a brief season, over their moral miseries, which must accompany their moral retrogression, which also must of necessity be only temporary, for God's works all grow upward, with occasional temporary retrograde movements, which in His boundless destiny of eternity only amount to momentary retardations. I avow it, that this faith, or rather philosophy, that my cherished and revered friends gone before can be, and are present to witness with grief, or even the slightest shade of sorrow, my every action of sin or of wrong, has the greatest power to restrain me in every impulse of passion or temptation to sin, of all the influences and agencies of which I am cognizant, or which have ever been brought to bear upon my moral actions. It is to me a shield of celestial temper. The wish that we have often heard of being able to visit the earth again, in one hundred or five hundred years, is to be gratified every hour, every year, every century, and forever. That from a contiguous standpoint in eternity, we can witness the progress and improvement of our children, and grandchildren, and posterity, through all future generations, on the initial inceptive plane of earth below us, as erstwhile we witnessed their bodily growth for a few years in the clay, — this is a glorious thought, and modern science with trumpet tongue proclaims its truth.

As an illustration of scientific precision and astronomic accuracy, the discovery of the planet Neptune (named originally Le Verrier, from its discoverer, in 1846) is one of the greatest triumphs which the history of science records. As certain perturbations of the movements of Saturn led astronomers to suspect the existence of a remoter planet, which suspicions were fully confirmed in the discovery of Uranus, so also after the discovery of Uranus, certain irregularities were perceived in his motions, that led distinguished astronomers of the day to the belief that even beyond the planet Uranus still another undiscovered planet existed, to reward the labors of the discoverer. Accordingly, Le Verrier, a young French astronomer, urged by his friend Arago, determined to devote himself to the attempt at discovery. With indefatigable industry he prepared new tables of planetary motion, from which he determined the perturbations of the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus; and as early as June, 1846, in a paper presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, he pointed out where the suspected planet would be on the 1st of January, 1847. He subsequently determined the mass and the elements of the orbits of the planet, and that, too, before it had been seen by a human eye. On the 18th of September of 1846, he wrote to his friend, M. Galler, of Berlin, requesting him to direct his telescope to a certain point in the heavens, where he suspected the stranger to be. His friend complied with his request, and on the first evening of examination discovered a strange star of the eighth magnitude, which had not been laid down in any of the maps of that portion of the heavens. The following evening it was found to have moved in a direction and with a velocity very nearly like that which Le Verrier had pointed out. The planet was found within less than one degree of the place where Le Verrier had located it. It was subsequently ascertained that a young English mathematician, Mr. Adams, of Cambridge, had been engaged in the same computations, and had arrived at nearly the same results with Le Verrier.

What shall we say of science, then, that enables its devoted followers to reach out into space, and feel successfully in the dark and distant ocean of immensity for an object more than twenty-eight millions of miles distant?

We live in a wonder-working universe, which becomes more and more wonderful as we learn more of it, instead of being brought more within our comprehension. When we compare

what we know with the knowledge of the savages, it may appear a mountain of learning and science; but this very learning and science only makes us see still more how great is our ignorance!"

"We are beyond incertitude or doubt immortal; our immortality is demonstrated by ocular, tangible, positive proof; this immortality consists of our very hæcceity, our real personal self, our loves, friendships, memories, knowledge, intelligence. And science proves that we must take these with us or we take nothing, for nothing of ourself remains more than seven years, except these moral memories, these spiritual principles. We retain them here through all our years: shall we lose them there? They constitute our personality, our hæcceity here: if we do not take them, what will constitute us there? That we shall recognize each other by physical features and form unchanged, but refined and improved by the shaking off of the old clay covering, and shall unerringly know each other by spirit acting direct upon spirit, without obstruction, or deception, of animal covering and deceitful flesh; hypocrisy will lose its mask. Our present plane of existence being one and the first of seven, there are six concentric circles, zones, or spheres around us, each rising higher above the other in the blue ether; the first commencing about fifty miles above us, where our atmosphere is supposed by some to cease, but which I suppose has no definite bounds, but is gradually merged and lost in the bright circumambient realm of pure and spotless spirituality. That these spheres thus near and adjacent to us, with a connecting and continuous element of intercourse and intercommunication, are the bright abodes of our departed friends and all progressed excarnated men and women. That we enter those spheres just as we leave this plane, with our vices or virtues, ignorance or intelligence; with every feature and lineament of face and limb, as developed in the body; the same form and configuration in the spiritualized state, of which in fact the body was the mere visible representative, and from which it took its form; with personal identity and individuality intact and unchanged. That the first of these spheres next adjoining our present rudimental plane is comparatively dark and imperfect, a Gehenna, Hades, Sheol, Tartarus, or Hell, in which all unprogressed, low, ignorant, vicious, wicked spirits of men congregate by a natural affinity or spiritual gravitation. That this region is thus dark —

I give it as my philosophy of the fact [Rembert] — because intermediate from the earth plane where physical light is produced by atmospheric undulations, and the higher spheres where purer light is the result of spiritual illumination. Beyond our atmosphere is probably no physical, but all spiritual light, increasing as we leave the earth's opaque surface. That the more progressed and enlightened, the true and the good, with angelic aspirations, will be attracted to the second or higher spheres, suited to their tastes, capacities, congenialities, and developments. That progress, universal progress, all working a perfect optimism, is God's grand, primordial, fundamental law, by which the wicked and low in the first sphere will gradually improve and unfold into higher spheres of intelligence and happiness; and that all will progress and develop into new beatitudes, new grandeurs, and new glories, ever enjoying without satiety, ever ascending without exhaustion, forever fed and sustained by the all-prolific fountain of all spirit, the eternal Father. O, what a sublime philosophy is this for the vision of the soul! what a happy consolation, an ever-present bliss always welling up in the heart of the good and the true, the pure and the splendid, and may be poor and despised in the view of the vain, — and there are millions such in this death-drifting stream of time, — to contemplate and hope for, ay, to feel an assurance of and to *know* this immortal heaven as the heritage of heaven eternity. A home of happiness unalloyed, of purity unspotted, mind immaculate, and of eternal, expanding, progressive, boundless felicity. The bruised and broken heart healed and made whole; loved and long-lost friends regained; cherished friendships of the buried years of time reclaimed; severed associations, hallowed memories revived to burn on imperishable altars; tender feelings, blasted hopes, deep devoted love of children, kindred, friends and families and all the splendid affections of the human soul divine, that glow like jewels in this dim old casket of earth, shall be restored, reunited, gathered up to the fountains of the Father, and kindled with the new lustre of immortal glory; O, the rapturous, transporting joy of this heavenly reunion! Perhaps, when we leave our tenantless body and look back at our friends of earth weeping over the cold casket, the first to hail us at the portals of those blest abodes will be a cherub child, whose prattling ceased on earth ere it felt the stain of sin, or heaved a sigh of sorrow; or a loved, adored, long-lost mother's

voice, that so often soothed our little storms of trouble, and who so many a time and oft bedewed our infant pillow with tears that none but she could shed, will be the first to welcome and embrace in that radiant realm of love. These are some of the beatitudes promised in this scientific revelation to the honest and energetic and true. And the unsullied atmosphere of intellect, unfettered from the flesh, intellect disencumbered and eliminated from the gross manacles of this animal world; to move in mind, mind mutually mirrored in its majesty; creation mapped before us with its myriad suns and systems that constitute the great dome of God's universe, all radiant with the luminous beams of infinite wisdom that pervade the outskirts of creation, and the whole a splendid panorama of enraptured vision: these are some of the privileges and pleasures which shall doubtless be fully realized by the exalted denizens of these glorious mansions of immortality."

We shall now present for consideration some of the so-called miracles narrated in the Scriptures, as compared with the spiritual manifestations of the present day, viewed from a philosophical and scientific standpoint.

"One of the most wonderful works performed by Christ, or rather Jesus, the most '*miraculous*' is that of raising Lazarus from the dead. Now, if that could not have been done, and if this cannot now be done by natural laws and on natural philosophy, it never was done or performed at all. But it can thus be done, and no doubt was performed. Jesus said, 'Lazarus is not dead but sleepeth.' Then when he perceived his disciples understood him to mean a natural sleep, he corrected this false impression by saying, 'He is dead.' As for the remark of Martha, that decomposition had commenced, having been dead four days, it was only her opinion, which proved incorrect. We have many authenticated cases of this kind on record; in the Book of Kings it is said that Elisha raised the dead, the vital functions having been suspended however but a few hours.

Rev. Wm. Tennent, Presbyterian clergyman of New Jersey, lay dead (apparently) for three days, and was about to be buried, when he revived. The wife of Mr. Lancaster, first delegate from Washington Territory, died (to all appearances) out on the Western plains, and was brought on a litter by friendly Indians, a distance of three hundred miles, to Fort Laramie, occupying eight

days, when on the completion of the preparations for her inhumation, she revived and recovered. Hon. Mr. Osbore, military secretary to the British Indian mission, records a case of an Indian Fakir having lain entombed *ten months*, and upon exhumation was resuscitated and restored to life and health; if I am not mistaken, this author was witness to the whole proceeding from beginning to end. This cataleptic condition of trance, resembling hybernation of animals, in which there is a total suspension of all physical and perhaps spiritual dynamics, is and has been frequently overcome by the power of will, of love, of magnetism in another organism, operating upon the unconscious and negative subject; just as asthma, asphyxia, catalepsy, pleurisy, rheumatism, neuralgia, and all deseases both acute and chronic, of short or long standing, are now frequently cured, and sometimes in a few minutes, when all known therapeutic agents of the medical faculty have failed; and also as the most painful and dangerous capital cases of surgery are now performed with facility, without pain, and with little hemorrhage and with little inflammation; all under the wonderful influence of magnetism or vital electricity.

As this involves an important part of the philosophy of life, a brief explanation may be necessary, with a little deviation from the general system of my subject. All the physical functions, and the spiritual faculties, and the entire vital dynamics of the human machine, are dependent on, and under the control of magnetism, or vital electricity; and as this is in redundancy or deficiency, so is the character of disease. If not in all (as contended by some), a large proportion of our diseases originate from an unbalanced or disturbed condition of this subtile fluid; as in excess, inflammations follow, so a want of the proper quantum is followed by a want of vital action; this excess is removed or abstracted by proper manipulations from a perfect and harmonic magnetizer, and the process is expedited by the application of ammonia, vinegar, or water, as this facilitates the passage of the superabundant electricity: but not oil, or fat, or grease, as this obstructs. This process is illustrated in Christ and his apostles relieving the sick 'by the laying on of hands,' which was done for several centuries, and is now a very common occurrence. By *proper* manifestations, I mean making the passes from the deranged point outwards, like magnetizing a piece of metal; for when the direction is reversed a contrary result follows. When there is a deficiency of this vital

force, the contact of a positive, vigorous magnetizer will impart the requisite amount, and restore the proper vitality: as exemplified in Elisha, restoring the suspended animation of the child apparently dead; with many such cases on record, and also by the force of a potent, perfect *will*, as Christ restoring Lazarus, with many similar facts well authenticated.

The splendid and philosophic S. B. Britton, in his magnificent work entitled 'Man and his Relations,' relates from a Memphis paper: 'A married couple were on their way from New Orleans up the river, when the husband sickened and died. The bereaved widow landed at Memphis with the remains, where she made arrangements for the funeral. The form of her bosom friend was about to be conveyed to the scene of its final repose, but fond affection demanded the privilege of one last, lingering look, and accordingly the lid was removed from the coffin. Bending over the cold and apparently lifeless form, she bathed the brow with her scalding tears, and fervently kissed the frigid lips. In this great struggle, love triumphed over death. *There* was one who had "*slept*" as long, and doubtless as profoundly, as Lazarus; but the Divine Spirit that animates all things — acting through the mediumship of a frail woman — dissolved death's icy chains, and set the captive free. That man recovered, inspired with new energy, and gratitude to the Being in whose hand are the issues of life and death.' Again from the same superb author: 'The form of Lazarus was in a perfectly negative state; and a great physical, spiritual, and divine magnet, in the person and power of Jesus, stood at the door of the sepulchre. The powers of the heavens, acting through the concentrated energies of his mind and the subtile agents of the natural world, established the necessary connection. Virtue descended and went out from Jesus to quicken the lifeless form. The vital fluids began to circulate; the life-giving energy was transfused through all the veins and arteries; a subtile, all-communicating spirit ran along the avenues of sensation, and the nerves moved like the strings of an untuned lyre, when they are swept by a mighty wind. A loud voice re-echoed through the cavern, and the sleeper awoke, to walk again with the living.' Moreover, through psychometry, or clairvoyance, or clairaudience, or some other means of clear perception, more wonderful than this, and as well authenticated as these, disease is detected and described, perceived and prescribed for at a distance of

hundreds of miles, without the least previous knowledge, acquaintance, or hearsay ; and correctly, too, as is attested by the success, when of long and unsuccessful treatment by the old profession. But all this is effected through the laws of nature, — there is no other way to effect anything, — laws which we are just beginning to find out and unfold. No (to resume), it is not the facts we deny, unless in direct contravention to well-known philosophy, but the miraculous phase of the facts; nor are we, on the other hand, necessarily committed to their affirmation."

We will next take the conversion of St. Paul. "A great many Protestant Christians, especially of the Episcopalians, deny this sudden change of heart, or change of life, called conversion; but St. Paul is generally cited and urged as a case in point and proof of instantaneous conversion. This case of St. Paul, however, is not one of miracle, but of philosophy, just stated like all others of the same analogy. I would like to argue this question at length, but must desist. Nevertheless, as I condemn dogmatics in others, I must not be guilty myself of dogmatism; therefore, I feel bound to say, that while this 'conversion' by the direct act of God himself, or his Holy Ghost, as claimed by the orthodox, may be within the bounds of possibility, it is certainly much more rational, and reasonable, and natural, to believe it effected, as I have said, in accordance with known laws of nature and a beautiful philosophy, which indeed detracts nothing from its intrinsic value, but rather adds to its comforts to know that our angel friends are ever around and near, to hear, and heed, and help us. And whether the influence be the direct action of our Father, God, or of a vicarious Christ, or of a mysterious Holy Ghost, or of our progressed, excarnated, and spiritualized friends, in the form of angels, it is hallowed and happy, purifying and felicitous, and should be encouraged, cultivated, and cherished; not merely embraced during temporary popular excitement, to be immediately disregarded, and decided as popular illusion; all puerile excitement may be thus decided, but not these true, splendid spiritual manifestations, and happy impartations of the heavenly world, called by some 'conversion,' or any other name. This rational and natural philosophy — rational because natural, and natural because rational — also explains and clears the mystery from the condition of trance, so frequent, particularly in revival excitements. St. Paul's celebrated trance, as well as his conversion, all come

within the sphere and purview of this splendid philosophy of spirit power and angelic influence and intercourse. It likewise explicates the otherwise strange medical fact, that persons in this condition of trance, or in any under the control of spirit power, invariably recover, after remaining for hours pulseless, and apparently lifeless, as, for instance, the case recorded by Dr. Chegne of Col. Townshend, of Scotland, whose heart ceased to beat, no pulse, no respiration, his entire frame cold and rigid, features shrunk and colorless, all to such extent that three medical men pronounced him dead. Now, we know that this condition of the physical system, originating from functional, structural, or any other cause than spiritual, is certain dissolution. Spiritual mediums are thus controlled for hours, and we have seen persons at revival meetings in the same condition, with their vital energies prostrated, and physical functions almost, some entirely, suspended, and wondered at their easy and perfect recovery, without injury, when they are, as most frequently, of fragile frames and feeble vitality, and much weaker cause and less excitement otherwise would prove fatal. This philosophy of modern science explains it all satisfactorily and consolitorily.

But, says the Christian of miraculous faith, we feel and witness a like internal evidence, and know whereof we speak. Now, right here we open an interesting metaphysical, pneumatological, psychical question, illustrated and displayed to a great degree at popular camp-meetings, and other religious revivals. This phenomenon is scientifically known as pathetism. I have witnessed and experienced it myself, in its most wonderful displays. We have seen proud, strong men fall in fear and trembling under its mighty influence, and young, guileless girls of sixteen summers cry in the most piteous accents of deep agony and travail of soul, and pour out their tender hearts in tears for mercy, from sure, sudden, and impending doom. Mercy for what? Had they ever sinned, these guileless girls? Ay, and we have seen them rise in renewed strength, suddenly energized from an unseen source, and heard shouts of happiness ring out from their little temples, like echoes from immortal melodies, while bright effulgence gleamed through their glistening tears, like the play of sparkling sunlight through pearly rain-drops. Now, whence and wherefore is this? You affirm it to be 'conversion' by the direct action of God. I aver it is not 'conversion,' for their after lives, soon as the tran-

sient influence is over, proves no change of heart, or change of life, or permanent conversion of any kind. Neither is it the direct action of the great God, for he cannot thus contravene his own character and immutable laws, by working a miracle in a human 'conversion,' to be immediately set aside, frustrated, and falsified. True philosophy of pathetism as evinced in revivals is, first, a great many minds are so constituted, that they may persuade themselves, by constant, assiduous effort, to believe anything they have an intense will and desire to believe; hence, by their intense will and effort, they believe they are converted, which cannot be retorted on the evidence of science; or, second, the well-known mesmeric sympathy epidemic, in a crowd of high-wrought feeling; or, third, the psychological power of the operator (preacher) over the congregation; or, fourth, the actual presence of angelic or spirit friends, blessing them in their then peculiar condition of receptivity, which is the true condition of sincere prayer, and which, when kept up and persevered in, as is the case in a few instances (St. Paul for one), the 'conversion' will continue and be permanent to this extent, no more.

All these wonderful manifestations and mysterious phenomena we witness at large revivals are wrought by and through some or all of these means, the natural operations of causes well known and understood by the scientific philosopher. The great differences and variations in the act and process of 'conversion,' according to the different characters and temperaments of the various subjects, some requiring long-continued and persistent efforts, others proving of ready facility, comport with the same differences in mesmeric subjects and spiritual mediums, all under the same principles and laws, some requiring long laborious efforts, others evincing a ready aptitude to this peculiar influence under the control of mind or spirit, whether in or out of the flesh: they are mutually corroborative and expository. This likewise accounts for the otherwise unaccountable and anomalous fact that the most wicked and hardened sinners are often the easiest of conversion, and the most upright and exemplary characters the most difficult of conversion. And this philosophy also explains the otherwise inexplicable mystery of some preachers, like Caughy and Spurgeon, for examples, being so successful in revivals; for it cannot be attributed to extra piety, as it is well known that they are frequently vain and vindictive, unless this be considered

extra piety, which indeed is according to the principles of some religionists. While on the other hand some of the most humble, honest, pious, and self-denying preachers are the least successful in the cause of revivals and conversions.

Everybody has this element in greater or less degree, susceptible of mesmeric influence or spirit control, called 'conversion.' But while you assert in these phenomena of revivals a supernal and supernatural agency, you deny it in all others. You aver all other modern spiritual manifestations are not preternatural or supernal, but the result of deception, delusion, an intellectual epidemic, or some mysterious, unknown, incarnated agency of mundane nature; while I affirm them to be demonstrations of spiritual or supernal agency.

In the case of revivals you assert them to be due to supernal agency, and I too well know causes and elements existing in the human mind while incarnated as well as excarnated. The difference is, I can account for and explain my opinions on principles of natural philosophy; but you cannot account for or explain yours on any known principles whatever, unless you claim mere faith as the principle, which is accepting my philosophy of the delusion. Spirit intercourse you reject through blind ignorance; revival conversion you accept through blind faith: when here we have a philosophy which explains both on scientific principles of demonstration. Will you plunge the abysmal Scylla and Charybdis of faith and ignorance on the one hand, or on the other climb the clear mountain of philosophy and truth, around whose summit play the selectest lights of science? Nor can it be retorted on Spiritualists that they are as liable to delusion in believing in spiritual inspiration as the old religionists in believing in conversion by the Holy Ghost, or the special pardon of sins by the direct act of God. We have the natural laws of natural philosophy to explain and vindicate ours, while they have no law and no philosophy to account for theirs, but all in contravention. All known laws of nature and philosophy refute their faith as futile and delusive, but not detrimental or pernicious to a large portion of the human family. In short and pithy anecdote, 'conversion' frequently amounts to this: 'Parson ——, have you noticed any change in B—— since he was converted and joined the church?' 'O yes, very great; before, when he went out to mend his fences on Sunday, he carried his axe on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his overcoat.'"

"And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart,

And was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.

And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him.

"And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had brought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him.

And very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

And they said among themselves, who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

And when they looked they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great.

And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted."

Here we have on record two cases of materialization.

At the present day there are hundreds of similar manifestations. Dr. Watson says: —

"When we were told, in our investigations in this city in 1856, that spirits would show themselves as they were in mortal life, we never expected to live to see it. Yet we have lived to see the prediction of Jesus literally fulfilled, that we should see the angels ascending and descending. This has not been done in a corner, but in the presence of from five to fifty persons at a time; not alone in the gas-light, but in the sunlight in this city.

We have been taking five monthly magazines devoted to Spiritualism, published in London, since our return from Europe, besides weekly papers in both hemispheres. They are giving accounts of new mediums for materialization all over the land. We could fill half a dozen such periodicals with these accounts, many of them written by those who had previously been sceptics. The spirits say that in less than five years they will be able to address public assemblies from the platform in full view of the audience. From what we have seen and heard in London and here, we are inclined to believe they will be able to do it."

A friend writes me that she has witnessed a case of materialization in New York City which was the means of instantly converting a sceptic, a lady who had for years been a persecutor of her husband for his belief. The spirit who materialized was an old lover of hers whom she said she had not thought of for a year. She said there could not be a shadow of doubt as to his identity.

"The angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it."

Again, when Peter and other of the apostles were imprisoned, "the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth."

There are many mediums at the present day through whose powers are enacted even more wonderful physical manifestations. Large and ponderable bodies are not only moved by the simple laying on of hands, but in many cases without visible contact, and also to float in air as if but a feather's weight. Many mediums who have been confined in narrower than prison cells and bound with cords defying human skill to unloose, have been instantly and easily released and extricated by spiritual agency.

"A hand from out of the invisible did once appear and write upon the walls of a banquet-room, and the form of another was put forth and took Ezekiel by a lock of his hair, and the spirit lifted him up between the earth and the heaven."

Invisible hands at the present day write, not only upon walls, but in the very air itself, — to say nothing of the slate writing, — by which are given satisfactory tests, by names, dates, places, and circumstances, demonstrating the presence of the relatives or friends of the parties present, — the parties themselves being entire strangers to the medium. This writing is usually accomplished by holding a slate with a bit of pencil upon it underneath a table, pressing up against the same, or by joining two slates with pencil between. The spirits have more than once attested their strength by wresting the slate from the hands of a strong man and breaking it in pieces.

"Ignatius Loyola," says Rembert, "the founder of the Jesuits, whom I've been religiously reared to hate, who was sincere and devout in his religious lustrations, notwithstanding the atroci-

ties of his later sectators, was frequently, as it is related, taken up bodily during his religious exercise. Prior to the modern philosophy spirit, I would have rejected this and all kindred stories as fabulous; but now I am prepared to believe it and receive it as true, these marvellous histories of the past, because we have them enacted now, at the present day, and have found a philosophy for them. Mr. Home is frequently taken up, without visible agency, and carried around in a room near the ceiling. Now what operation of physical science or principle of physical philosophy does all this? We know not, and nobody knows a physical element or combination of such elements adequate to this phenomenon, beyond our detection. The only solution is mental or spiritual; and whence and who and where the mind or spirit, if it be not our excarnated friends, now immortal angels, in contiguous spheres near to and communicating with us? Then, ye men of science, fully unfold this mighty philosophy of a new element in human nature, a potent principle for no good, no purpose, to the creator or the creature, unless it reaches to a kindred spirit land whose love attractions draw us to those sweet shores of spirit empire, where we shall drink from near the fountain, and imbibe the vitalizing azure air that develops angelic intelligence, — the mighty multitude of happy life God is gathering around him, as a father gathers his children and binds their brows with garlands of beauty and love."

"And when David inquired of the Lord, he said, Thou shalt not go up; but fetch a compass behind them, and come upon them over against the mulberry-trees.

And let it be when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself: for then shall the Lord go out before thee."

"A young lady is engaged to be married to a gentleman who is a fine musician (particularly on the piano), and the day and hour set. Before the appointed time of their nuptial consummation he is accidentally killed. At her house grief takes the place of joy. When the appointed day arrives, and the clock strikes the hour when hilarity and happiness momentary should have reigned supreme, alas! gloom, grief, and woe usurp their place; tears flow instead of smiles, and the mansion is draped in mourning.

But hark! from the neglected piano, on which the lost intended had so often performed, in the deserted parlor, suddenly come ravishing strains of gushing melody. The startled family rush into the parlor and find the instrument pouring forth *his* favorite piece, which it had so often discoursed under his magic touch, and not a person present or in contact."

We would ask if "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees" could be any more wonderful than this; especially if angels are, as often represented, invested with "wings," with which they might easily raise a gentle breeze.

We read of Moses leading the children of Israel dry-shod across the Red Sea. Napoleon Bonaparte did the same thing at the same place three thousand years later, from a now well-known etesian cause, — the prevalence of winds from a certain quarter rendering it entirely practicable. Again, we read of Moses being commanded to smite a rock at a certain place, and water came forth. Not long since we were reading an account of a gentleman in Chicago being advised by a spirit friend to dig in the earth at a certain place; he followed the advice, despite the derision of his earthly friends, and sank an Artesian well.

"And God came unto Balaam at night, and said unto him, if the men come to call thee, rise up, and go with them: but yet the word which I shall say unto thee, that shalt thou do.

And Balaam rose up in the morning, and saddled his ass, and went with the princes of Noah.

And God's anger was kindled because he went; and the angel of the Lord stood in the way, for an adversary against him. Now he was riding upon his ass, and his two servants were with him.

And the ass saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and the ass turned aside out of the way and went into the field: and Balaam smote the ass, to turn her into the way.

But the angel of the Lord stood in a path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side.

And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she thrust herself unto the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall: and he smote her again.

And the angel of the Lord went further, and stood in a narrow

place, where was no way to turn, either to the right hand or to the left.

And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she fell down under Balaam: and Balaam's anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with a staff.

And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?

And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me: I would there were a sword in mine hand, for now would I kill thee.

And the ass said unto Balaam, Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? was I ever wont to do so unto thee? And he said, Nay.

Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and he bowed down his head, and fell flat on his face.

And the angel of the Lord said unto him, Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times? behold, I went out to withstand thee, because thy way is perverse before me:

And the ass saw me, and turned from me these three times: unless she had turned from me, surely now also I had slain thee, and saved her alive.

And Balaam said unto the angel of the Lord, I have sinned; for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me: now therefore, if it displease thee, I will get me back again."

This seems very strange, and doubtless the majority of readers believe that Balaam's ass actually spoke. Our version of the case is, that Balaam (or his ass) possessed the phase of mediumship called clairaudient. There are scores of mediums at the present day whose powers are such that conversations are held with voices outside of themselves, and when their mouths are closed and sealed with sticking-plaster. I have myself heard quite a lengthy discourse from a voice sounding like that of a strong, powerful man, the medium through whose powers it was accomplished being a frail, delicate-looking woman with a weak voice.

The question now is, which was the medium, Balaam or his ass? As this is the only instance we know of on record, where an animal is said to have spoken, we should give Balaam the preference, even though the ass was the first to perceive the angel-

presence; nor is that so very mysterious, when we compare some of the great intellects of the present day with the poor, untaught, or self-taught Indian, whose discernment of spiritual influence is in the ascendant. Note, if you please, we only said *some* of our great intellects; for, as we have before stated, many of our most intelligent and noble-minded men have broken through the veil of prejudice, and are among the stanch upholders of this beautiful philosophy. We will give an anecdote of Cuvier, the great scientist, whose brain was the largest ever measured.

"In a dream the Devil appeared to Cuvier, and said he had come to devour him. Cuvier surveyed him thoroughly and exclaimed, 'Horns, hoofs, *granivorous*. I'm not afraid of you.' His Satanic Majesty also presented himself to one of the sable sons of Ham, whose race the Puritans are so eager to take to their bosoms, and who, it must be confessed, are equals of the latter in everything save shoddy, or the power of pecuniosity, and nasal psalm-singing on Sunday, in which latter, however, there is great rhythmic concord. Says Ham, 'Who dat?' 'The Devil, come after Ham.' 'Ham not here; Ham ain't been here dese two months!' was the quick and silly answer of the ignorant and frightened Afric hero."

"And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there:

And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.

And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come.

His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.

And there were set there six water-pots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece.

Jesus saith unto them, Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.

And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bore it.

When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew

the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him."

We will now call your attention to some of the marvels of mind as unfolded by modern biology or electrical psychology; quoting first from Dr. Dodds, who has done more than any one else, perhaps, to evolve this magnificent science:—

"The wonderful and startling phenomena that hover around it like so many invisible angels, and which are made manifest in the experiments produced, I have also candidly stated. They consist in the fact, that one human being can, through a certain nervous influence, obtain and exercise a power over another, so as to perfectly control his voluntary motions and muscular force; and also produce various impressions on his mind, however extravagant, ludicrous, or wild; and that, too, while he is in a perfectly wakeful state. I have found persons entirely and naturally in the electro-psychological state, who never could be mesmerized at all, nor in the least affected under repeated trials; that no person is naturally in the mesmeric state, but thousands are naturally in the electro-psychological, and live and die in it. It is the science of the living mind, its silent and mysterious workings and energetic powers. It is a science that evolves the majestic movement of rolling worlds, the falling leaf, and claims the great law of the universe as its own."

"Have you ever witnessed any of these wonderful phenomena of psychology as exhibited by modern science? I have seen a number of men taken promiscuously from a large auditory of a refined city upon the public platform, and there, after a few efforts, put so completely under the control of the operator, as to feel, think, and act just as he willed, and that, too, while entirely awake, and otherwise, apparently, in their normal condition. He would make them believe a stick was a snake; water was vinegar, coffee, or alcohol, and followed with its effects; that a handkerchief placed in their arms was a baby, and they would caress it, and try to quiet it, — made to believe it crying, — in the most ludicrous manner, being mostly young men unused to such opera-

tions; that it was very cold, drawing their cloaks around themselves; or that it was very hot, throwing off their coats before a large public gaze, to which they seemed wholly oblivious. I saw this operator, after having about a dozen men, all strangers to him, and well-known citizens, under his control for several successive evenings, — for the more he practises upon them, the more perfect becomes his control, — take them all through a trip to California and back as follows: First, they get aboard the ship; then the vessel, out to sea, goes to pieces in a violent storm, and they betake themselves to the small life-boat, some getting in from out of the water; and you must bear in mind that all these scenes are acted out to the life, and by those who never appeared before the public gaze until now, — climbing over the gunwales, into the boat; their terrible condition after drifting for several days on mid-ocean without food or water; their agreement to draw lots who should die to furnish these necessities for the balance. After straining their eyes so long around the cheerless horizon for help, they descry at last a sail in the distance; they wave their handkerchiefs, and even their garments, in their effort to catch the notice of the passing vessel; but she passes without observing them; now all hope has fled; they become frantic and furious; the scene is appalling; but see! another vessel heaves in sight; she nears them, she sees them, she comes to them, she rescues them, she takes them on board and saves them. This whole scene, as you may imagine, was truly interesting. They arrive at San Francisco, at the gold mines; they dig gold; they return home, some with $ 2,000, some $ 5,000, some with $ 10,000 in gold. Some intend to invest in Texas lands, some in mercantile business, one a telegraph line (being a telegraph operator himself).

They sell their gold to the operator and take his checks on the bank, indorsed by the names of good men, whom they individually select from the community; these checks are mere scraps of old newspaper, which they are made to believe valid checks; it is past bank hours, they go to the bank and find it closed; they wait until next day. During the evening and following morning, their friends, with the previously expressed permission of the operator, try to convince them that their checks are worthless scraps of paper, and laugh at their delusion, but with no success; they reply familiarly, 'You can't fool me, I know my indorser, and the

check will be paid on presentation in the morning,' etc. Before bank opens, they are at the door waiting with impatience, a large crowd of citizens also witnessing with great interest the whole proceeding. At length the bank doors open; they rush in and present their checks, the cashier takes them, looks at them and says they are not checks; they insist that they are true checks, properly indorsed, etc.; the cashier assures them they are worthless scraps of old paper, and cannot be cashed; disappointed, they hurry to the hotel to find Mr. Operator, who had got their gold; were told there that he was in the court-house, followed all the while by a large crowd; in the court-house they find Mr. Operator, who, expecting them in their wrath, had taken the precaution to have the police around him for his apparent protection; they report to him the bank's refusal, and demand their gold back; he tells them he has not got it; they threaten his life if he does not refund it; the sheriff has to pacify them by holding himself responsible for his safe custody; they employ lawyers for immediate suit, the court-house during the while crowded, and finally, amidst the greatest excitement, the operator dispels the illusion with which he had them invested, since the day before, and in the greatest mortification and disappointment they hide themselves, run away, scamper off with shame. Now if all this be true, and we have no right to question the truth of those men, nor to doubt what we saw and heard, though it has always seemed strange to me that the cashier could have convinced or rather turned them when their friends could not convince them; but may be the operator willed them to be thus turned; but then how did he, entirely out of sight, know the time to thus exert his will when the cashier refused? In justice to my philosophy, however, I should state that, notwithstanding these natural suspicions, the fact of this psychologic influence and control is undeniably established; Dr. Dods, in his lectures invited by Henry Clary, Webster, and others, at the national capitol, having demonstrated this mystic agency to some of the finest intellects of the land, and upon any one who chose to submit to the test. In view of all this I say, what a wonderful principle of the human mind is here developed and exhibited! This operator would also make them assume instanter, the most grotesque attitudes with the rigidity of stone, often in imitation of antique statuary, and strong men called from the crowd could not bend them. Strange

indeed, and new to history, that one man can thus influence and control others, through the intervening, all-pervading, mysterious medium of electricity or nerve aura. And numerous instances are known of persons in the clairvoyant condition who can see other persons, and read their minds when in rapport with each other, at the distance of many miles or hundreds of miles; another phase of this wonderful principle, and illustration of this all-pervading and universal mental medium of electro-ether. Dr. Dods says, there is about one in twenty-five naturally in the psychological condition, and that all may be brought into it by repeated efforts, and by any one who will persevere. It all proves the universal existence of this mysterious, hitherto unknown agent, or element, or essence, by which and through which mind acts upon mind; in a word, it proves the universal medium of mind, and I ask you to remember this, when I come to explain the spiritual philosophy, for it is illustrative of the latter." — *Rembert.*

Again, we would ask you if any greater miracles than these seeming ones have ever been recorded? If so, we have not seen them. Aside from those we have already cited, showing the similarity to workings of spirit power at the present day, there is not one on record performed by Jesus or his apostles that would not come under the head of this electrical philosophy. And many from the Old Testament the same, as Aaron's rod changed, — budded; the waters sweetened, — turned to blood; and numerous others. As for the sun going back, or the sun and moon standing still, we have no idea that any such remarkable phenomena ever occurred, except in the brain of unfortunate ignorance. We know not whether Jonah swallowed the whale, or whether the whale swallowed Jonah, but are inclined to doubt the whole transaction, except as a figurative form of speech, Jesus himself having said Jonah was a "sign unto the Ninevites," and at the same time and place rebuking the scribes and Pharisees as blind guides who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

"Rev. Mr. Mahon, 'the intellectual giant,' says, 'Every reader will agree with us in the assumption that the incorruptible God has never performed, and never will perform a miracle in attestation of that which is unreal or untrue. A religion really and truly attested by divine miracles must, therefore, be admitted to be true.' To which shallow subterfuge, Prof. Hare replies, 'To

this very admissible truism, I add that an omnipotent and prescient God could not have any occasion to perform miracles in attestation of anything, since, by the premises, his will must be carried out without miracles. That anything should, even for an instant, be contrary to his will, is inconsistent with his foresight and omnipotency. It would be a miracle that anything counter to his will should exist.'

The next postulate of Mr. Mahon, 'No religion attested as true by divine miracles can be false!' Was this proposition ever impugned? No one could resist the unquestionable dictates of God, however conveyed, whether by miracle or any other means. The question is not whether a religion attested by divine miracles should be accredited, but whether there were ever any miracles, attesting any religion, performed; and, if so, what religion has the peculiar merit of having been thus attested?

Millions who believe in other religions deride those miracles of revelation which Mr. Mahon would adduce; and Protestants do not admit many which the Romish Church sanctions. For one, I deny that any miracle has ever been performed, with the view of attesting any religion whatever. No miracle could be necessary to attest the will of omnipotence, any more than to enable a man to wave his hand. But admitting that it ever has been necessary, no miracle has ever been resorted to for the purpose in question, since none has answered the desired end. This would not have been the case, had miracles been resorted to by prescient omnipotence. There can be nothing supernatural or infranatural, — nothing beyond, above, below, or apart from his organic laws. They constitute the wisdom, the power, ay, the very God; and to violate these would be to violate himself, which is impossible and simply absurd."

We will now give some further testimony in regard to the Bible, its authority and teachings, as interpreted by us, with a view to impress upon the minds of our readers the importance of thinking, reasoning, and judging for themselves individually, the reliability to be placed upon them as a whole. As for ourselves, while we believe, receive, hold fast, and admire its beautiful truths and blessed assurances of immortality, as brought to light by our Saviour's holy life and heavenly teachings, we candidly confess that this ancient book of inspired writings is, in our eyes, no more "sacred" than are scores of books containing inspired writ-

ings of the present age, and untainted with the low verbiage and sensuousness of the unprogressed early writers.

"The word 'Bible' is from the Greek *biblos*, originally soft-bark, which the ancients used to write upon, and means book. The term 'holy' was prefixed by the Jews, to express excellence. Hence 'holy bible' literally means, in the original, excellent soft-bark. The books comprising the Old Testament were written upon soft-bark, palm-leaves, impressible stones, etc. There were many more than are now preserved and acknowledged at the present day, as 'Wars of the Lord,' 'Book of Jasher,' 'Acts of Solomon,' 'Visions of Iddo the Seer,' etc. The manuscripts of the New Testament, with many more, were collected three hundred years after Christ. According to Mosheim, who is high, standard authority in the Church, 'Not long after Christ's ascension into heaven, several histories of his life and doctrines, full of pious frauds and fabulous wonders, were composed by persons whose intentions, perhaps, were not bad, but whose writings discovered the greatest superstition and ignorance. According to the Unitarian new version, there were in these manuscripts upwards of 130,000 readings.' Such was the idolatrous adulation paid to the authority of Origen, who was the origin of the present fashion of preaching from a text, and whose superstition drove him to commit self-mutilation of such ruinous character as to result in emasculation of mental vigor as well, that emendations of the text, which were but suggested by him, were taken in as a part of the New Testament, though he himself acknowledged they were supported by the authority of no manuscript whatever. Lanfranc, Archibishop of Canterbury, made many alterations for the avowed purpose of accommodating them to the faith of the orthodox. In the year 506, 'the illustrious Mersala, being consul by the command of the Emperor Anastasius, the holy gospels, as having been written by idiot evangelists, are censured and corrected.' According to Davis and other authors, 2,048 bishops assembled at Nice in the year 325, under command of the Emperor Constantine. During their pious deliberations, they became so vociferous, obstreperous, and violent towards each other, that Constantine disqualified 1730 from having a vote in deciding which books were and which were not the word of God. The 318 left pronounced the books which subsequently composed the Bible to be the word of God. Since then, however, several

books have been rejected, such as the 'Gospel of the Egyptians,' 'Gospel of the Hebrews,' the 'Gospel of Perfection,' 'Gospel of Barnabas,' 'Epistle of Clemens Romanus,' of 'Ignatius,' of 'Polycarps,' etc., 'Shepherds of Hermas,' 'Revelation of Paul,' 'Acts of Peter,' 'Epistle of Christ,' etc. Out of fifty gospels then extant, they only retained Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the balance, some well written, were committed to the flames; while the books of James, Jude, and the Apocalypse were entirely rejected. The Emperor then sanctioned their decision, and ordered the Bible, as then canonized, to be received as the word of God. After this, ecclesiastical councils were frequently called, and as frequently annulled the decisions of each other, until the year 633, at the council of Toledo, the rejected books of James, Jude, and Revelation of St. John were incorporated into the several canons.

There is a growing doubt and disbelief in the miraculous phase of the Bible religion, particularly among the intelligent and scientific. Indeed, the materialistic philosophy, to wit, that spirit is the result of material organism and perishes with it, is rapidly deracinating the old Christian faith. And where 's the wonder? What truly scientific man can swallow whole — to use a common but expressive phrase — that mythic old book, with all its crudities, cruelties, and absurdities? I don't mean the cardinal truths of man's immortality, the conditions of future reward and punishment, love, truth, peace, charity, spirit communion, etc., as inculcated by Jesus, as founded in philosophy and approved by science: but all that vast mass of animal rubbish, historic falsehood, talmudic fable, and mythic superstition. Let me cite a few out of the mass of these fables, contradictions, absurdities, and bloody edicts; it dates the creation 5,866 years ago: whereas we know, from geological facts, that this length of time would not fill up the smallest period in the successive epochs of creation. It says light was created the first day, and the sun on the fourth day. The Jews were represented to be a pastoral and predial people, the most fickle, unstable, and capricious, always seeking after strange gods: whereas all other history and our own observation make them just the reverse, a commercial people, the most stable, stubborn, tenacious, and pertinacious on earth: in fact, this is their predominating characteristic; the old Bible defender can't controvert or clear away this inconsistency; he can only say the

Jewish character has changed; but that will invalidate one of his main arguments in support of the Bible, for the Jews are appealed to as standing immobile monuments of its truth; but if they have been changed by the curse, the curse has proved a blessing, for it has riveted them to the one living God, instead of roving after their many idols, as in the days of Moses. In the first chapter of Genesis after He had finished the creation of the world and man, He pronounced them 'very good'; yet in the sixth chapter, He repented having made man: and St. James says, He 'is without variablensss or shadow of turning.' It pronounces a curse through all time upon the whole maternal portion of the whole human family, but science has negated this prophecy, and disarmed the cruel curse of rending racking pains and throes, and every mother should thank Drs. Morton and Jackson for chloroform. I was just about to predict, but as quickly remember, that the would-be prediction is already history, to wit, the use of this or any other anæsthetic agent for this special purpose will be denounced by the ignorant bigot as subverting God's law in this behalf, pronouncing a special curse on woman, inasmuch as she was the first who brought death into the world, and all our woe; I have already heard this denunciation.

The Christian Prof. Hitchcock says, 'The introduction of death into the world, and the specific character of that death described in Scripture as the consequence of sin, are the next points where geology touches the subject of religion; here, too, the general interpretation of Scripture is at variance with the facts of geology, which distinctly testify to the occurrence of death among animals long before the existence of man; shall geology here also be permitted to modify our exposition of the Bible?' Again: 'It is now generally agreed that geology cannot detect traces of such a deluge as the Scriptures describe,' etc.

The old dispensation, which men yet worship as the inspiration of God, inculcates cruelty, murder, treachery, and all manner of the blackest turpitude known in the calandar of crime; and all connived at, and even approved, under the direct sanction and even instruction of their God: instance the stoning to death by the Jews of their children for disobedience the massacre of the whole nation of the Midianites, with the reservation of the virgins, for violation by the bloody murderers of their kindred; the outrageous frauds and deceptions on the part of Jacob; swindling

the Egyptians, by borrowing their ornaments with the intention of stealing them. Saith Samuel the pope of Judæa, 'Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, and infant and suckling,' etc., for a wrong done by their ancestors some hundred years before. God is truth, yet in 1st Kings xxii. he is represented as employing a lying spirit to allure and lead Ahab through lies to his certain destruction; thus proving by Bible authority, that there are lying spirits, which I have no doubt is true; and that God sanctions lying, which I've no doubt is *not* true. Compare the holy Moses as lawgiver and exemplar of morality, with the pagan Solon; and the Christian Abraham with the ethnic Roman Virginius, especially in reference to their treatment of, and conception of the chastity and purity of their wives and daughters; and yet Abraham is said to be the father of the faithful. David, the great king, and sweet singer in Israel, author of the Psalms, was an adulterer, a polygamist, and a murderer: though the high moral tone of some of his latest productions deserves commendation, and indicate decided reformation. [Note if you please, throughout his writings, his constantly recurring prayer to God for vengeance, destruction, and all manner of evil, to be recompensed upon his enemies, with repeated avowals of the intense hatred he bore them.] Solomon, author of Ecclesiastes and Proverbs, was also an adulterer, sensualist, and polygamist, and his canonized song is a disgusting specimen of concupiscence, sensuality, and obscenity; and even Mary Magdalene, according to some biblical critics, was not *sans reproach;* but if such be the fact, I am satisfied she thoroughly repented and reformed, before, or when she became so devoted a disciple of the pure-minded and virtuous Jesus.

Josephus speaks of prominent and patriotic Israelites, Corah, Zimri, and others, publicly denouncing Moses as a usurper, and ambitious despot. It is also said in the Bible, that God tempted Abraham; St. James says, God tempts no man. It says Moses and the seventy elders saw God, who appeared also to Abimelech; St. John and St. Paul both say, no man hath seen God. The old Bible commands that 'there shall not be found among them one who consulteth familiar spirits,' which has been quoted against spiritualism by its orthodox opponents, in direct contradiction to the injunction in Kings just cited. And St. Paul, St. John, *et al.*,

of the New Testament, command us to 'desire spiritual gifts,' 'try the spirits,' 'quench not the spirit,' that we 'shall see the angels ascend and descend'; that 'the gods come to us in the form of man,' etc. Solomon says, 'men and beasts have one breath'; 'as one dieth, so dieth the other, — all things come alike to all; there is one event to the righteous, and to the wicked.' It also says, there is nothing new under the sun; yet it says, the rainbow is a new creation, hung out as a sign that there shall be no more flood. It says, what has been, shall be again; yet it also says, there shall never be another flood. Even Jesus is represented as saying, 'Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you nay; but rather division. I am not come to send peace, but a sword. For I come to set a man at variance against his father, daughter, son,' etc., which has proved literally and terribly too true. And then his utterances to the very contrary, which are truly worthy of inspiration. But who follows them? Who takes no thought for the morrow, what he shall eat or wear? Who, when asked for one, gives two; when smitten on one cheek, turns the other; loves his enemies; never resents an injury; loves his neighbor as himself; returns good for evil; and bears all indignities and wrongs without resentment, but with meekness, forgiveness, and charity? Not one. They, his followers, rely alone upon the unreliable myth of futile faith. And can it be for a moment believed, that a good and gracious God would poise an endless heaven and an endless hell, for his children, upon the mere fact or act of their faith?

Faith, and all her credulous children, have, for a long time, been preaching up a doctrine that there are two other countries with certain fruits, away off in the dim distance of hereafter. One of said places is on the other side of Jordan, through whose boisterous waters, they say, we have to pass, in order to reach it; the home of Abraham and Sarai. The other country, some say, is across the river Styx, the regions of Pluto and Proserpine. Both these places bear peculiar fruits. True, no one of them has ever seen these places, or tasted their fruits, but then, quoth they, it is all just so, because it is so. And of all their millions that have passed that way, not one has ever returned and reported. The said children of earth adopt certain manners; and they vary much in the manner of these manners, the main one of which is faith, faith, that is, to believe it all, and nothing else. And what

do they believe? They believe what the Church believes; and what does the Church believe? It believes what they believe; and what do they and the Church together believe? They both believe the same thing! Some say, that in order to escape this terrible Styx, and reach the blessed banks that loom up on the other side of Jordan, you must take water (immersion); others, that you must go through rain (sprinkling); some, again, that you can't go at all by yourself, but must be perched on the back of a priest; that he alone can put us through safe; and still others, that your heart has to be radically changed by a special fiat of the reigning Jehovah, from his distant throne on the apex of the universe. There is also another class, who preach that some, and far the greater number, will land across Styx in utter darkness, in spite of faith or anything else; that the Creator has so decreed it before the first block was laid for the temple of creation; and that a select few will be, by the same decree, safely landed across Jordan, in spite of will or wish, why or wherefore.

In short, some preach universal salvation, but practise nothing to prove it; while others preach almost as universal damnation, and prove their preaching by their practice.

Now it came to pass, at this conjuncture, that Truth lent her light, and science was enabled to lead a straight track to this great unknown hereafter, and prove positively, by those laws and workings of nature's Creator, which she had already known, that it is not dim and distant, but bright and near at hand; not mysterious and inexplicable, but natural and philosophical; that it is not a myth, but a truth; that there is no sulphurous Styx, nor lutarious Jordan, to ingulf forever the majority of mortals; that there are not different and diverse roads, nor cold creeds, nor hot hells, nor formal faiths of human dogmas; but one natural, straight, clear, unchanging track, through which all earth's children easily pass into its portals; and to crown it all, the rationale of the whole trip is explained and proven on the known principles of immutable philosophy.

But if Jesus intended those pure precepts already enumerated to be practised by his followers alone, — and without extra pretension as a philologist, by every principle of hermeneutics, we are so to understand them, — what would be the result to them individually and collectively? Immediate ruin manifestly to

every one, and all of them. On the other hand, if he intended them for the whole human family, and they should be thus universally practised, they then become in theory a splendid system of ethics, worthy of their illustrious author.

Jesus also says to Peter, 'Thou art the rock on which I build my church'; and after a few minutes again, 'Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offence to me.' The old Roman law, if I recollect rightly, required two witnesses to substantiate the allegations of a party; Jesus, alluding to this, offers himself as one of the two witnesses to prove his own affirmations. Does this not indicate weakness, or at least human fallibility? It frequently inculcates, and it is the general interpretation of both Jew and Christian, with some modern exceptions, that future punishment is everlasting, yet we find the contrary taught in Isa. lvii. 16; Rom. viii. 21; 1st Cor. xv. 22; Phil. ii. 9; Col. i. 20; 1st Tim. ii. 1; Rev. xxi. And the Christ himself says, 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men after me'; and the same Christ says in Matt. xxv., 'The wicked shall go into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal.' But in Jude the word 'everlasting' is used to last only until the judgment, the great assize. John the Baptist proclaimed the Messiah immediately on his advent; yet when in prison, near the end of his career, he sent two of his disciples to ask Jesus and ascertain if he was the Messiah. Jesus says, 'He that is not against us is for us,' and 'he that is not with me is against me.' And again in Matthew x. 6, Jesus commands his apostles to 'go not into the way of the Gentiles, nor the Samaritans,' etc.; and in Matthew xxvii. 19, he tells them to 'go into all nations,' etc. How can the atrabiliary devotee of incarnated Deity, God, manifest in the flesh, as they call it, reconcile these flat contradictions? How could Jesus be of the lineage of David, when Joseph, said to be of this line, is represented not to be his father, though the husband of his mother, who was also not of this house? As a specimen of the loose and unreliable relations of the gospel writers, and their many discrepancies and incongruities, the locality of the denunciations against the Pharisees and Saducees is given in Galilee, when they would be appropriate alone to Jerusalem, as these sects flourished there instead of Galilee. And so on throughout this great chapter of biblical religion, which men venerate and worship as the direct inspiration and miraculous dictation of the great

God in person, as the infallible and immaculate oracles of our heavenly Father. In charity, however, if not justice, it is my duty to state, that many of those who pretend to preach and expound this thaumaturgical book, have never read, much less studied it through entire; and a large majority of those who believe and follow will confess that they have never read it through and of course never pretended to study it. This is in extenuation of their erring judgment, not of their presumption.

Among the many theories invented to crush out this sublime science by which every man can learn and see for himself the positive demonstration of his own immortality with all his loved, independent of hierophantic officiation, was first, that it was produced — I mean the physical manifestations — by the snapping of the knee and toe joints. This was ridiculous. Then next came the theory that it was all produced by the brain centres and nerve centres of minds in the body. This was more philosophical; but they were both soon abandoned. Next arose the 'pine-table' epoch, originating in the Puritanical, fanatical, hypocritical, for they are all inseparable if not synonymous, 'New York Tribune' and its kindred sheets; but the 'pine table' did more than was contracted for; it proved too much: it turned to talking. It was dropped as a child drops a hot iron, instanter, and without being told. The Rev. Mahon then entered the ring, but he was soon ruled out as doing the opposition mischief, for he acknowledged the facts, but failed to explain them. The learned Farraday spoke from across the water, and pronounced it the 'involuntary contraction and motion of the muscles of the medium'; weak indeed for a savan, but his theory, too, soon expired. Anon appeared the great Bovee Dods, with his psychological theory, the 'front brain, back brain,' etc., — the only rational theory yet presented. Indeed it is through the principles of psychology that spirit intercourse is effected, the excarnated being one party and the incarnated the other, instead of both parties being incarnated; and it requires discrimination to know when the manifestations are really from the excarnated spirits instead of being a mere reflection of, or reflected image or idea existing in some other mind present in the flesh. I now refer to the higher mental manifestations, not the physical. But Dods himself has surrendered his theory and embraced spiritual agency; for he has witnessed a number of communications that precluded any and

every other hypothesis, and established, in his opinion, excarnated spirit intercourse.

It is remarkable how rapidly all these various theories in opposition to spirit agency have disappeared; and how, soon as one theory was advanced, the manifestations immediately ceased in that way and assumed another form ; and so throughout, as fast as new theories were devised for their explanation, so fast they assumed new phases, as if to refute them.

It is now styled, I believe, by its opposers, an inexplicable intellectual epidemic ; being inexplicable to them, it must be incredible to all. Now, to the followers of the Bible, of whatever name or creed, I will prove in few words, and by the Bible itself, that modern Spiritualism is true. The wise man of the Bible in Ecclesiastes, the Preacher, says, 'What has been is what shall be; what has been done shall be done again.' But many and divers manifestations of angels, disembodied spirits of men, have been made to men in the flesh through all the ages according to Bible record ; therefore these manifestations must be made again, and modern Spiritualism is true *or the Bible is false.* This is conclusive, for it is evident the rule was intended as general for all time, and not restricted to the apostolic or any other age. Again, its disciples say I must take the Bible and believe it all as I find it, and not believe a part only, else I am no believer of the Bible. I contend that I may be a believer, and yet reject those portions which are evidently false, as the dogmatic creeds.

Now, I ask them if they believe Joshua really stopped the sun or the world; they answer no. Hence, by their own rule, they are not Bible believers: but by my rule I am a believer in its cardinal truths founded in philosophy.

To my Christian friends of liberal hearts and open minds, I would say that the evidence in favor of this religion of philosophy is evidently more powerful and conclusive in character, kind, and amount than that in favor of the religion of faith. In character, because of its direct living witnesses of the most intelligent and estimable men, instead of deceased, hearsay, traditional testimony of ignorant men; in kind, because of the scientific facts, instead of the old mythic fables of miracles against known laws of nature ; and in amount, because of the living millions among us and everywhere, all attesting of their personal knowledge of the *res gestæ* to the same thing. You believe twelve men or twelve hun-

dred men if you please, and ignorant men, too, eighteen hundred years ago, whose testimony is contrary to all our experience and to nature's eternal laws; but you would disbelieve twelve thousand men now living, and enlightened men too, whose testimony is in accordance with known laws of nature, and well understood in modern science. You say those twelve apostles of the old religion had no motive to mislead, but only incurred obloquy by their course. Now I ask what motive have these twelve thousand living apostles of the new philosophy, and don't you heap equal obloquy and opprobrium upon them? Answer this to your own conscience. Is this intelligence, or is it common honesty? You thus strain at the gnat of philosophy, and swallow the camel of faith. Every principle of evidence and rule of judicial practice, Greenleaf to the contrary, notwithstanding, would, if strictly applied, invalidate popular theology and establish spiritual philosophy. It is not the amount of human testimony we rely upon in favor of this philosophy, nor should you, my Christian friends, thus rely; for we are both greatly overpowered by the heathen and Mohammedan in numbers, and fully equalled if not excelled in devotion; it is the irrefragable demonstrative evidence, independent of human feelings, human fears, or human numbers, immutable and immaculate. The character of this evidence is a stranger to all other religions, and makes this the religion of philosophy."

Says Rev. Charles Beecher, — a very different man from Henry Ward, — in his official report on the new spiritual revelations: —

"Whenever odyllic conditions are right, spirits can no more be repressed from communicating, than water from jetting through the crevices of a dike.

"Whatever physiological law accounts for odyllic phenomena in all ages will in the end inevitably carry itself through the Bible. Its prophecies, ecstasies, visions, trances, theophanies, angelophanies, physiology, and anthropology are highly odyllic, and must be studied as such. As such it will be found to harmonize with the general principles of human experience in such matters in all ages. If a theory be adopted everywhere else but in the Bible, excluding spiritual intervention by odyllic channels in toto, and accounting for everything physically, then will the covers of the Bible prove but pasteboard barriers. Such a theory

will sweep its way through the Bible and its authority ; its plenary inspirations will be annihilated."

In the language of another : —

"Is it likely that one who has seen doors open and shut, heavy substances move about, and a human body upborne and without mortal contrivance or effort, will believe less that Christ walked on the water; that an angel rolled away a great stone from the sepulchre; or that Peter was released from prison by a spirit? Because one has seen lights and appearances of flame, caused as he verily believes by spirits, will he have less faith that the angel of God manifested himself to Moses in a burning bush, or that tongues of fire sat on the apostles at the great spiritual manifestation of Pentecost? Shall one hear all manner of sounds, caused by spiritual agency, even to a thundering roar, which shakes the whole house, and therefore grow more sceptical about the thunders of Sinai, or the 'great noise as of a mighty rushing wind,' and shaking of the house where the apostles prayed? Shall one be convinced that spirits actually write on paper, wood, and stone, with pencil, pen, etc., with their own visible hands, and therefore have less faith that a mighty angelic spirit inscribed the Decalogue on tables of stone, and reached them forth out of a thick cloud to Moses? or grow more sceptical at the reality of the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast? Will men who are sure they have conversed with the spirits of departed friends for hours, therefore doubt whether Moses and Elias conversed with Jesus on the mount? Anti-Bible scepticism does not thrive on such nourishment, neither does irreligion or immorality gain strength by the moral and reformatory communications made in connection with these manifestations."

"But, quoth the fossiliferous remains of the ox-cart ages, Newton, Washington, our fathers, all believed (we might here suggest that they *now* believe in spirit communion, and have given the world unmistakable evidence of the same), hence we, too, ought to believe and follow them, as they followed their fathers, back to Jacob, Isaac, and Noah. This proves too much, if it proves anything. We ought now to be wearing sandals instead of shoes, buskins instead of boots, fig-leaves and bear-skins instead of silk dresses and broadcloth; should live in rustic idyllic tents, instead of marble modish residences, to practise the primitive art of castrametation, instead of the elegant arts of palatial refinement;

should cultivate the soil and carry on commerce with the ox, instead of steam, viewing this last scientific innovation as a Satanic device to subvert the providence of God; should offer sacrifices of he-goats and bullocks, to appease the Deity, who might be wrathy with us; should say our prayers to priests and worship images of the Virgin Mary, who *lived a mother and died a virgin* (?). But we have deviated and departed from the path of our fathers in everything, even the most sacred symbols and religious rites: for instance, before those great iconoclastic innovators, Luther and Calvin, the bread and wine of the eucharist was viewed as the veritable body and blood of Christ; now they are viewed by Protestants as merely typical, and the old, sacred transubstantiation is utterly rejected, just as all the old, sacred superstitions will ultimately be rejected by future Protestants, under the light of progressive science. And if your old Revelation is from the omniscient God, as it professes and you believe, why should it, how can it, have the least inconsistency, to say nothing of contradiction and absurdity? Evidently impossible. I tell you, my Christian friends, the Bible and Spiritualism must stand or fall together; rather, Spiritualism may stand, *can* stand, WILL stand, independent of the Bible; but the Bible cannot stand amid the bright blaze of modern science, without the support of Spiritualism."

We will now discourse a little upon religious sects, doctrines, and creeds, quoting mostly from Rembert.

'This principle we call 'religion' was originally and properly called philosophy, — literally, love of wisdom, now reason, rationale of phenomena, — at a time when it was thought to be a true philosophy; but after it was found to have no philosophy (appropriately if not intentionally), the word 'religion' was adopted, and certainly with great propriety, as far, at least, as the significance of the word.

The ancient priests of Egypt, from whom letters and civilization have sprung, were men of philosophy, and entirely different from the order now designated as priests. The colleges of Thebes, Heliopolis, and Memphis were the headquarters of professional and scientific men, and have no sort of similitude, or even resemblance to our modern ecclesiastical institutions. It was from these colleges the Greek schools derived their science. Pythagoras had lived at Thebes, Plato at Heliopolis, and Thales and Democratus at Memphis. Thus we have given the prevailing opin-

ions and cherished hopes of mankind, in every variety, and without regard to chronological order, extending over a period of 5865 years (including the Mosaic record), comprising billions of men, down to the present auspicious time.

But to this general and popular sentiment of the human family, which we trace through all the ages, there are many and powerful exceptions. Nationally the Huns, a numerous and warlike nation, who, under Attila and Alaric, overran Southern Europe, according to some historians, rejected all religions, possessing and professing none. Individually, Julius Cæsar, as an orator and a writer, statesman and warrior, one of the most famous of mankind, in a celebrated oration in the Roman Senate, on the punishment of Lentulus and other Catalinian conspirators, advocated incarceration for life, on the ground that death is no punishment, but rather a cessation from toil and sorrow, as well as of joy. Napoleon Bonaparte, equally renowned in both civil and military annals, was so heartily disgusted with the simulations of the clergy, and the hypocrisy of all religions, that he believed none. On his narrow escape from the inflowing tide of the Red Sea, on the spot where Pharaoh perished, he exclaimed, 'If I had perished here like Pharaoh, what a text it would have furnished the preachers of all christendom.' He never uttered a greater truth. It would have been seized upon and heralded from the pulpit as a grand providential specialty visited upon him for his manifold transgressions, and iniquities, and ungodliness, and special presumptuousness, for getting himself out safe from the same sea whose enraged waters had overwhelmed Pharaoh and his heathen host, by the special mandate of the Almighty. I sometimes more than half agree with Napoleon and Cæsar, to the extent, at least, that a large portion of the human family are not worthy of another and higher life, and, indeed, do not desire it. And Publius, Pausanius, Simonides, Hobbes, Hume, Gibbon, Bolingbroke, Lord Chatham, Byron, Burke, Voltaire, Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, and others of great intellect, were infidels, or sceptics, but whether on the divine origin or of the Talmud, or Taugum, or Bible, or Koran, or Veda, or Edda, or Sastra, or Geeta, or on the immortality of the soul, I do not know, not having studied, nor even read them. Indeed, I never read an infidel author in my life, my information on this subject being derived from religious and miscellaneous reading of late scientific works. And in the

living age, I am personally acquainted with at least one master mind, a distinguished gentleman who has studied both physical and psychical science, particularly as involved in medicine, chemistry, and physiology, who has no idea and no hope of another life beyond the scenes of this fitful, fevered drama, regarding man as only a high order of animal, with the highest cerebral development. In the liberal laws of this enlightened commonwealth of Texas, — and there is more intelligence among the masses than in any other State, — a man's religion is not the test of eligibility to office, oath, or emolument; and if it were, this gentleman would scorn concealment under the cloak of hypocrisy. He charges me with superstition. According to Webster and Worcester, superstition means false religion, weak credulity. I have shown that mankind in all ages, the most literate and illiterate, have believed in a future life and spiritual or angelic intercourse of excarnated with incarnated men, amounting to an almost universal instinct. Now, this belief must be founded in actual fact, or the result of instinct. If the former, the fact is established; if the latter, we must believe it will be realized hereafter as a glorious truth, for all instincts of all animals are gratified, or have the means of gratification. Thus man's superstition furnishes an argument for future life. With the sceptic it is at least consistent to entertain these views of Spiritualism and all the religious isms; but with the religionists of any class to reject Spiritualism or super-mundane manifestations of excarnated man in the form of angels, when all their religions and Bibles are predicated upon this principle, and the Christian pre-eminently so, as it contains nearly two hundred such passages or references, it proves them, to use the mildest term, to be either ignorant or insincere. It may be urged that my peculiar temperament or constitution of mind causes my incredulity of the fashionable orthodoxy. If so, I may reply that the constitution of the believer's mind is the cause of his credulity. Again, it may be said, my mental peculiarity is the cause of my admiring and embracing the spiritual philosophy, to which I might retort, the mental peculiarity of others prevents them from appreciating and embracing this philosophy; that they and mankind generally are so constituted or educated as to turn from new lights, and reject improvements as innovations, — creatures of education, who cannot sunder the shackles of early instillations. There are few, indeed, who can do

this. Around men's hearts is a mail of prejudice and partiality, of religion and bigotry, that grows with their growth, which is as impervious to light as, and which they are generally no more able to break than, the tortoise can break its shell.

Viewing this phase of human nature, how can we wonder at the discordant and contradictory revelations or statements from spirits, who have perhaps just entered the spheres, and have made little progress in wisdom, love, and truth? This alone is enough to explain all our discrepancies; and the fallibility of the communicator, the imperfection of the media, and the liability to other impressions pre-existing of the recipient, fully explicate all mysterious discordances; and this is philosophy. But you reject fact, explanation, philosophy, everything but faith. Faith, my friends, cannot bring bread for the body, nor salvation for the soul. The word 'faith,' however, has no well-defined meaning: according to its common acceptation by strict orthodoxy, it is a mere myth of superstition and ignorance: but if it means intense energy and inexorable resolution, with unswerving confidence in them, it then becomes at once a truth and a philosophy. The answer of the Baptist preacher to the question, 'Are you not afraid your proselytes will take cold, immersing them in midwinter?' 'No danger of their catching cold if they've got faith enough'; has a truth which he knew and a philosophy which he knew not. It is well known to scientific physicians, that this is a potent principle in the human mind, to keep off and cure disease. This determined WILL can take a man unscathed through a pestilence. There is no more truthful and philosophical saying than 'where there's a will there's a way.' By nature's grand laws, everything accomplishes its purpose, and this positive, well-defined, intelligent, earnest, aspiring, devout *will* will accomplish its purpose. It is well said by Emerson, 'The *will*, that is the man.' So much and no more of faith and will.

As for the story of the miraculous cross appearing in the heavens over Constantine's head, as a sign by which he was to conquer, it was manufactured, I opine, specially for Constantine and his favorites, and probably by the very priest who undertook to procure pardon and special condonation for his crimes; Constantine himself, it is said, became a convert to Christianity because a Pagan refused to absolve him from the guilt of murdering his own son (I think), declaring it impossible to procure expiation for so

heinous a crime: but a Christian priest readily agreed to do it for him with certainty, celerity, and facility.

This expiation, however, may not be so incredible, if we believe the able and eminent divine, Dr. Olin, who said, 'There was virtue enough in the blood of Christ to cleanse the foulest spot in hell.' Did the good doctor bethink himself how well he was vindicating the Universalists? or as the Methodists, among whom Olin was a high and honored dignitary, delight to call 'hell redemptionists'! And yet, *per contra*, another prelate with whom he affiliated declared the 'doctrine of universal salvation was repulsive to his moral feelings.' Gracious God! what a moral feeling for even the breast of a believer, ay, for the lowest order of brute!

In *euphemistic* (?) parlance, 'plain as preaching' now means, clear as mud; and 'true as gospel,' the burlesque on veracity. Hence the rapid growth of modern scepticism and materialism. If I speak fearlessly and severely, I speak honestly and truly.

The Catholic Church acknowledges the verity of spirit communications, but ascribes them to the Devil or diabolical agency. (The Lord send us more of these devils, with their pure perceptions and lights of immortality!) *E contrario*, the Abbot Almignana, Doctor of the Canon Law, etc., writes: 'Having witnessed some extraordinary phenomena, and desiring to assure myself as to the presence of a diabolical agency in these manifestations, as I had been persuaded to believe, profiting by the opportunity offered by some mediums magnetized by others and not by myself, I was induced to pray, to invoke the sacred names of God and Jesus, to make the sign of the cross on the subjects, and went so far as to sprinkle them with holy water, with the design of driving out the Devil should he have taken possession of them.' [You must remember, according to the Catholic ritual, *sublata causa tollitur effectus*, remove the cause and the effect ceases; the names of Jesus, holy water, etc., will drive off the evil one.] 'However, as not one of these mediums lost in my presence the smallest part of their power, I was led to infer that the Devil had nothing to do with the phenomena.' In another instance he says, 'The medium, instead of repelling the cross, as he expected, seized it, and, smiling, pressed it to his lips in the most affectionate manner,' etc. Again, the eloquent prelate, Lacordaire, proclaims from the pulpit in the church of Notre Dame, of Paris, that 'this phenomenon belonged to the order of prophecy, and

that it was a provision of the divinity to humble the pride of materialism.'

Thus you see the enlightened and honest of the preachers and priests investigate and attest the truth of these new scientific revelations. But to the captious, cavilous clergy, of whatever creed, one clinching, comprehensive question: Do the facts and philosophy claimed for Spiritualism tend to confirm and substantiate the similar facts and revelations of Brahma in the Rig Vedas, Buddha in the Bedagat, Zoroaster in the Zend-Avesta, of Isaiah in the Hebrew Talmud, of Mahomet in the Koran, of John in the New Testament, and all the past revelations of excarnated to incarnated man, attesting human immortality? Or do they tend to render them all incredible and impossible? Plead to the issue and give a sensible, honest answer, if you can. And while, in the plenitude of your piety, you roll up the whites of your eyes in holy horror of my 'blasphemy' for not believing Christ to be *the* God of creation, and for my honesty and independence in avowing it, I warn you to take care that you do not commit the 'unpardonable sin' in denying the holy spiritual agency of my philosophy, and which Christ claimed and proclaimed. This is sacred soil, hallowed ground: tread lightly, softly."

We will now devote a little space to the recital of dreams, visions, premonitions, etc., showing that they are not confined to scriptural writings, but have been given to mortals in all times and ages, yea, are still given.

Pilate's wife had a premonition in respect to Christ's crucifixion, and warned him to beware, which he in some measure regarded, to the extent at least of "washing his hands of the affair," in his own words.

Dr. Franklin informed Cabanis, that he frequently had "unfolded to him in his dreams the bearings and issues of political events which had puzzled him when awake." Condorcet had presented to him in his visions the conclusions of the most abstruse calculations, which he could not arrive at when awake. Lord Bacon, in France, was warned in a dream of his father's death in England, which proved true to the moment. A distinguished lawyer of Edinburgh, "who had been consulted in a difficult case of great importance, and had been studying it with intense anxiety and attention, was observed by his wife, after

several days had been occupied in this manner, to rise from his bed in the night and go to a writing-desk which stood in the bedroom. He then sat down and wrote a long paper, which he put carefully by in the desk, and returned to bed. The following morning he told his wife that he had a most interesting dream; that he had dreamed of delivering a clear and luminous opinion respecting a case which had exceedingly perplexed him: and that he would give anything to recover the train of thought which had passed before him in his dream. She then directed him to the writing-desk, where he found the opinion clearly and fully written out, and which was afterwards found to be perfectly correct."

Josephus records: "Galphira, the daughter of King Archelaus, after the death of her first two husbands (being married to a third, who was a brother of her first husband), had a very odd kind of a dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband come toward her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the great pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: 'Galphira, thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How could thou so far forget our loves as to enter into other marriages, nay, to marry my own brother? However, for the sake of our past loves, I will free thee from thy present reproach and make thee mine forever!' Galphira told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after."

Abercrombie, after giving many instances of dreams, visions, etc., from Sir Walter Scott, and other contemporaneous literati, the most of which he explains very plausibly on principles of philosophy, records the following, which he acknowledges cannot be explained, and the truth of which he vouches for: —

"Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat, severe and protracted, but not considered as attended with danger. At the same time one of them had borrowed a watch from a female friend, in consequence of her own being under repair. This watch was one to which particular value was attached, on account

of some family associations, and some anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation, and having roused the other, told her she had had a frightful dream. 'I dreamed,' said she, 'that Mary's watch stopped ; and that when I told you of the circumstance, you replied, Much worse than that has happened, for ——'s breath has stopped also,' — naming their brother who was ill. To quiet her agitation, the younger sister immediately got up, and found the brother sleeping quietly, and the watch, which had been carefully put by in a drawer, going correctly. The following night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner ; the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family had breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in the adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, she was proceeding to take out for this purpose the watch alluded to, which had been put by in her writing-desk, she was astonished to find it stopped. At the same instant she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the other room. Their brother, who had still been considered as going on favorably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last."

"Cornelius Agrippa," says D'Israeli, "before he wrote his 'Varieties of the Arts and Sciences,' intended to reduce into a system and method the secret of communication with spirits and demons. On good authority, that of Porphyrius, Plessus, Plontinus, Jamblichus, and better were it necessary to allege it, he was well assured that the upper regions of the air swarmed with what the Greeks called demons, just as our lower atmosphere is full of birds, and waters of fish, and our earth of insects."

"Cæsar's wife, Calpurnia, who lived above suspicion, had a premonition of Cæsar's fate, and exerted herself to dissuade him from going to the Senate that fatal day. He attended, however, and on being attacked fought courageously all the conspirators until he saw the blade of his friend Brutus glitter against him,

when his proud heart failed, and covering his face in his mantle, with the exclamation, 'And thou, too, Brutus!' the bloody despot yielded his body a victim to foul conspiracy, and fell at the feet of Pompey's statue. But after this, it is recorded by Plutarch, his spirit appeared twice to Brutus, and spoke to him, promising to 'meet him at Philippi, sword in hand.' And sure enough, Brutus there expiated his crime on his own sword."

"Lord Byron was 'superstitious'; he believed in the ill luck of Friday, and was seriously disconcerted if anything was to be done on that frightful day of the week. Yet he sometimes laughed at the idea of ghosts. Not long after the death of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott was engaged in his study, during the darkening twilight of an autumnal evening, in reading a sketch of Byron's form and habits, his manners and opinions. On a sudden he saw, as he laid down his book and passed into his hall, the *eidolon* of his departed friend before him."

"Lord Chadworth was an infidel and unbeliever in immortality. One morning at breakfast he exclaimed, 'I had a strange visitor last night: my old friend B—— came to me.' 'How,' asked his niece, 'did he come after I retired?' 'His spirit did,' said Lord Chadworth, solemnly. 'O, my dear uncle, how could the spirit of a living man appear?' said the niece, smiling. 'He is dead beyond doubt,' replied his lordship. 'Listen, and then laugh as much as you please. I had not entered my bedroom many minutes when he stood before me. Like you, I could not believe but that I was looking on the living man, and so accosted him; but he, the spirit, answered, Chadworth, I died this night at eight o'clock. I came to tell you there is another world beyond the grave; there is a righteous God that judgeth all.' 'Depend upon it, uncle, it was only a dream.' But while Miss Wright was yet speaking, a groom on horseback rode up the avenue, and immediately delivered a letter to Lord Chadworth announcing the sudden death of his friend. The effect on the mind of Lord Chadworth was as happy as it was permanent; all his doubts were at once and forever removed."

"Cardinal Wolsey, and Fletcher the Divine, had presentiments of their death. Lord Lyttleton, famous in law, was approached

by the deceased mother of a young lady whom he had injured, and who tauntingly told him the very day and hour of his death, which literally occurred. And he, in turn, appeared immediately after his death to his friend Andrews."

"Jeanne Darc, commonly called Joan of Arc, at thirteen years of age, had visions, and was informed of her mission for the deliverance of France, which was fully and literally accomplished, according to the spiritual presages of her early life; and when she appeared at the head of the troops, her beautiful hair hanging in ringlets over her shoulders and streaming in the wind, her eyes flashing the radiance of a high inspiration, and her face beaming with the benignity of her heavenly mission, she seemed an incarnated angel on earth, and popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. Subsequently she was tried and condemned on the charge of sorcery, by the ecclesiastical party under the bishop of Beauvais. Bound in iron chains and condemned to death, this fair girl and heavenly heroine baffled the crowd of subtle theologians, who had constituted themselves the cruel inquisition with prepared questions to entrap her. She declared her mission was from God, communicated by celestial agents, who appeared richly clothed, and always accompanied with a brilliant light. To the question how they could speak, being pure spirits without members, she answered she knew not; she only knew their voices were sweet, their language beautiful, and their counsel holy. It was again objected that they were appearances without reality. 'Whether they be apparent or real, I have proved them, and I would rather lose my head than deny their being.' After fulfilling all her preternatural inspirations and aspirations, from her thirteenth year of age, this virgin martyr of French liberty and angelic development of heavenly truth was in her twenty-first year burnt alive by the Church."

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth, both day and night, when we sleep and when we wake," said Milton. The pious Thomas Peyton, commemorating the translation of Enoch, in his "Glasse of Time," published in 1620, thus discourseth: —

"The angels bright, and all the powers divine,
Winged with fame to mount the highest heavens,
Descending sweetly on the lonely breast," etc.

"Imagination, that strongest, most imperious of our faculties, whose soarings from earth to heaven may be reckoned among the indications of power beyond the grave, delights in the bold, the commanding, the superb; what are these but the infant attributes of the disembodied spirits, the imperfect developments of a state of being, to which time and space are nothing, when man, shaking off the covering of the grave, shall be clothed with the might of angels, the splendid denizen of infinitude and eternity"? wrote the eloquent George Croly.

Says Addison: "At the same time, I think a person who is terrified by the imagination of ghosts and spectres, much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the report of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could I not give myself up to the testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I may here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity, have favored this opinion."

Johnson writes: "That the dead are no more seen," said Imiac, "I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those who never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible; that it is doubted by simple cavilers, can very little weaken the general evidence: and some who deny it by their tongues, confess it by their fears."

We will here insert a piece compiled by us some little time ago, entitled "Spirit Communings," after which we shall give some explanations regarding the philosophy of spiritual intercourse, as understood by some of our most able, enlightened, and scientific minds.

"For 't is better that souls should upward tend,
And strive for the victor's crown,
Than to ask the angels their help to lend,
And come to man's weakness down."

My dear friends, I know not how to begin,
Or how this subject to place in order
To make it seem unto you plain, as it
So much doth embrace. I firstly would say:
In coming back here our mission should be,
To give to you who dwell upon this earthly
Sphere such truths as you can receive and feel
That they come from a higher source and are
Intended to raise your aspirations
To a nobler course of life, also to
Enforce alike on your minds a view of
The future condition which doth every
Soul or spirit await when they pass river
Jordan. Our time we do freely, willingly
Give to those who do appreciate the gift,
Whose hearts are ready to receive a sure
Proof of our advanced state; not that we claim
A reward of merit, or feel that we
Are better than they. We all more or less
Inherit some sweet mixed with the bitter,
Much bitter with the sweet. If we were no
Wiser than when we came to our spirit
Home above, — a century and more agone, —
Our aim would be *ourselves* to improve, ere
We came back to earth; unless perchance to
Give our friends a token of kind remembrance,
Which same might enhance their joy; for
Our recognition of dear ones below
Satisfaction gives to them, we know; and
This is why undeveloped spirits often
Strive to prove their own indentity, and
Demonstrate unto their friends the fact that

Disembodied spirits possess the power
To come back and graciously enact a
"Brother's part." Some inherit a great degree
Of spiritual force or mediumistic
Power, and by it are enabled to at
Once or immediately after dissolution
Strong proof or evidence give of their ability
To return at will to the friends and scenes
Of earth. There 's one thing more which is requisite
Still for their aid: it is, forsooth, the chords
Of affection tender and true, which bind
Them to their dear ones below; attraction
Alone can sympathy draw from those gone
Before. Your tones should then be gentle and
Kind, to secure the same in return from
Them. If they have but just reached the farther
Shore, they have not, of course, become much changed
In their manners or mode of life; as the
Law of progression holds good in all spheres.
'T is by toil through strife we perform our life
Mission, and rise by degrees to a higher
State of being; our condition, there as
Here or anywhere, depends not on *fate*,
But on our *own exertion;* nor does it
Depend — as some have been tanght and do now
Falsely believe — on the blood of the Saviour:
That is naught, unless, like him, you do live,
At least, so far as you may be able.
His death, notwithstanding, was essential
In carrying out the plan so noble.
Rendering good for evil has never
Been truly accomplished on earth by other
Than he; never have we, before or since
The Saviour's birth, had occasion to render
Such heartfelt praise to the all-wise Giver
As then; for his *life* hath taught and teaches
Still, if we live ever near to our God,

As we ought, no powers of earth, of heaven, or
Hell, can harm our spirits pure. Pain and death
Your bodies may endure: there have been in
All ages martyrs among the advocates
Of God's truth.

As I have before said, your
Friends may possess the requisite power to
Draw very near, and also your mind and
Heart to impress, if they saw it would be
To you a satisfaction; if they, on
The contrary, were led to suppose their
Recognition of you would bring inharmony,
Or would enfeeble the cause so noble,
On account of *your unbelief*, they surely
Would not, if ever so able, render
To you, or to a chief (if wise), one single
Iota of the truth divine so sacred
And pure to them. It would be like casting
"Pearls before swine," and would this truth condemn.
I have also said, attraction alone
Can sympathy draw; 't is true, and for this
Reason it dependeth on you, solely,
Whether or not spirits come at your call.
If your *lips* say yes, while no says your *heart*,
'T were better by far that you had kept still;
Your lips and your heart must surely agree,
Else you will no satisfaction receive.
Your spirit must harmonize with that of
Your friend, or he cannot you give truthful
Statements or replies; not such, I mean, as
You from your standpoint will acknowledge
True. There must be, on your part, a pure intent,
An earnest desire to know "if these things
Be true"; there must also be a mutual
Attachment: unanimity of thought
And feeling between you will further the
Advancement of both. These, friends, are the true

Conditions required by advanced spirits
To hold sweet communion with embodied
Ones, and give to each the merits of which
They are deserving, be they few or be
They many. And here we take the liberty
To say: a soul which doth *thus* inquire shall
Want no good thing. *It shall be satisfied,*
Trusting in the Lord always; and "He shall
Give his angels charge over thee, to keep
Thee in all thy ways." "Thine age shall be dearer
Than the noonday: thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt
Be as the morning." Friends beloved, turn
Not away; these teachings are pure and true.
Ask ye, "What knowest thou that we know not?"
Lo, mine eye hath seen all this; mine ear hath
Heard and understood it; yea, much *more* than
This: for, "in thoughts from the visions of the
Night, when deep sleep falleth on man, a spirit
Passed before my face"; my sight failed not; mine
Eyes did discern the face and form of one
In earth life dear, and lo, a voice sweetly
Said, "Even the night shall be light about
Thee; it is I, be not afraid." I said,
"Is there any secret thing with thee, aught
Which I for thee can do? Such knowledge is
Too wonderful for me." The angel voice
Did reply, "I will show thee, hear me; and
That which I have seen I will declare." No
Sound disturbed the silence then, as
He, in tones so sweet, low, and clear, gave me
To know the beauties of his home. He said
That here we only could have a faint conception
Of the same, or of the joy so heavenly,
Which did await the pure in heart. Could we
But realize in earth life as there, how
Much of joy we oft forego by failing
To avoid strife, we should at once seek peace

And ensue it, endeavor to follow
Him who discovereth deep things out of
The darkness, and giveth light unto them
That sit in darkness. The blind shall there see.
Methinks I hear some loved ones say, "Show us
The way." Ask the fowls of the air, and they
Shall tell thee; or speak to the earth, and it
Shall teach thee. By the earth we mean the people
Who do inhabit the same. Speak thou to
Them and ask the most noble if so it
Hath been with theirs and them; if they have not
Found that where was deceit on the part of
Their neighbor, no communion between them
Was complete, however much they might labor
And strive to do well their part; *unity*
Alone could produce true effects. There exists
The same rule of equity in the chain
Which connects spirits disembodied with
Those of earth. If the magnet be strongest
Which attracts them below, they will, forsooth,
Hover near to their dearest; and if their
Dearest are higher than they in spiritual
Knowledge, the *earth ones* will be the teachers
Most true. As a man in his dotage oft
Seems to know less than when in his prime, just
So will he enter the heavenly sphere. We
Were born to this life precisely the same
As are your little ones there, although cause
And effect we can more plainly discern;
The earth child is by nature (as you term
It, my views differ therefrom) endowed with
Its peculiar attributes; its being
Possesses at birth the seed which shall germinate
And shall accordingly bring forth fruit after
Its kind. Excuse me, friends, if I here do
Suggest some thoughts concerning this "seed." There
Doubtless are those whose minds are impressed

Correctly. Of late, indeed, the subject
Has been discussed most freely, and many
Have written thereon. It is not my purpose
To here fully demonstrate this truth; as
Understood by us who have watched for a
Century of years the "sowing time and
Harvest." If we should so tell as the same
Appears unto us in full earnest, there
Would be many who in like earnest would
Say, "Ye are forgers of lies"; we therefore
Deem it best and wisest you to instruct
By degrees. So now we will ask what ye
Yourselves understand regarding your offspring:
Who is the sower, and who wields the power?
We can you evidence bring that on the
Side *paternal* the sower doth stand, and
What of the *power?* It *hath stood* side by side
With the sower; does now in grades lower —
We had almost said than the brute degree.
Does this, then, demoralize man? Yea, "ask
Now the beasts and *they shall tell thee.*" What beast
Is higher than *woman?* Or "speak to the
Earth and *it* shall teach thee." Is the soil
Ever ready in summer and winter the same,
Think ye? Requires it no industry to
Culture, enrich, and for use prepare? Allow
Ye no time for these? If not, ye do greatly
Err. E'en the *best* of soil, my friends, could not
Produce good grains or fruits rare, with no
Time for culture between harvest and seed
Time. Again, the soil may be well prepared,
But alas! the seed is bad, the crop a
Failure, though no pains were spared to render
Its culture good. It dependeth not alone
On the seed, nor yet alone on the soil;
The soil and the seed must alike be good:
Your labor then is not vain. O, heed our

Advice, that your "sons may be as plants grown
Up in their youth"; and your daughters as
"Corner-stones," — a blessing to thee on earth,
A twofold blessing in the higher spheres
Of immortal love. "The fathers have eaten
Sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on
Edge. As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall
Not have occasion any more to use
This proverb." O, hasten the time when fathers,
Mothers all, true wisdom may learn, and these
Lessons sublime teach their children as well.
"My tongue is the pen of a ready writer."
O, may its precepts all be pure and true!
"My heart is inditing of a good matter."
I would I might make it more plain to you.

I would now speak of a class I have before
Casually mentioned, — the undeveloped
Ones. When these go hence, if it be ignorantly
"Concerning these things," they have much to learn
Before they can perfectly with their friends
Below know how to commune; they therefore
Watch anxiously for opportunities
To learn, for ways and means by which to
Demonstrate a proof of their existence.
When an opportunity doth present
They wait not for assistance, but just rush
"Pell-mell" to the very front in a state
Of confusion. There are some things they know,
Most things they don't. A sort of inspiration,
Itself undeveloped, doth lead them on;
They know not where to begin or what to
Say; perhaps the very one they first address
Thinks 't is sin spirit manifestations
To witness, because he believeth not
That they shall return out of darkness, and
For him *no light* shineth. Spiritual

Power comes alone from the Devil (so his
Kind parents have taught), and if he 's not shunned,
" Beware of the evil, your soul will be
Killed outright." The spirit embodied is,
Like the other, *undeveloped*, as you
See ; beside all this, he 's not a brother ;
They scarcely each other know : there is no
Harmony the two betwixt, mind to mind
Stranger. What wonder, then, things get muddled
And mixed : by the laws of nature they could
Not do otherwise ; for indeed it is hard
With conditions the very best to at
First succeed. There are many obstructions
With which mortals and spirits must contend,
And learn by experience how best to
Use means to further the end which they see
In the distance, or *think* they see, for the
End is not yet. Your wisest and your best
Below have not thoroughly learned their alphabet
Yet, therefore their progress is slow.
" He shall
Be driven from light into darkness and
Chased out of the world." Countless numbers
There are who do possess strong powers, which they
Might unfold for their advancement, the glory
Of God, the good of their fellow-men ; they
Do no such thing, but trifle instead with
The precious gift God-given. They love not
The truth, but choose, rather, lies. As " like attracts
Like," what is the result? " Let not him that
Is deceived trust in vanity ; for vanity
Shall be his recompense." When such as these
Do hold forth, the righteous and upright think
It all pretence, condemn the beautiful
Truth of spirit communion, when all that 's
Wrong is the *trifling instrument;* the *truth*
Remains the same. O Lord, " how long shall the

Ungodly triumph?" It may truly be
Said, The last state of that man is worse than
The first; Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and
Not I; Receive ye the Holy Ghost, — that
Is, the spirit of truth, — and turn ye from
The error of your ways, that ye may become
Living examples of truth.
"Should he reason
With unprofitable talk?" We now will
Bring before you still another class: upright
In their walk and in all their dealings true;
Their hearts open to conviction, willing
To be convinced of the truth, had they sufficient
Proof; the indwelling of the spirit from
Their youth has oft made them to feel — well, a
Something for which they could not account; their
Faith is strong in the Supreme Being, they
Have studied a vast amount. There must, they
Say, be some supernatural agency,
But it is a mystery which they cannot
Solve; no effectual means have they found
To descry whether it be but a false
Hallucination, or whether an actual
Truth. They repeatedly have listened to
Communications purporting to have
Come from the spirit land. The name of the
Friend who gave the same may in some cases
Have been given, and he may have been in
His day (on earth) a very wise man; yet
There may have been one thing lacking, and because
Of that one thing (which was insufficient
Understanding in the way of communicating),
He may not have been able to render
His statements quite clearly, or he may have
Failed to engender his language peculiar.
Those who hear are not satisfied; they grope
In the dark without light; they hold converse

Together. One doth say, "I can't make it
Out, although I know there 's something in it."
Another laughingly says: So and so
"Has forgotten his grammar since he became
A spirit" (as if he was not always
A spirit). A third one keeps silence, but
He is wise, and thus his future portends:
(Thinking) I will not give sleep to mine eyes
Or slumber to mine eyelids until I
Search out this matter. — Brother, we rejoice
For and with thee; thou art not far from the
Kingdom. Thy radiant eyes shall soon see; and
It shall come to pass, that in the place where
It was said unto them, Ye are not my
People, there it shall be said unto them,
"*Ye are the sons of the living God.*" In
The present case the spirit who did control
Had no friends below especially dear,
Or none that could awaken that chord of
Sympathy and pure love combined which gives
The true condition requisite to converse
With those left behind. This is no false
Conception. Those who are still on the earth
Sphere living, their dear ones all around them,
Cannot in their future state of being
Take an interest as warm as those whose
Loving ones await them there. Lo this, we
Have searched it, so it is; hear it, and know
Thou it for thy good. "O, that my words were
Now written! O, that they were printed in
A book! that they were graven with an iron
Pen and lead in the rock forever!"
"Behold,
He put no truth in his servants; his angels
He charged with folly." Here is a circumstance
A friend relates, illustrating most fully
The foregoing. Our friend was a lady,

Also a medium. She was quietly
Sitting, in company with two gentlemen,
At a stand. A third person enters the
Room (stranger) and is invited to join
The circle. He replies gruffly, "No, sir."
The conditions are broken, and no wonder.
Stranger then makes his boast as follows: "I
Never yet went to a place where this thing was
Going on but I broke it up, and sent
The spirits where they came from, provided
There were any there. I know," he added,
"They have nothing to do with moving that
Table. Just you all take off your hands, and
See then. If they can raise or move it with
Hands on, I know they can without them. It
Hain't done by no spirits. I investigated
This thing myself about fifteen years ago.
I just took out my watch and laid it down
On the table. Then said I, 'Spirits, I
Give you leave to go for it: if you
Can carry it off, it is yours, and I'll
Give up to the ghosts.' Now, I knew that I
Was safe. This watch" (pulling it out of his
Pocket) "lay on that table a half-hour.
I hain't never lost no watches yet." (I'm
Afraid he never won't.) If he had known
What a poor fool he was making of himself,
He would doubtless have kept still; but, as the
Saying goes, he laughed at his own folly.
The lady medium would not on him
Waste words to any extent. She merely
Said: "A stove stands there; within it the fire
Is bright. You say, 'I want my breakfast cooked.'
Will that fire cook your breakfast? If some one
Put it on the stove it might, and most
Assuredly would. You say again, 'Fire, *I know*
That if you can cook my breakfast for me

When it is put upon the stove, you can
Cook it anywhere for me; and when it 's
Cooked place it on the table. If you can't
Do that, I say you 're no fire at all, and
Never shall cook my breakfast any how.'"
Methinks that if he no breakfast could get,
Neither dinner or supper, until this
Same fire the table did set, he would soon
Change his ditty, and with his own hands his
Breakfast would place above the contemptible
Fire. In the cases we cite there 's as much
Reason and sense in one as in the other.
The spirits, in one way, are like the fire,
They cannot do another's work (a volume
Might be written on this theme); *unlike* the
Fire, they *can shirk*. But they soon do find it 's of
No great use, for their work will never be
Done until *they do it themselves*. The abuse
Of this rule finds here no home. You can
Therefore judge of the state of those who have
Lived in idleness, caring only for
Pleasure and fine clothes; they find here a
Wilderness from which they must work their way
Out before much society they 'll gain.
They find, when too late, that their earthly career
Causes them anguish and pain.

"And he said
Unto him, If they hear not Moses and
The prophets, neither will they be persuaded,
Though one rose from the dead." Few spirits, if
Any, will condescend to waste their power or
Their time on such as these, though always ready
And willing to shower gifts of love their *friends*
To please. There never was a truer saying
Than this: "A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

"An unjust

Man is an abomination to the just:
And he that is upright in the way is
Abomination to the wicked." But the
First half of this text is usually
Digested; the world readily acknowledes
The fact, — or, rather, opinion, for it
Is not a fact, — that the just hate the unjust,
But will seldom, even unto themselves,
Acknowledge that they, in their hearts, despise
The upright, for it gives their principles
A bad look. Whereas, from our standpoint, we
See the text is unequally balanced,
The scale sinks on the side of injustice.
Why? Is justice then sentenced? On the
Physical plane it surely is. Extend
Thy vision farther. Behold! in the dust
Injustice and lies; opposite, the scale
Higher ascends. *Justice and truth* are found
Therein: *they* rise *above* the earthly plane.
'T is the same with an upright man: him no
Narrow views confine. Hates he any? Indeed,
He would not stoop so low. He may, and does,
Hate their sins. His love, nevertheless, extends
To *all*, above, below; true sympathy
And kindness in his bosom reign.

Brethren
And friends, "let every soul be subject unto
The higher powers, for there is no power but
Of God: the powers that be are ordained of
God." I know your thoughts. I will not use
Deceitful words, neither will I flatter
With my tongue. The way will not be *all sunshine*,
Brothers, so long as ye in fleshly
Tabernacles dwell. There will oft be times
When you never can tell which way 't is best to
Go; but cease to do evil, learn to do
Well, and clearer thy path will grow.

I have
Oft to my God with anguished speech cried in
Bitterness of heart, and "the things that my
Soul refused to touch were as my sorrowful
Meat"; the way was so dark that I could not
See. With David can I exclaim, "Out of
The depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord:
Lord, hear my voice." For I felt in mine heart,
"The Lord will hear when I call unto him,"
As a dear little child once said. I oped my
Bible as one in a dream. These were the
First words I read: "They that sow in tears shall
Reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth,
Bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again
With rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."
Did the Lord hear? A spirit within said,
Yea, and my troubled heart e'en then did rejoice.
I said, "In thee do I trust. Cause me to
Know the way wherein I should walk; for I
Lift up my soul unto thee. Deliver
Me, O Lord, from mine enemies. I flee
Unto thee to hide me. Teach me to do
Thy will; for thou art my God: thy spirit is
Good; lead me into the land of uprightness.
Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake."
Time passed, and I again lost faith in His word.
He showed me not where to go, though I waited
Patiently for the Lord: He inclined not
Unto me. I said in mine heart, Why doth
God forsake? And now, Lord, what wait I for?
The answer came from the same good book,
And once more banished my fears: "Lo, I come:
In the volume of the book it is written
Of me." And behold, "I will say to the
North give up; and to the South keep not back.
Remember ye not the former things, neither
Consider the things of old. Behold, I

Will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth;
Shall ye not know it?" He gave me sweet peace,
My heart was at rest. My spirit had been
As a bird that wandereth from her nest.
Now, thank God! at home again; and he hath
Put a new song in my mouth, even praise
Unto our God. I hope I 'll never again
Doubt his truth or disbelieve his sure word.
Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.
For he hath graciously my wants supplied.
Behold now, I have ordered my course. I know
That I shall be justified.
There 's another class
Which I must not slight: their name is Legion,
I 'm told. I hope, in the place of dark they 'll
Choose light, and that before they are old. These
Are the philosophical sceptics (so called).
Alas! they reject the sublimest philosophy
Of all; like the Epicureans and
Stoics who encountered St. Paul, and some
Said, "What will this babbler say? other some,
He seemeth to be a setter forth of
Strange gods." One comes and him questioneth,
Saying, "May we know what this new doctrine
Whereof thou speakest is? for thou bringest
Certain strange things to our ears: we would know
What these things mean." And when they heard, some
Mocked. Others said, "We will hear thee again
Of this matter." "And the times of this ignorance
God winked at." Think you he ever winks now?
But the triumphing of the wicked is short.
He shall not have quietness; the heaven shall
Reveal his iniquity; the earth shall
Rise up against him; that which he
Labored for shall he restore, and shall not
Swallow it down. He shall fly away as
A dream, and shall not be found: yea,

He shall be chased away as a vision
Of the night. Now I have told you before
It come to pass, that, when it is come to
Pass, ye might believe. Let the priests, the
Ministers of the Lord, weep between the
Porch and the altar, and let them say, spare
Thy people. The Lord shall utter his voice,
"And it shall come to pass afterward, that
I will pour out my spirit upon all
Flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall
Prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your
Young men shall see visions." Surely the Lord
God will do nothing, *but he revealeth*
His secret unto his servants the prophets.
Fear not, O land, be glad and rejoice: for
The Lord will do great things. Put ye in
The sickle, for the harvest is ripe: come,
Get you down: let the weak say, I am strong.
Multitudes, multitudes in the valley
Of decision: for the day of the Lord
Is near in the valley of decision.
"I the Lord have brought down the high tree, have
Exalted the low tree, have dried up the
Green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish:
I the Lord have spoke and have done it."
Friends,
If we have spoken well, thank God, and bear
Ye witness of it. Your attention still
For a little space we kindly ask. Turn
Back, we pray, read the first four lines with
Which this piece doth commence. And as ye
Do read, inwardly digest. From this you
May learn somewhat the opinion of the
Spirits progressed to a higher, holier
State. Do *such as these* come to man's weakness
Down? On one condition only, — that they
By pure and loving hearts be drawn; they come

Then most willingly, nor scorn the suppliant's
Cry. They come because of the good they may
Render: their whispers soft are borne on the
Breeze to loved ones true and tender; they come
To those whose souls do upward tend; their aim
To interest the same. Good angels love dearly
Their help to lend to aspiring minds that
Come and diligently seek from them to
Learn to walk in the path sublime, — the path
Which the good and the blest have given the
Waymarks of truth from time immemorial.
To you who may this peruse, if you an
Interest take beyond the purpose yourselves
To *amuse*, I wish a few things to state
In language simple and plain. If you would
Pure satisfaction derive from your communings
With the angel world, *you positively*
Must strive to seek those things which are above,
Instead of bringing the angels down to
The things which you in earth life need, which things
Yourselves can obtain, and that without the
Aid of those who would their higher knowledge
Impart for your advancement and your soul's
Good. Such converse satisfies the heart.
Imagine, dear friends, how a spirit pure,
Inspired with a wish to aid its own loved
Ones below, would feel, to hear from their lips
Such questions as these: Tell me what o'clock
I will have dinner to-day if you can.
How many cathartic pills shall I take?
How soon will the clothes get dry? What 's the price
Of pork in Simpson's market? How many
Days make a week? Have I a scar on my
Neck?

Are these, my friends, the glorious truths
You seek? Have you no higher aim? Think you
Your friend's *intellect has grown weak* in that

Holy, happy clime? You surely would not
Such simple questions put were he or she
In the form. If you from them require a
Test, — perfectly right, we are advised to
"Try the spirits," — if good, they will seek to
Benefit mankind, showing a friendly
Spirit toward all. "By their fruits ye shall know
Them." This is true of disembodied spirits
As well. Their words and their teachings will show
According to their merits. The laws of
God and nature they cannot overleap.
Neither can you. Therefore, friends, "it is high
Time to awake out of sleep," more on *yourselves*
To depend: the night is far spent, the day
Is at hand. Let us cast off the works of
Darkness, and let us put on the armor
Of light, remembering
"'T is better that souls should upward tend,
And strive for the victor's crown,
Than to ask the angels their help to lend,
And come to man's weakness down."

"Now, as one mind in the body in a positive condition of electricity can perceive and influence another mind in the body in a negative condition of electricity, both in rapport with each other, and all this without the use of any of the corporeal senses, so a spirit out of the body, in a positive condition of electricity, can perceive and influence a spirit or mind in the body, in a negative condition, and both in rapport, independent of physical organism in both cases. This electricity, from the Greek for amber (a resinous substance), in which it was first discovered by the great Thales of Miletus, twenty-five hundred years ago, be it remembered, is an universally diffused, subtle, imponderable, and mysterious element of mind and matter. Some of us are in this negative impressible condition naturally; all of us may become so by practice and persevering effort. All such, whether natural or acquired, are called medium (properly, perhaps, the plural should be media, according to the Latin idiom). Through a progressed

and practised medium, — for we progress and attain proficiency in this as in everything else, — a spirit or angel, formerly of the flesh, but now in the spirit world round about us, can speak, write, or perform what would be called miracles, or attributed to conjuration, prestigiation, necromancy, sorcery, legerdemain, jugglery, witchcraft, humbug, demonism, electricity, or odyllic force, by the ignorant or wicked. They are made to speak in tongues entirely unknown to the medium, such as Hebrew, Greek, French, Italian, etc., and write in the precise hand of others, deceased and unknown to them. They are made to perform in the most masterly manner on the piano, flute, guitar, and other instruments, to which they were perfect strangers, and execute pieces of music of which they knew nothing. The experienced, progressed, and proficient mediums have an internal, direct, mental communication, independent of the temporal or physical sensorium, and thus see, and feel, and converse with their spirit friends, through this mystic medium of mentality, with as much certainty and celerity as with their friends in the flesh, and much more interest, satisfaction, and pleasure. You know that, in electricity, two positive conditions repel, as well as the negatives repel, each other. All creations, from the most infinitesimal inorganic atom to man, the highest development of the earth plane, and no doubt throughout the solar, stellar, and all astronomic creations, are endowed with two principles of electricity, positive and negative, or opposite magnetic polarities, the similar of which repel, and dissimilar attract, each other; or endowed with two opposite sexes, positive and negative, the dissimilar of which, like the other electric principles, have an affinity for each other, — the Iho and Hohi, the male and female, and the Elohi and Eloho, the good and evil principle of the ancient Gymnasophists. One person in the positive condition of electricity can perceive and influence another person in the negative to him, when in rapport with each other, and all their conditious harmonious, regardless of intervening clothes, flesh, brick walls, or distance.

This is effectuated through the all-pervading, omnipresent, universal element or agent that permeates every atom, as well as all space, — there is really no vacant space, for this element fills up all that might seem such, — an extremely attenuated and refined electricity or subtle fluid, which we call electro-ether, which we cannot perceive through our physical senses, any more than we

can see sound, hear light, or feel either, or taste, smell, or in any other sensual way perceive magnetism. Now, in just this way, through this agent, this great nerve power of the universe, excarnated men communicate with incarnated men. Here is the philosophy *in nuce*. The receptive medium, isolated from all surroundings, is negative to, and comes in rapport with, the excarnated spirit, who then controls and uses the physical organism of the medium at will, just as the psychological operator controlled and used the persons already described.

Why are these certain conditions necessary, you ask. If it can be done by one excarnated to one incarnated, why not *by* all the former and *to* all the latter? I ask in return, why not thus among men in the flesh, in mesmerism, clairvoyance, psychology? But we know it is not: only *by* and *to* certain persons in certain conditions. And this is in strict accordance with all the known analogies of nature. In all its elemental operations nature is very exact and specific. Eight parts of oxygen and one of hydrogen, by weight, or one of oxygen to two of hydrogen, by measure, *and no other* proportions, will make pure water. The seed will not germinate except in certain conditions of heat and moisture; the lightning will not leap forth except in certain conditions of positive and negative. It is only on certain and propitious conditions that the human race is elaborated and perpetuated. Why does it require a metallic wire instead of a tow-string to make a telegraph? And why has that wire to be insulated from all other conductors? just as the spirit medium has to be isolated from all other distractions? And hear what the wise man of the Bible says on this point, who wrote as if he fully understood it: 'There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit.' And Jesus showed himself not to all, but only a few chosen witnesses, etc.

Rapport is a French word, and is defined relation or affinity. I use it to mean a peculiar nervous affinity or congenial mental sympathy. I may come into rapport with you, by bringing my nerve system into harmony with yours, and yours with mine; in this condition, if I am in the negative, if you have a pain anywhere, I will feel the same pain, the same where; this is the principle of spiritual inspiration. Two strings of equal length, size, kind, and tension will both vibrate together in perfect unison, if but one is touched and sounded by the hand: it will communicate

its vibration through the intervening atmosphere to the other, and thus cause it to vibrate in perfect unison with itself. This is harmony. Again it is said, that two strings equal in every respect, except that one is fixed permanently, and the other so strung as to be capable of yielding, when the fixed one is constantly vibrated, the other, receiving the vibrations through the air, will after a while adapt itself to the same, and vibrate in unison. We know that the strings of a violin, when kept constantly in tune, will sound and accord much better than when left in a contrary condition; and also that one sound, as of thunder, for example, will affect the glass, another the window frames, another the house, etc., varying not in volume and power, but in some other peculiarity, and seeming to receive ready response from those objects only which are in unison in this peculiarity. It is said, that fine sand spread in a thin layer over a thin sheet of membrane, drawn tightly over a wineglass, will form regular lines and figures, with astonishing celerity, varying with the sound. Sir Isaac Newton discovered that the prismatic rays of light correspond in perfect harmony with the diatonic scale of music. And see the various effects of music upon men. In some it excites a martial ambition; in others, a sweet serenity; in yet others and by far the greatest number it excites mirth and hilarity, and starts the feet instinctively to dancing. Much is due to the character of the music, I admit, in exciting these various emotions, but more to the character of the mind or subject. A certain kind of music will arouse one person and a different kind another; but all will be touched or stirred in the predominating characteristic. This again is harmony; and harmony is one fundamental, if not *the* fundamental principle of the universe. Pythagoras, twenty-three centuries ago, saw this, and believed the spheres made music in their revolutions; and by the way, this illustrious and illuminated man not only first discovered the circulation of blood, but was the first who taught the immortality of the soul, under the appellation and theory of metempsychosis, though he lived contemporaneous with some of the later prophets. We also know that the magnetic needle, when allowed to rest with the proper polar point to the north, will remain more true and reliable than when left in any other position. Thus, also, if a straight bar of soft iron be held in a nearly vertical position, with the lower end deviating to the north, and struck several times with a hammer,

it will acquire the properties of a magnet; and if the iron be pure and soft and the experiment repeated, it will become thoroughly magnetized; but soft iron will not retain the magnetism like hard or impure iron, of which consists the permanent native magnet. Magnetism is another form of electricity, the similar properties of which repel, and the dissimilar attract each other. From these illustrations we may derive one reason for the rapid proficiency of practical mediums over those out of practice, or out of tune, or not in the proper harmonic condition; and also analogical demonstration of mediumistic educability. The powers of a medium, like those of a magnet, are impaired or lost by disuse; and as heat weakens or destroys the powers of a magnet, so it does those of a medium.

In connection with this let us remember that electricity itself is cold. The chemical result of fire on combustible substances, as, for instance, when lightning strikes and sets fire to a tree, is caused by intense mechanical friction, like the instantaneous and powerful impact of a cannon-ball. This subtle and tremendous agent possesses both mechanical and chemical powers physically, and mental or spiritual power metaphysically, or at least is an agent of the latter. And as nothing affects the magnet but those things for which it has an affinity, so nothing affects a medium but those spirits for whom it has an affinity; and, further, as nothing is impervious to the penetration or prevents the flow and action of the electro-spirit-ether. This mesmeric magnetism is destined yet to develop more startling wonders in the grand economy of creation. You should not be astonished at my assertion that there is a galvanic, mesmeric (so called because discovered by Galvani and Mesmer), magnetic, electric, ethereal medium of spirit pervading our entire planetary system, and probably solar system, and perhaps all systems, when I inform you that, according to Farraday, the variations of our magnetic needle correspond with the variations of the spots in the sun; that the periodicity of both these variations has become a visible fact; both increase or decrease together, embracing a period of ten years; thus establishing solar, stellar, and terrestrial magnetism in mutual and reciprocal connection. All these subtile refined media move by undulatory, vibratory, or pulsatory wave movement, as light, sound, heat, electricity, the magnetic polarization with which all bodies and atoms are endowed: and just so moves

our nervous fluid through which mind operates upon mind in or out of the flesh; and just so moves the vital current of our animal organism. Thus when my nerve fluid vibrates in unison with yours, as two musical strings in accord, we are in rapport with each other. This is spiritual harmonic unison. The operator, in mesmerizing his subject, becomes positive to the subject, and will succeed as soon as he comes into rapport with him, in unisonant nervous vibration, and never before. Just so with the excarnated spirit and earthly medium, the latter being negative and receptive, quiescent and plastic, completely subject to the positive will of the spirit. Some of us are naturally in this condition to some other person either in or out of the flesh; all may become so by proper effort, — not effort of positive, energetic action, but of calm, quiescent, confiding condition of pure, sincere desire of good. This is the condition of prayer. Not to inform or dictate to God, to change his mind, his will, his laws, or in any way interfere with his plans or his providence; for it is simply impious and ridiculous to attempt it. Nor can the Deity thus violate his own laws or 'nature of things,' and gratify our ignorant and selfish petitions, for God cannot lie. But in fervent silence and sincerity, in negative and receptive condition of feelings, with exalted aspirations for the good and the true, with all the outside world and its selfish animalities shut out from the soul, and thoughts and desires lifted up after higher spheres, some pure spirit from those higher spheres, in sympathetic unison, will come and comfort us and enlighten and lift us up and communicate through the mystic medium of inspiration. This is true prayer and 'availeth much.' If we would have the influx of inspiration from pure spirits, we must become pure ourselves; we must bring ourselves up to this high plane, that higher angels may reach us. You know the direction was not to go into the public houses and do tall talking and big blowing, but retire in the silence and sincerity of the soul, lifting up fervent aspirations for higher influences. The reason Moses was not taught and elevated as was Socrates and the man of Nazareth to return good for evil, is because he did not occupy the high plane of inspiration. In the words of Tiffany, 'Paul, Peter, John, etc., were not equal to their Master, because they had not attained his elevated condition of natural harmonic development; had they occupied his pure plane, God could have communicated

to them as well as to their teacher; and it would not have been necessary for them to have a middle man to come between them and God. 'When you have risen to this plane of communication, the communication is internal. You have no outward form of expression, because you have the thought itself by inspiration. In the language of the apostle, God writes his language in your understandings and in your affections. All communications with the spirit world proceeding according to this law, each man's communication will be according to his plane; if in the low plane of lust, his communications will be of that character; if in love, his communications will be of that character. But even the lowest, by putting himself in the condition of prayer, by aspiring for the good and the holy, by putting up earnest petitions for aid, will always find a spirit near to sustain and elevate him.' Generally, men will pray when there is need for it; it is as natural to invoke the help of higher and purer powers when we require it, as it is to call for food when hungry. Generally, I say, but not invariably, for exceptional cases occur here, as well as in all of nature's operations. As a morbid condition of the physical system sometimes feels no hunger when the system requires food, and at others craves food when it is not required, so, in the morbid condition of a sin-seared man, he feels not the disposition of praying for superior help when he really needs it, and in others, prays intensely for supernal aid, when he is guilty of no heinous sin, and no such supervenient help is needed."

From "Spiritualism Explained" the following: "Did I wish to communicate with a spirit, who has unfolded in him a spirit consciousness, which can be addressed in any other way than through the physical eye, or ear, or touch, and being so divested of this physical form, that my mind comes in absolute contact with this spirit medium, which permeates all space, and which internally and spiritually corresponds to light external and physical, and passes through bodies opaque to light, — then my spirit form acts upon the spirit medium, which is not impeded by this wall, but which passes through it as light through transparent glass, carrying my image with it. We say that glass is transparent, because light passes freely through it, and brings the image of that which it would represent. We see an individual or ten [images] coming freely through the glass into the room. Now,

if we have a medium which will pass as freely through a board, then that board is as transparent to that medium as glass is to light. The magnetic medium by which the magnetic needle is influenced passes freely through a board even; therefore to that medium the board is as transparent as glass is to light. It is also well to understand that this nerve medium, as well as the spiritual medium corresponding to the mind, — which is to the mind what the medium of light is to the eye, — passes freely through these opaque bodies. Therefore the individual brought in contact with this medium will see spirit existences, not by their presence in the consciousness, but by that which represents the presence there. Hence it is that the clairvoyant (when you have proceeded with your manifestation, until you have insulated the mind, or brought it into clear *rapport* with this spiritual medium or atmosphere, so that he sees by the spiritual sight, and hears by the spiritual ear, and no longer sees with the physical eye, or hears with the physical ear) comes in contact with this spiritual medium, and can look out into another room and tell what is transpiring, who is there, etc., just as we can look through glass and tell what we see. The principle is precisely the same. The medium by which he perceives things in another room freely permeates or passes through the intervening walls; so that although my spiritual form is still in this body, yet it is actually exerting its influence on this spiritual medium throughout the world, — throughout not only this world, but throughout the solar system.

Wherever this spiritual medium extends, this spiritual image of mine is taken and carried out through that medium, just as my physical image is carried out through the medium of light; and whoever comes into *rapport* with that spirit medium and influence, and undulates to the same motion, will perceive that form. Hence, coming into the clairvoyant condition, I, being in New York, may see a person in London or Pekin, if it so happen that the undulation of my mind on this medium be such as to harmonize with that of the individual in London or Pekin; not that his spirit is personally here present, or my spirit personally present there (but I am here in my spirit consciousness, and he there in his spirit consciousness), but because his image as well as mine is here, and there, and everywhere else. The idea that my mind goes to London, or his comes here, is altogether a misconception.

I perceive that individual in London, not by his absolute presence, but by that which represents that presence here; just as I see you, not by your presence in my mind, but by that which represents your presence there. I am looking on this congregation, and therefore the person seeing me sees me surrounded by this congregation. He does not see you, but since you are in my mind, your image goes with mine. The person coming into *rapport* with me sees you as your image exists in my mind. If any one doubts this law, I am ready to be questioned. Bring up any case you please, either from the temporal or spiritual world, and I will show that this is the law. It is a fallacious idea that spirits cannot communicate without being actually present and at any other place at the same time. They can be present whenever there is a mind in *rapport* with them to see that presence.

People talk about their being so rapid in their passage from here to Boston or London, etc. This is all explained when you understand the law of manifestation. 'Why are not all mediums?' 'Why cannot all get communications, and at all times?' etc. If we wish to get a communication, we must conform to the conditions required by the law: and if we do not conform to these conditions, God himself could not give it to us. The laws of manifestation and communication are as fixed and immutable as God's own being. I was once one of those things called mediums, and am now perhaps to some extent; when I was partially asleep there would be very loud raps, and if you could come in without waking me up, you might get a communication: and it has ever been so when I am peculiarly quiet mentally, but the moment I rouse up and ask questions, I can get no reply. There are others who require exactly opposite conditions, whose bodies are too active for their minds, in whose presence you can get rappings, by reducing the action of the body; but change them from that point, the manifestation ceases. There are others, who in the normal state seem to comply with all the conditions necessary: that is, whose vital and nervous systems are the same; but you stir or excite them any way, and the manifestations cease, simply because there is no harmonic action between the mental and physical system. Persons boast at times of being able to destroy the power of mediums; but nothing could be simpler, for a powerful battery may have its action stopped, by lifting out the connecting wire. It is often the case, that the entrance of a person

into a circle where manifestations are occurring causes their discontinuance, and the person is perhaps astonished to think the spirits should be so contrary; it was simply because he had come in, and violated the conditions by which they could manifest; he had, so to speak, disturbed one of the plates of the battery. One class of individuals in the sphere of lust, in what we call the low and polluted plane, cannot come into *rapport* with those occupying a higher plane. 'There is an impassable gulf between them.' It is useless to open doors or windows for spirits to enter, for a door is as transparent to the medium by which they are represented, as a pane of glass is to the medium of light. Jesus appeared in the midst of his disciples, though they were shut up; and when the time came for his disappearance, he ceased to be seen, not by going out of the door or window, but by disturbing the conditions by which he was represented in their consciousness. In respect of spirit mansions, etc., in the spiritual world, we are very liable to mistake representation for actuality; we are very liable to mistake images of things, creations, so to speak, proceeding from the minds of the spirits, for actualities. We are very apt to perceive animals; some think that animals have a living form, and exist in the spiritual world: but I pretend to say it is not true; I know very well how they appear there: I know very well how it is that persons suppose they do exist, and why spirits in the spiritual world appear to have their dogs, cats, — their pet animals. The condition of immortality cannot pertain to the mere animal being. The representations of animals, forests, fields, and things of this kind have no basis upon that which has a material or actual existence in the universe; they are only developed under the law of representation; if you will only investigate the law of representation, you will have no difficulty in accounting for these things in the spiritual world."

Again: "When I go to the spirit world, I must take that with me, of which I must be conscious, else I shall not take my individuality with me, else I become annihilated. Just to the extent I leave my affections behind me, shall I be annihilated as a spiritual being. When I go to the spiritual world, I must take my character with me, that which is made an integral part of my spiritual character by its development in me; of course then, wherever I go that must go; the love that rules within me must go with me, until that ruling love is changed, or until some holier love shall

call me to a higher plane of action. I am prepared to maintain that when we go to the spiritual world, we shall take with us all the loves, affections, thoughts, feelings, and sentiments which characteize us as individual beings.

The idea that when a spirit leaves the body he gets rid of all his impurity, has caused many to greatly venerate spiritual communications, and attach to them much authority. I remember that it was with much deference that I listened to the first communications that came from the spirit world; but I very soon learned that a spirit was not necessarily wiser because of his separation from the body. Not that they are below the world; for when you have taken an average of the justice and wisdom of the world, you will find that the standard it could set up would not be very high. When you look over the earth and witness the very low state of character of the human race here, why should you wonder that spirits of a very low character should hover around us and manifest themselves to the world?"

And again: "I know that spirits *do* communicate, *do exist.* It is not with me a matter of conjecture at all; I KNOW it," etc.

Quotations from "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated."

"The facts which I have noticed in relation to mediumship are certainly among the most inexplicable in nature.

There are two modes in which spiritual manifestations are made, through the influence or sub-agency of media. In the one mode, they employ the tongue to speak, the fingers to write, or hands to actuate tables or instruments for communication; in the other, they act upon ponderable matter directly, through a halo or aura appertaining to media; so that although the muscular power may be incapacitated for aiding them, they will cause a body to move, or produce raps intelligibly, so as to select letters conveying their ideas, uninfluenced by those of the medium.

Rappings or tappings are made at the distance of many feet from the medium, and ponderable bodies, such as bells, are moved or made to undergo the motion requisite to being rung. My spirit father, in reply to the queries put in relation to this mystery, asks, 'How do you move your limbs, carry the body wherever it goeth? How does God cause the movements of astronomical orbs?' Evidently some instrument must intervene between the Divine will and the bodies actuated thereby, and in humble imita-

tions between the human will and the limbs. Upon the viscera our will has no influence. The heart moves without the exercise of volition.

It is evident, from the creative power which the spirits avow themselves to possess, that they exercise faculties which they do not understand. Their explanation of the mysteries of mediumship only substitutes one mystery for another. The only explanation which I can conceive is, that spirits, by volition, can deprive bodies of *vis inertiæ*, and move bodies, as they do themselves, by their will. But the necessity of the presence of a medium to the display of this power, granting its existence, is a mystery.

That the spirit should, by its 'magic' will-power, take possession of the frame of a human being, so as to make use of its brain and nervous system, depriving its appropriate owner of control, is a wonderful fact, sufficiently difficult to believe, yet, nevertheless, intelligible. The aura which surrounds a medium must be imponderable. No volition of the medium can, through its instrumentality, move ponderable bodies, nor cause raps or consequent vibrations in the wooden boards. Hence, the presence of a medium imparts power to spirits which the medium does not possess.

It has appeared to me a great error on the part of spirits, as well as mortals, that they should make efforts to explain the phenomena of the spirit world by the ponderable or imponderable agents of the temporal world. The fact that the rays of our sun do not affect the spirit world, and that there is for that region an appropriate luminary, whose rays we do not perceive, must demonstrate that the imponderable element to which they owe their peculiar light differs from the ethereal fluid, which, according to the undulatory theory, is the means of producing light in the terrestrial creation.

As there is an ethereal medium by means of which light moves through space to the remotest visible fixed star to the eye, at the rate of two hundred thousand miles per second, through an affection of the same ether frictional electricity moves, according to Wheatstone's argument estimate, with a velocity exceeding that of light, so may we not infer that the instrument of Divine will acts with still greater velocity, and that in making man in this respect after his own image, so far as necessary to an available existence, gives him one degree of power over the same element

while in the mortal state, and another higher degree of power in the spiritual state? But if there be an element through which a spirit within his mortal frame is capable of actuating that frame, may not this element of actuation be susceptible of becoming an instrument to the will of another spirit in the immortal state?

Concerned in the processes of mediumship, it is manifest that there is none of that kind of electricity or magnetism of which the laws and phenomena have been the subject of Farraday's researches, and which are treated of in books, under the heads of frictional or mechanical electricity, galvanism, or electro-magnetism.

Frictional electricity, such as produced usually by the friction of glass in an electrical machine, or of aqueous globules generated by steam escaping from a boiler, is always to be detected by electrometers, or the spark given to a conducting body when in communication with the earth; the human knuckle, for instance. When not sufficiently accumulated to produce these evidences of its presence, it must be in a very feeble state of excitement. But even in highest accumulation by human means, as in the discharge of a powerfully charged Leyden battery, it only acts for a time inconceivably brief, and does not move ponderable masses as they are moved in the instance of spiritual manifestations. It is only *in transitu* that frictional electricity displays much power, and then its path is extremely narrow, and the duration of its influence inconceivably minute. According to Wheatstone's experiments and calculations, it would go round the earth in the tenth part of a second.

How infinitely small, then, the period required to go from one side of a room to another! Besides, there are neither means of generating such electricity, nor of securing that insulation which must be an indispensable precursor of accumulation. Galvanic or voltaic electricity does not act at a distance so as to produce any recognized effects, except in the case of magnetic metals, or in the state of transition produced by an electric discharge. In these phenomena the potent effects are attainable only by means of perfect insulated conductors, as we see in the telegraphic apparatus. No reaction with imperfect conducting bodies competent to toss them to and fro, or up and down, can be accomplished. The decomposing influence, called electrolytic, is only exhibited at insensible distances, within a filament of the matter affected.

In one of the replies made by the convocation the idea was

sanctioned of the effulgence of the spirit being due to an appropriate ethereal fluid, analogous to that above alluded to. But it has, I think, been shown by me, that as light is due to the undulations of our ether, so electricity is due to waves of polarization. But if undulations produce light in the ether of the spiritual universe as well as in ours, why may not polarization produce in the ether of the spirit world an electricity analogous to ours? Thus, although in spiritual manifestations our electricity takes no part, their electricity may be the means by which their will is transmitted effectually in the phenomena which it controls.

The aura on one side, and the spirit on the other, are inert unless associated. Thus the volition of the spirit gives activity to an effluvium, by itself so devoid of efficacy that it wholly escapes the perception of the possessor or the observation of his mundane companions. It has been already alleged that the usual reference to mundane electricity must be wholly unsatisfactory to all acquainted with the phenomena and laws associated under that name; since no such movements have ever been produced by such electrical means, nor is it consistent with these mundane electrical laws, nor the facts which electricians have noticed, that such movements should be produced. Those movements which have been produced by electricity have never been effected without surfaces oppositely charged, nor, of course, without the means of charging them. Neither are there associated with the spiritual manifestations means at hand of creating nor of holding charges even much more minute than those which display perceptible force or cause audible sound. Electro-magnetic phenomena require the use of powerful galvanic batteries or magnetic metals. Galvanic series, of the most powerful kind, do not act at the minutest distance without contact.

Even lightning could not move a table backward and forward, though it might shatter it into pieces, if duly interposed into a circuit. Electrical sparks produce snapping sounds in the air, not knockings or rappings upon sonorous solids. An incredulity liable to be overcome by the reason by which it has been created does not form a bar; but where an impregnable bigotry has been introduced merely by education, so that the person under its influence would have been a Catholic, Calvinist, Unitarian, Jew, or Mohammedan by a change of parentage, cannot usually be changed by any evidence or argument. Spirits will not spend their

time subjecting their manifestations to such impregnable bigotry, or to predetermined malevolence.

On this account such persons find it hard to obtain the manifestations which they seek with ill-will to Spiritualism, and a predisposition to ridicule and pervert it.

Besides this difficulty, there is no doubt a constitutional state, the inverse of that which creates a medium. The atmosphere of persons so constituted neutralizes that of those who are endowed with that of mediumship.

It were impossible for any one to be more incredulous than I was when I commenced my investigations; but in the first place my recorded religious impressions, founded on more than a half-century of intense reflection, in no respect conflicted with the belief which Spiritualism required. As I said to a clergyman, I wish I knew as well what I ought to believe, as I can perceive what I ought not to believe. I was ardently desirous that the existence of a future state should be established in a way to conform to positive science, so that they might start together. This was perceived by my spirit friends, and that they had only to give me sufficient evidence of the existence of spirits and their world to make me lay down in the cause my comparatively worthless mortal life, could I be more useful to truth in dying than living.

Thus it appears that there is a mesmeric electricity, or spiritual electricity, which may be considered as appropriate to the spirit world as their vital air is, but which, like that air, may influence our spiritual bodies while in their mundane tenement. It may, as well as the vital air of the spirit world, belong in common to the inhabitants of this world, and to us as spirits, being a polarizing affection of the spiritual ethereal medium of which the undulations constitute the peculiar rays of their spiritual sun.

That this spiritual or mesmeric electricity should be auxiliary to the efficacy of the magic will-power of spirits, is of course one of those mysteries which, like those of gravitation, may be ascertained to prevail, and yet be to spirits as well as mortals inexplicable.

The words 'magnetism' and 'magnetic' are used in this world in two different senses. In one it signifies the magnetism of magnets or electro-magnets; in the other, the animal magnetism of which the existence was suggested by Mesmer, and which is com-

monly called mesmerism. This mesmerical magnetism seems to be dependent rather on properties which we have as immortals encased in a corporeal clothing, than as mortals owing our mental faculties to that frame. If it be the spiritual portion of our organization which is operative in clairvoyancy, spiritual electricity may be the intermedium both of that faculty and of mesmeric influence.

All spirits are clairvoyant more or less, and where this faculty is exercised, it seems to be due to an unusual ascendency of the spiritual powers over the corporeal, so that clairvoyants possess some of the faculties which every spirit, after shuffling off the mortal coil, must possess to a greater or less extent. The means by which they are capable of communicating are various, and moreover precious, according to the health and equanimity of the mortal being under whose halo they may strive to act.

Spirits cannot approach effectively a medium of a sphere much above, or below, that to which they belong; as media, in proportion as they are more capable of serving for the higher intellectual communications, are less capable of serving for mechanical demonstrations: and as they are more capable of the latter, are less competent for the former; spirits likewise have a higher or lower capacity to employ media.

These facts make the subject of mediumship a most complicated mystery; but the creation teems with mystery, so that inscrutability cannot be a ground of disbelief of anything. The only cases wherein there is absolute incredibility are those in which the definition of the premises contradicts those of the inferences, or conclusions.

If we undertake to generalize, it must come pretty near to what I have said above, that spirits are endowed, so my spirit father alleges, with a 'magic will,' capable of producing, as they allege, wonderful results within their own world: nevertheless, that this will does not act by itself directly on mundane bodies. An intermedium is found in the halo or aura within or without certain human organizations; the halos thus existing are not all similarly endowed, some having one, some another capability; some are better for one object, some for another object. Again, the will-power varies, as the sphere of the spirits is higher or lower, so that the medium suited for one is not suited for another.

The aura of a medium, which thus enables an immortal spirit

to do within its scope, things which it cannot do otherwise, appears to vary with the human being resorted to: so that only a few are so endowed with this aura, as to be competent as media. Moreover, in those who are so constituted, as to be competent instruments of spiritual actuation, this competency is various. There is a gradation of competency, by which the nature of the instrumentality varies from that which empowers violent loud knocking, and the moving of ponderable bodies without actual contact, to the grade which confers power to make intellectual communications of the higher order, without that of audible knocking. Further, the power to employ these grades of mediumship varies as the sphere of the spirit varies.

It has been stated, that mortals have each a halo, perceptible to spirits, by which they are enabled to determine the sphere to which any individual will go on passing death's portal."

Davis says, "Spirits in all past times, when they have communicated with man, observed, though they did not well understand the great principles of aromal intercourse," which Mr. Putman thus elucidates: "Place a small bunch of fragrant violets in each of two vases upon your centre table, and the aroma or fragrance of each bunch will extend to the other, and blend with the other's aroma, both around and in the bunch, and through all the space between the two. Now these lines or rays of fragrance from one, that intermix with, and run parallel to, similar lines from the other, may be telegraphic wires, along which the violets might, if intelligent, send back and forth their mutual thoughts and feeling; remove one bunch of violets, and put a rose in its place, and the blended rays will produce a different odor, which might be more agreeable to some of us, and less so to others. A similar blending of electrical aromas doubtless take place when any two of us meet, and also between each of us and any spirit that may be in attendance upon us; such aroma, though it escapes *our* senses, is yet perceived by the *dog:* and the dog's power of discernment teaches, that no two of us give off effluvia that are precisely alike. Now the electrical evolutions of one human body may be such as will readily combine with the electrical emanations from some spirits, and the two in close and concordant alliance, like muscle and nerve, may be adequate to the performance of such works as we are now considering. Some such affinity and coales-

cence, I suppose, takes place whenever one is what we call a medium; but the same electrical condition in a spirit, which adapts him or her to work through some one of us, may yet be unsuited to work kindly with another person, whose electrical aroma is either much more or much less positive. Spirits may differ as much in power to use men, as men differ in susceptibilities to be used by the spirits; the work is done through an aromal intercourse, and it is only when the spirit aroma and the mundane aroma combine in harmonious equilibrium, making as it were *but one*, and *that one* subject to the spirit's will, that man becomes the spirit's instrument. Violet and violet may furnish an efficient mixture, while violet and rose combined may be unfit for use."

We will now give from the same author some explanations of mesmerism, the key which may unlock many long-closed chambers of mystery. Every reader has doubtless asked, "What is mesmerism?" This being put forth as a solvent of many great mysteries of all times and among all people, what is this mesmerism itself?

"Frankly, it is quite a mystery yet, but it is not looked upon as involving anything supernatural, devilish, or in such a sense miraculous, as to imply either a suspension or a violation of natural laws in its processes of manifestations. Through it we learn that some men, by a concentrated application of their mental forces, aided often by the eye or the hand, can either take from or impart to certain persons some property or fluid which enables the operator to become master in the subject's house or body. Through that other body he manifests himself, but he does this only imperfectly. He has power there, but not power equal to that which he can display through his own organs. A man is cramped when he has to take a borrowed body, therefore a spirit well may be so too. In successful mesmerism, the subject will walk, or sit, or kneel, or lie down; will move this way or that; will perform the most ludicrous or the most appropriate acts; will see one object or another; will taste or smell or feel any imaginable substance, whether present or not, just according to the will of the operator. But this is not all; frequently such possession affects a liberation of the subject's intellectual and perceptive faculties from the control, not of the operator alone, but also from the crampings of his own external organs, and thus enables

him to look out through walls of solid masonry, through hills of granite, and into the most interior recesses of the human body, or any other animal or vegetable organism. He seems to possess perceptive faculties which enable him to see and hear and sense through all material objects, at vast distances and in all directions. Thus conditioned, he can read the autobiography of any natural object, scan the distant, and get glimpses of the future. He seems like one freed from the body, and endowed with organs which use electricity as their medium of sight and sound, and thus can he see and hear through whatever electricity can penetrate; that is, through almost, if not quite, all material objects. Some men, then, possess and can put forth such will-power as makes certain other men their objects and unresisting tools, simple unconscious organs by which to express their own thoughts and purposes. Sometimes such control is absolute, but in more cases only partial; and such a subduing force, when carried beyond a certain point, pushes the subject's intellectual and perceptive faculties into unwonted freedom and independence, and makes him a more independent and gifted man than before.

Such are the results of human magnetism, called mesmerism only because Mesmer applied it, and drew attention to it more definitely and extensively than any one had done before or since his time. The getting control of another's organism, either by abstracting from it or imparting to it human magnetism, is mesmerism. It is the action of one mind, in connection with its enveloping body, upon another's body and its indwelling mind. It is some action of the living upon the living, and not upon tables and chairs.

We come now to the raps and tips. This working outside of and distant from the medium's body, and this infusion of animation and intelligence into inanimate wood, is more than mesmerism has ever claimed or seemed to perform. The visible, living man, acting upon a visible, living organism, is always involved in mesmerism; but many of the physical manifestations of Spiritualism imply some invisible power revealing intelligence through inanimate matter. The raps and knockings and table-tippings have never come out among the works of mesmerism. The harsh poundings, the childish tiltings, the unmannerly antics of heavy pianos and large dining-tables are, as many say, too low and vulgar for any decent mind in the body to wish for or to prompt;

no well-bred mesmerist ever calls for such results. True, true; but would they come if he did call for them? No; he does not show the raps and tips. And why not? Simply because he cannot. These low and ridiculed works lie beyond the farthest stretch of his powers. A table rising and floating gently in the air, a piano dancing to the tune that is being played upon itself, a human form rising gently from the floor toward the ceiling, and moving, dove-like, around the room, a chair tipping in answer to questions, and all this where neither muscle, nor machinery, nor any tangible mechanical power was applied,—these things, and others like them, which are happening every month, and are seen over and over again by many credible witnesses, these things are not found in mesmerism. Did animal magnetism, did electricity, did odyle, did either or all of these constitute the intelligent actor in the chair which answered my questions? No; these fluids or forces of nature are not mind.

They do not, they cannot guide and control action so as to converse with man. They may be, and doubtless are, instruments through which one mind imparts intelligence to another; but they, in and of themselves, are not mind, and cannot think nor act intelligently. Let the most powerful embodied mesmerizer which the world contains try his will upon the insensible chair, and will the chair move of his bidding? No, not the fraction of an inch. Charge the chair, even encased in glass or coated with sealing-wax,—charge it with all the magnetism, electricity, and odyllic fluid imaginable, and will they all generate in it or convey into it mind enough to understand and to answer my question? No, obviously no. You know that if an embodied mesmerizer should will the chair to move, and keep on willing it to move for hours, that it would not stir an inch, unless he applied his hand to it. His will-power controls only living organism. You know, too, that neither magnetism, electricity, nor odyle could be made to give or to generate a mind in the chair; yet its motions proved that mind was there. Common-sense demands the admission of this. But mind needs tools or organs when it gives intelligent movements to matter. We usually find it expressing itself through the eyes, the face, the tongue, the hand. The acting mind surely needed a hand, or something with the powers of a hand, to move that chair. So also did one angel to will away the stone, and the other angel to unlock the prison door. Something

with the powers of a hand was needed in each case. Perhaps a hand was there. Spirits profess to have power under favorable circumstances to gather up and use some (to us) invisible emanations from the bodies of our mediums, and elements from the atmosphere in some localities, and to combine these with certain properties inherent in themselves, and from these materials to construct hands, arms, etc., varying in size according to their own inherent powers and the qualities of the foreign materials used; they profess to be able to form hands, arms, etc., varying in strength from those of a feeble infant up to those of a veritable Samson. [This was doubtless written before the materializing phase of mediumship had been developed to any extent, or at least before it came to the knowledge of the writer.] When such tools have been constructed, the invisible ones work out by aid of them results which man can see and hear and feel. Then raps and tips are heard and seen; then the low things become high.

Many tell us that Spiritualism is nothing but mesmerism. Of course, such a statement admits that it is as much as mesmerism; that it is, in fact, the same thing. Thanks for this concession; because mesmerism, if permitted to mature, may ripen into Spiritualism. One tree, like the orange, often shows flowers and green fruit and ripe at the same time. Much that is supposed to be only mesmerism is, in fact, Spiritualism; also, much of what is regarded as Spiritualism is only mesmerism. Often, when man magnetizes, he puts his subject into such a state that some spirit quietly slips in and works there, and yet the spirit's presence is not suspected. At such times an angel is entertained unawares. Spiritualism is then under the name of mesmerism. On the other hand, our spirit mediums often get mesmerized by the company present, so as to become clairvoyant and clairaudient. The internal or spirit eyes and ears of the mediums get opened by the undesigned, unwilled flowings of human magnetism to or from those around them. Their words may report to us spirit utterances and describe spirits and spirit scenes, and yet the real speakers may be only entranced mortals, listening to the voices above, and looking into homes of the ascended. There may be a pure mesmerism which opens a way for mortals to see and hear the departed. What then is a distinction between mesmerism and Spiritualism?

Mesmerism is something which a man does while he has his

clothes on. Spiritualism is a similar act of his after his clothes have been put off. Suppose I magnetize you to-day, and that I, the mesmerizer, speak, write, act through you, you being unconscious: this is mesmerism. Suppose further, that I die to-night, and that to-morrow I, a spirit, come and magnetize you, and then speak, write, act through you: this is Spiritualism. Here we have the same operator working upon and through the same subject, the only difference being that to-day I, the operator, am in the body, having my clothes on, while to-morrow I am to be out of the body, or to have my clothes off. Such is the only essential difference between mesmerism and Spiritualism in some of its forms. If man's powers are not diminished by the death of his body, then some spirits can mesmerize susceptible subjects. No increase of power is needed, no miracle is wanted. Mesmerism and Spiritualism may differ no more than the green fruit and the ripe on the same tree. They are nourished through the same roots, the same trunk; one ripens into the other. Those who are so inclined may pluck all the oranges from their own trees while the fruit is yet green; but I beg of them to leave mine upon the branches, and when an orange there shall have become fully ripe, I trust they will not dissuade me from eating it, by alleging that their own green ones have never tasted good. Spirits, then, often have to perform the difficult and uncertain process of inducing a full mesmeric sleep before they can manage the hand of the flesh. Several persons, who are susceptible to both the mesmeric and the spirit influence, have told me that when the controlling fluid comes to them from one in the body, they feel it flowing in horizontally and entering mostly about the region of the eyes; but when it comes from the spirits, the stream is vertical and enters through the spiritual organs on the crown of the head. That the process of mesmerizing and of spiritualizing a subject are very similar, might be argued from the fact that both succeed best under like circumstances. Both are most easily performed where all minds are quiet and passive; both ask for good air and an harmonious circle; and both generally succeed best with the same organism and temperaments; in other words, in most cases, but not in all, good spirit mediums can be easily magnetized. The difference, then, between mesmerism and Spiritualism in some of its forms is not enough to let us regard them as generically different.

If any spirit can visit earth and work here, why cannot all others? If my spirit friend can communicate through a stranger, why can he not do the same through me? Why cannot all spirits come? Why are not all persons mediums? Such questions have come up in every mind. You hear said, If spirits come, why do they not come to and through me? Probably they are hindered by natural obstacles, inherent in either them or yourself. How is it in mesmerism? There are but few successful magnetizers, but few facile subjects. Mr. —— can very easily magnetize several of my acquaintances and friends, but he can produce no effect upon me. Why this difference? Feed two oxen alike for years, and then bring them to the shambles. You may find the meat of one tender and juicy, that of the other tough and dry. One man has fine and soft hair, while another's is coarse and hard. Why so? Who can tell me why? The facts are obvious, but the reasons for them cannot be given. We can only say such are the results of God's modes of working. Now, then, if in our fibres and fluids and emanations we differ one from another, why may not some of us be very susceptible to certain influences which others cannot feel at all? Why may not some impart much more easily and powerfully than others? Till the mesmerist can magnetize any one person just as easily and as thoroughly as he can any other, why expect that spirits can? Till all men are efficient magnetizers, why think that all spirits can be? Till all men are facile subjects for the embodied magnetizer, why suppose that they can be for a disembodied one? The hidden reasons which exist in the one case ought, as we view these subjects, to exist also in the other. We believe that they do. Beyond a certain point mesmerism fails to furnish illustration of Spiritualism.

The clear-sighted logician will see, I think, that, from the point now reached, a direct path extends on to the seers of Prevost, to Swedenborg, to Scottish seers, to Joan of Arc, to Mahomet, to Roman augurs, Grecian priestesses, and all who have given their contemporaries assurances that they saw spirit forms and conversed with the departed, or with angels. The prophets, seers, and magicians of all ages and nations may have been all that they claimed to be, and yet have been only mesmeric subjects and spirit mediums. This view starts the inquiry, whether any of the Scripture miracles were the acts of unseen finite intelligences,

using their normal powers in submission to fixed laws. The question is legitimate and proper. And it gives me pleasure to make an affirmative answer, for, in doing that, I behold a God so perfect that his wisdom and power were, from the beginning, competent to devise such laws as should, without violation, without suspension, admit under and in obedience to themselves all the light and all the angel visitations which his children on earth might ever need. When man shall see and feel that heaven's inhabitants may come to earth by natural processes, and work among us just according to their several abilities and characters, then the greatest difficulties of philosophical faith in the Bible as a record of teachings from on high will melt away, and the wisdom of God himself will appear to us more complete.

Our whole train of remark implies the supposition, that refined electricity, magnetism, odyle, or some unknown but yet eternal and universal fluid has been an essential instrument in all parts of spirit communication, as well in Judæa as in other lands. It implies, too, that this instrument can never have been wanting in any age. Why, then, have angel visits been so 'few and far between'? We need not answer a query like this because of any bearing it may have upon the question whether spirits come now. That ocean and those winds had always existed which bore Columbus to the New World, but the question why Europeans had so seldom, if ever, reached America before, could not invalidate the fact that Columbus himself had reached it. If it be proved that spirits come now, the infrequency of their visits heretofore will not disprove the fact. Still the question, why they should come so much more frequently and generally now than in former times, is a very natural and proper one, and is worthy of the best answer we can give. That answer, however, will have little weight with any but those who are already prepared to give some credence when statements are backed by no authority beyond that of utterances through spirit mediums. Is it impossible that modes and means of using the subtile fluids in man and nature are better understood even by the spirits now than they were in ages past? Can the departed continue to make advances in scientific and practical knowledge? Who among us can tell? Electricity and magnetism have always existed; yet it was but quite recently that man became acquainted with their extent and nature, and that he learned how to subject them in any degree to his control;

still more recent did he invent the telegraph. Man, by his discoveries in electricity and steam within the last half-century, has become able to convey his thoughts and his person much more widely, speedily, and definitely to people and places on the earth now than he could before. Possibly spirits may have made recent discoveries and inventions, by which they can come to us more easily, speedily, and definitely, and make themselves more distinctly felt and better understood by us than formerly."

We would here suggest that the late developments of this philosophical, psychical science have displayed phases of spiritual phenomena unprecedented in the annals of history. For example:—

"The most splendid and perfect oil-pictures of deceased children and friends are often produced in less than an hour by mediums who knew nothing of them, — entire strangers, — to the unbounded delight and joy of living parents and friends."

The art of spirit photography, as many of you are doubtless aware, is undeniably established. An artist with whom I conversed upon the subject, showed me a pencilled sketch, large size, of a child, which he said only occupied him seventeen minutes; he was not a professional artist, and could only work while under spiritual influence; furthermore, the spirits who controlled him were unwilling he should study the art on mundane principles.

"This new science of psychometry deserves more than a passing notice. Prof. Hitchcock, in his well-known book, 'The Religion of Geology,' speaking of the influence of light upon bodies, and of the formation of pictures upon them by means of it, says: 'It seems, then, that this photographic influence pervades all nature, nor can we say where it stops. We do not know but it may imprint upon the world around us our pictures, as they are modified by various passions, and thus fill nature with daguerreotype impressions of all our actions that are performed in daylight. It may be, too, that there are tests by which nature, more skilful than any human photographer, can bring out and fix these portraits, so that acuter senses than ours shall see them as on a great canvas spread on the material universe. Perhaps, too, they may never fade from that canvas, but become specimens in the great picture gallery of eternity.'

Our Dr. Denton, and his wife Elizabeth, — that they are Amer-

icans need scarcely be said, — have just published a book, 'The Soul of Things ; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries,' in which they assert that what Prof. Hitchcock thus says 'perhaps may be,' really *is*. They say that radiant faces are passing from all objects to all objects, every moment of time, and photographing the appearances of each upon the other, every action, every movement, being thus infallibly registered for coming ages. 'The pane of glass in the window, the brick in the wall, and the paving-stone in the streets, catch the pictures of all passers-by, and carefully preserve them. Not a leaf waves, not an insect crawls, but each motion is recorded by a thousand faithful scribes, in infallible and indelible scriptures.' This having always been so, there is thus stored up in nature the most faithful memorials of the entire past, — of the early world and tides of liquid fire ; its rushing floods and steaming vapors ; of every plant, from the club-moss to the tree-fern ; of every animal, from the polyp to the pachyderm ; and of every tribe, and nation, and race of man. All have set for their portraits, and 'thence the portraits all are faithfully daguerreotyped in this divine picture gallery for all time.' And it is not sights alone that are registered, but *sounds* as well. Nature is not only a picture gallery, but a whispering gallery, too. As no scene is ever effaced, so no sound ever dies out. 'The lullaby sung by our cradle, the patter of the rain upon the roof, the sighing of the winds, the roll of the thunder, the dash of falling waters, the murmur of affection, the oath of the inebriate, the hymn at the church, the song at the concert, the words of wisdom and folly, the whisper of love, all are faithfully registered.' 'All sounds record themselves on all objects within their influence,' and these phonotypes, as they may be termed, are almost, if not entirely, as enduring as the objects themselves.' Neither the 'phonotypes' nor the 'portraits' may be brought out, or 'developed,' by any known chemical application, but in some individuals the brain is sufficiently sensitive to perceive them when it is brought into proximity with the objects on which they are impressed.' Persons thus sensitive are called 'psychometers,' and of the sights which such persons have seen, and of the sounds which they have heard, when exercising their peculiar faculty, this book sets forth one hundred and fourteen instances, all of which are, indeed, 'wonderful,' if true. A piece of brick or stone from an ancient city has enabled them to see and hear all that was ever

done or uttered in its vicinity; a piece of fossil animal has taken them back to the world in which that animal lived, and moved, and had its being, and enabled them to observe minutely its physical condition, and all characteristics alike of its vegetable productions and of its brute inhabitants; a bit of granite has made them spectators of the primeval chaos, amid whose throes the mountain whence it was taken had its birth, and a fragment of an aerolite has given them wings on which to travel through the limitless fields of space. It is obvious that, if 'psychometry' be true, nature will no longer have 'mysteries,' nor history 'secrets'; we shall no longer be puzzled by theories as to the origin of the antiquity of man, or as to the methods by which the infinite variety of complicated results which we see in the three kingdoms of nature have been produced. All the processes which are going on, or ever have gone on, in nature, will be unveiled to the gaze of the 'psychometer,' and all that men, in any age or country, have said or done, will be similarly present to his eye and ear. So far the latest development of American psychology. Well may we ask Mr. Cobden's question, 'What next, and next?'"

Of Rev. T. L. Harris, author of "Lyric of the Golden Age," — a poem about the size of Milton's "Paradise Lost," which was composed and dictated in ninety-four hours, and is said to possess more than Miltonic grandeur and sublimity, — "it is alleged that when spirits enter his sphere, they become visible to others; that persons of refined habits and acute sensation both see and hear them; that the spirits are able to cause atmospheric undulations, and to produce the most delicate chemical combinations and sensational impressions, all made manifest to the outer senses of men, by distinct vibrations, concussions, vocal and instrumental music, and also by the diffusion of delightful aromas, like the perfume of jessamine flowers, etc., through the common atmosphere, which is not intrinsically improbable, since all the simple elements of which the aromas consist are everywhere diffused in the atmosphere, and it needs but the subtile chemism of the spirit to so combine them as to render their presence manifest to the senses; was called upon in December, 1852, by Mrs. C., in the hope of obtaining some evidence of immortality which might afford her the consolation she needed in a season of deep affliction. Her husband had departed this life, and her spirit yearned for

the assurance that life was renewed, and life immortal beyond the grave. Mr. Harris knew nothing of his history, and had no external perception of the object of her visit, but becoming entranced in her presence, all was revealed to him. He informed the lady that her husband was an United States officer, described his mental and physical peculiarities, his dress, a scar on his face, and said that he carried a repeater watch, and was in the frequent habit of applying it to his ear and striking the hour. The father of Mrs. C., an eminent divine, was also described on the occasion, and the lady declared that the delineations were in every essential particular true to nature and the facts.

During the same month another interesting illustration of the author's (Harris) mediumship occurred. A professional gentleman at the South was invited to hear Mr. Harris lecture on Spiritualism, but declined, having no faith in the alleged manifestations from spirits. On being requested to make a personal visit to Mr. H., he consented, at the same time affirming that no spirit could reveal the facts in the life of the person that purported to communicate, in such a manner as to insure identification, as all the phenomena were mere psychological hallucinations, which he himself could produce at pleasure; this gentleman was accordingly introduced to Mr. Harris, and after a brief interview, the latter being under the magnetic influence of some spirit, retired to his interior plane of observation; the visitor was informed that the spirit of a young female attended him as a guardian: her personal appearance, costume, and other things connected with the life on earth, were described: the relation which had previously existed between the gentleman and his spirit guardian was intimated: the nature of her life, and circumstances of her death, were referred to; the spirit also gave him an impressive communication, indicating her condition in the spirit world, the habits of her earthly friend, and concluded by admonishing him to reform. At the close of this interview the gentleman went away, but not long after called on Mr. Harris again, and related the story of the life and death of the young girl whose spirit had so unexpectedly addressed him, affirming at the same time that he was fully satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism, from the astonishing accuracy of the disclosures made through Mr. H.; the gentleman also expressed his conviction, that the medium could not have derived his impressions by psychological process from his own mind, and

this was rendered evident to him, from the statement of an important fact respecting the spirit, which until that hour was neither known nor conceived of by himself; since the first interview, a personal investigation had fully established in his mind the truth of the statement."

"But you may ask if this Spiritualism be true, this philosophy of God, why was it not discovered and promulgated sooner? Why is it that man has lived six thousand years in ignorance of this great truth? In answer I ask, why is it that electricity has not been known until now? why its discovery so neoteric? The lightning through which we communicate, and which speaks for us, is the same lightnimg that flashed o'er Grecian glory, or Roman ruin, ay, that played upon the peaks of Sinai. Science had not then shed its scintillations in the mind of Moses, Servius, or Lycurgus; nor is it a gratuity of nature, or gift of Providence: it has to be learned, culled, collected, collated, and appropriated, by our honest efforts, from which we may weave the philosophy of our life; like our daily bread and the glittering jewel, it is by honest effort alone that truth is evolved, and our progression developed. As your religion of faith professes to have been heralded by a grand providential specialty, and could, of course, have been thus promulgated early, as well as late, why was it not heralded with the birth of man? and why its evulgation so imperfect in extent as well as time? But man has to labor for the bread of his body, and so he has to labor for the philosophy of his life: and this is his true religion.

You may again object, that these new revelations abound in platitudes, inconsistencies, and contradictions. Granted: but does not your old Revelation still more abound in absurdities, inconsistencies, and contradictions, as I have already shown? Your Great Master tells you in one breath, to 'seek your salvation'; and in the next, 'he that seeks to save his life shall lose it.' My religion of philosophy explains these discrepancies, and thus can reconcile the contradictions, or their causes, of your master Jesus Christ, as when your Bible says, 'believe not every spirit,' etc.; but your religion of faith cannot explain them, and they must consequently forever remain irreconcilable, and believed by none but those who have no eyes, and follow faith through fear and feeling; and through this feeling of fear, many pretend to ridicule the religion of philosophy, because their religion of faith

holds over their heads, in terrorem, a devil and damnation; for does it not tell them, if they believe anything else, they believe a lie, and shall be damned? We carry no such scorpion lash of terror for the timid: philosophy has no horrors for the honest, enlightened, and true.

You remember, I brought the history of unknown spirit intercourse of the past down to the present generation; here, now, I again take it up for a moment, to glance at the living age. Spirit intercourse and its true philosophy are now known and believed in, by many millions of the present generation. We will give a few distinguished names, as you perceive I illustrate and prove as I go. Hon. N. P. Talmadge, ex-governor of New York, and formerly United States Senator; Judge Edmonds, who served in the Senate of New York and was a judge in its Supreme Court, who as certainly and consciously holds daily intercourse with his excarnated as with his incarnated friends [and who, since the foregoing, has passed to spirit life, and given his earthly friends unmistakable evidences of his immortality. I had the pleasure, in November, 1875, of listening to an eloquent discourse delivered in New York by Mrs. Tappan, purporting to come from him. It may not be amiss, to here state that Horace Greeley was also a believer in this philosophy, as was Abraham Lincoln, who is said to have held frequent intercourse with the spirit world, in his own home circle]; Professor Hare, one of the most profound and scientific men the world has ever produced, and member of various learned societies, who, being a materialist, and unbeliever in immortality, invented an ingenious contrivance, with which to disprove and refute the so-called spirit manifestations, but which converted him, and proved its truth, thus making him a happy man, with certain prospect of immortal life, without the shadow of incertitude; and Brittan, Tiffany, Harris, Dexter, Ferguson, Newton, the venerable Dods, who wrote a book to show that all the phenomena of spirit intercourse were nothing more nor less than the illusions of his favorite electrical psychology, but was finally forced, by demonstrative evidence, to renounce his specious theory, and embrace the fact of spirit existence and spirit intercourse; and a host of others in talents as well as numbers, representative men of the world, lawyers, doctors, divines of eminence in America, beside many of the most learned in England, France, Germany, etc., among whom, I believe, are Lord Brougham, Louis

Napoleon, etc., securely and serenely moored in this glorious haven opened up by modern science. Jew and Gentile, Christian, infidel and Pagan, Moslem and Giaour, and all creeds, alike may come within the purview of this glorious evangel, and all earth's children may come and lay their various offerings on this universal altar of philosophy."

We will next give some extracts from "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," by Uriah Clark: —

"For more than a quarter of a century the Christian Church and press were filled with prayers and predictions that God would open the heavens anew, that the Holy Ghost would come down with power, that Jesus Christ would descend in glory and majesty, that angel armies would marshal themselves for fresh battles with earth and hell, that some mighty manifestation would be made from the skies, to flood earth with overwhelming showers and flame, like tongues of fire, and thunder with vibrations to quake the dead souls of the apathetic masses, and jar from their centre the very walls and foundations where multitudes congregated. But the very first, faint sound, coming in response to these prayers and predictions, sent terror into the heart of modern Christendom. While in the very act of praying and predicting that some celestial manifestations of power and majesty might be made, lo, a feeble sound was heard on the altar floor, or pulpit case, and priest and people were seized with alarm; they turn pale with affright; their prayers shake them, and they take them back; they pray God to forgive them, for asking more than they were prepared to receive; Catholics cross themselves, and Protestants beg to be absolved; through the blue goggles of their dogmas, they see 'hydras, gorgons, chimeras dire,' pale phantoms of alarm, shrieking ghosts, wandering wild in the midnight air, and weird hags, like those mumbling in Macbeth; and they cry out, 'Delusion, Beelzebub! Back, demons damned, ye legioned throngs clothed in the alluring light of the spheres.'

Practical Spiritualism is summed up in one word, — love; love to God manifest in love to humanity. While Spiritualists seek no central creed, no fixed platform of intellectual opinion, no rigid system of theology, binding the conscience and trammelling freedom, they are united in one grand, central element of fraternal love, encircling the family of earth and heaven. We can all agree,

without controversy, in regard to this central principle, for there is one common chord of benevolence running through the great heart of humanity, which needs only to be touched aright, to vibrate in harmony with the angel world. But men may quarrel everlastingly about abstract creeds, and systems addressed to the head alone, without coming to any uniform opinion, while their hearts are rent with discord, or left cold, desolate, untouched. The religious world, for ages, has endeavored to unite in creeds and forms to save humanity, but with what lamentable results! It has not saved even itself, and to-day the churches are found waning and powerless; and while they are contending over the 'dry bones' of old faith and formulas past all resurrection, millions of the ignorant, erring, fallen, and unbelieving are left to pine and perish outside the pale of redemption.

In this emergency Spiritualism makes its advent. It is scouted by sectarians and would-be philosophers, because it begins with no rigid system or creed, but leaves each individual conscience and intellect free to seek and decide for itself, while it first aims to reach the heart and awaken those divine religious affections paramount over every other department of human nature. We thank God and the angel world that Spiritualism comes as a religion of the affections. It embraces all science, philosophy, reason, intellect; but its angel hands reach down through all these and first seek to lay hold of the slumbering chords of the human heart. 'He that loveth is born of God and knoweth God; for God is love.'

John goes on to say, in substance, that divine love was manifest in Jesus; that men may know whether they have this love by the spiritual witness within them; that no man can love God without loving his brother man. Recognizing God as the Father Spirit of all souls, whose essence is love, every spirit or angel commissioned of God to visit humanity must come on errands of love, and is a manifestation of the Christ-principle, the Holy Ghost, or the Holy Host of heaven, whether that spirit or angel be one of the departed saints of sacred history or a little child just gone from the humblest home below. There is no small or great in the spiritual kingdom now being inaugurated on earth, no high or low, no rich or poor, but all are one in the fellowship of love engirting the universe. Could we take some lofty standpoint in the spirit world, and gaze down through all the transient grades and

conditions of humanity, seeing as angels see, we should discover one central element of love more or less pervading all souls, and learn that most of the evils, errors, and differences existing among the millions below were less than our false judgment had apprehended, while every being would reveal a germ of divinity destined to mount and burn with glory among the celestial hosts of eternal progress. The rapidity with which manifestations have spread, and the avidity with which they are believed, together with the fact that all past ages have demonstrated something similar, suggest to us that man has a spiritual nature which cannot be satisfied without a belief in Spiritualism. This belief expands his soul with all the great hopes and aspirations which leap beyond the skies, and is the citadel on which he stands when all other foundations are swept away on the winds and waves of time. Without a consciousness of something within him which shall survive the mutations of time, something allied to God, another realm of higher intelligences, what were this life to the suffering millions? And it is to this consciousness we must appeal, if we would have Spiritualism reach the hearts of the people. You go to your sceptical brother and tell him of the wonderful manifestations you have seen and which he may see; but perhaps he treats your story with levity. But you then appeal to his own interior nature; you ask if he has not some hopes, some desires, some affections which reach beyond the grave; if some dear one has not gone before him, with whom he would like to commune, and if he would not feel happier and better to know all this. And he will cease his levity, and perchance, while his bosom heaves, a tear will steal into his eyes; and he will turn away, resolved to seek for light, and to search his own soul. O, could we but touch the right chord in the hearts of our brothers and sisters, we should no longer suffer their raillery, but feel their hands grasped in warm fellowship, and see their faces wet with streams of joy and love! The dull multitudes plodding along life as though there were naught to do but eat, drink, and die, are startled with new views of the mission of man, and begin to feel there is a divinity within allied to God, and destined to walk eternity in the companionship of angels. The poor, the lowly, the lost are lifted up in communion with worlds and beings of kingly glory and grandeur, and no longer feel they are the reprobates of God and the offcasts of creation. The gospel equalizes all grades

and conditions in one band of fraternity, and makes the rich and the poor sit down together as common guests at the board around which angels minister celestial messages. No lines are drawn in the kingdom of spiritual love and truth. The opening heavens shine down as brightly through the lowly hamlets and dingy dungeons, as on gilded palaces and proud spires piercing the clouds; and with noiseless flight the spirit bands wing their way down over the wide plains of humanity, whispering the music of the spheres to attune our souls in harmony with the sons of God, shouting their anthems amid the melody of the morning stars of primeval creation. And they come with light to shine along the darkest path of life, and with beacons to point our way over the billows which shall soon waft our spirits whither the generations of the past have gone before us. No Sinai shall quake, no Olympus shall thunder, no Jerusalem shall be clothed in the tragic drapery of Calvary, no war gods shall rattle their fiery chariots over continents deluged in blood, no dogmas of human terror, like volcanic flames, shall heave forth edicts of damnation on trembling millions; but the mountain-tops of the century shall gleam with the sunlight of angel faces, and echo the harmonic songs of the empyrean. Tidings already break from the myriad lips of the beloved and beautiful bending with benedictions over the hearts and homes of humanity. Fear not! Hells may clang with alarms, and millions turn pale amid revolutions threatening thrones and republics, but the guardians of the eternal sit calm in the council chambers of heaven, and over the turbulent sea of human discord breathe the air and pour the oil of celestial harmony. Sit calm in the temple of thine own soul amid the din and jar of the outer world, and thou shalt hear cadences echoing down from the grand anthem evermore sounding through the corridors of the upper world. Scenes shall soon unfold to human vision transcending what olden seers and sages longed to behold. Millions of mortals shall bathe in the coming Pentecost of ages. Arise, priests, rulers, and people, arise! Gird on your sandals anew, and catch the mantles of the ascended as they come back in chariots of lightning with the flames of living inspiration. Dash each tear from thine eye, stifle each fear, fling thy sighs to the winds, walk forth with the tread of a god in thy footstep, fighting life's battles side by side with that celestial army 'whose white tents are already struck for the morning march of eternity.'

The Lord God omnipotent reigneth! The council chambers of the eternal world stand open, and the congresses of celestial empires are seeking to guide the destiny of nations. The ascended saints, sages, and patriots of America, the heroes and victors of battle-fields once red with blood, and glorious with the trophies of freedom, and all the armies bearing palms on the plains of immortal life, now bend with wisdom over the conflict rending your continent, bidding you still remember the brotherhood of the race; and above the clamor of belligerent hosts, the clash of arms and thunder of artillery, listen once more to angel anthems of peace and good-will."

We will again quote from the earnest and eloquent Rembert: —

"We should strive for improvement, moral, mental, physical, and be kind, charitable, and sympathetic with each other, crushing every impulse of anger and cherishing every impulse of love; knowing that we all here inherit the same or equal frailties, and that others too have their wrongs, which are parts of our patrimony we cannot help, nor the Creator himself avoid, but which will all be ultimately purged off under his great law of progression; that those we hear of as so great and good become less so as intimate acquaintance discloses weakness and bad traits; and also those reputed as weak and bad improve as acquaintance discovers traits of goodness and mentality; in short, that none are so good and so great, or so bad and so simple, as we hear; that intercourse tends to equalize, as also all knowledge and progression; that the bubble of popular reputation floats with fortuities and is quickened and sustained by adventitious circumstances; and that we shall yet all meet in realms unfringed with wrong, where we shall truly know each other by an unerring aromal emanation, or electric radiation, or magnetic effluxion, for mind will then act upon and perceive mind direct, unencumbered with gross intervening animal sensoria. And the anguish of parting from a loved friend, — O, this is the bitterest word of my language, the bitterest moment of my life, — parting, parting from my loved forever!

Great God! who can stand it? No, thanks to His philosophy of our life; but for a few fleeting moments, mere dewdrops of time to the vast ocean of eternity, in which we will all meet and

live in love when parting shall be known no more. For this, O Great Architect of creation's temple, I would send a shout of gratitude and glory to ring and echo along thy grand aisles and corridors through all the eternal world!

'Congenial spirits part to meet again.'

Did Campbell comprehend the glorious truth he thus enunciated in his mellifluent verse? Yes, to meet again, to meet again! *friends forever!* O, the heavenly hallelujahs that reverberate along the vaulted spheres and peopled worlds, and echo from all the orbs of light that spangle this vast vault around us, teeming with intelligence imparadised in eternity. Not an ecclesiastical *Jubilate Deo* for 'the plan of salvation,' which is but a more pleasing term for the plan of damnation; but a grand gush of gratitude that swells the symphonies of all His immortal creations for the glorious plan of progression that leads us to the radiant realms of His own glory, the glory of universal and immortal love.

And yet this sublime science that thus traces our origin, and opens the portals of our glorious destiny of reunion, and gives us the cream of our conduct and daily happiness, is assailed and opposed with energy and malignity; this opposition consists of two classes and motives: those who really and ardently desire and believe it to be true, and fearing the wish is father to the thought, oppose it, with the sole view of eliciting more light, in order to have all their doubts dispelled to their entire satisfaction; and those who do not desire it to be true, or to be accepted, because it will wofully interfere with the fleshpots that keep fat on their dogmas: it is this class that evince such malignity. As for the many articles published in the hebdomadel press of the day, casting odium or derision on spiritual mediums, many of whom also deserve it, it is generally done to please the people, and pander to their ignorant prejudices, and thus promote the popularity of the paper: often at the expense and sacrifice of truth. I know editors who do this, and secretly laugh at the ignorance of their readers, and who believe in the truth and the science, and admire the grandeur of the philosophy; and so they praise a popular man with prestige and position, whom they heartily hate; they lack the nerve to stem the popular current, which it is the duty

of every journalist to direct, and not float with it. There is another class who are totally indifferent, and are actuated by two different motives: first, because they have no higher aspirations than the prosperity of their potato-patch, or cotton-field, counter, or card-table ; second, those that have immortal longings, but fear 'it is too good to be true,' and being cold and calculating themselves, they feel safe if it is true, and if not true had better stick to old faith as the safer course, ugly as it is; thus governed alone by the selfish impulse of fear, with no feeling of philanthropy to proclaim the glorious truth to their fellow-men. Swine will never exchange a wallow for a parlor, there it was raised, and there it will remain ; nor would the ignorant herd of biped genus homo exchange their finical parlors of animal gab and gossip for the cerebral halls of intellectual immortalities: there they were reared, and there they would remain. Enough of this: I 'm sorry for human nature. I cannot withhold this healing balm to the bleeding hearts of my friends, this ineffable comfort for the sorrowing souls of those who can appreciate it, when by a little effort it is within my power to impart it; for even if it be false, we are thus made happy here, and shall never wake up hereafter to know or realize its falsity. As for the interminable hell that old orthodoxy would have catch me, for thus proclaiming this happy philosophy, I spurn the degrading idea, that I should for a moment invest the character of my Creator with the diabolic cruelty of thus punishing me forever for not believing in this very diabolism, or for believing in a philosophy that, while it gives a glory to Him, also gives happiness to me. The fear of this interminable hell has crazed many a weak brain, and is n't it enough ? and poured bitterness in the fountains of many a life-stream on earth. Many a pitied parent has poured out a life in sorrow over the premature death of an adult unconverted child; what would heaven be, what *could* it be, to such a parent, with such a child, in such a hell ? Let not this dread chimera disturb you, my friends: DO RIGHT AND FEAR NOTHING ; our God never made His children to be victims of fear, nor stamped eternity on misery; nor do his works tend downwards: and if your wicked child reach Gehenna, he will soon be lifted hence, and by the help of your own hands ; so cheer thee, bleeding mother, devoted father ! thy loved child is *not* lost, *nor can be*, while God and His philosophy endure. We shall all soon fall into the embraces of a sweet sleep, and serene slumber,

from which nothing will ever disturb us; or we shall wake up to meet our friends again, in higher and happier realms of life and love. And let us fear not that this incessant stream from God's vast empire of life, forever pouring into those higher spheres, will at some period in future eternity, howsoever remote, ultimately fill them beyond capacity for more: for be it remembered, His infinity of domain is equal to His eternity of duration: one is coextensive with the other, and both illimitable. And though we follow science as the footsteps of God, and would analyze the higher heavens, and anatomize archangel life, and analyze the deep arcana of all hereafter, we yet must know that mystery and wonder will ever rise above and hover around our heads, as the sunlight dazzles our physical eyes. This is enough for the philosophic mind: if

'An angel's arm can't snatch us from the tomb,
Legions of angels can't confine us there';

'Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.'

'Is it his death-bed? No, it is his shrine;
Behold him, there, just rising to a god.'

''T is the last pang, he calmly said;
To me, O death! thou hast no dread, —
Father, I come!
Spread but thine arms on yonder shore —
I see! ye waters bear me o'er;
There is my home!'

Now, to men of science, those philosophical minds who float with fate and drift with destiny, seeing no certain light, but uncertain hope, whose faint effulgence only leads their ardent aspirations to disappointment and despair; to the rationalistic infidel and scientific naturalist, I would specially address myself, and with the deepest sympathies of my soul. You are free from partiality and prejudice, untrammelled with sects and sectaries, untinged with sacramental symbols, above the narrow bounds of bigotry, and seek truth, free, untarnished truth, as it beams from the burnished throne through all the works of nature's

grand economy. I give you cordial greeting on this splendid tribune of truth, where science gathers her jewels, and from her starry wings sheds them on her votaries. You are disgusted with human nature, sick of the world and its ways, and turn from the follies brought on the new philosophy by human weakness and depravity. We should not wonder at the huge humbuggery and charlatanism, the jugglers and tricksters that have gathered around these glorious revelations, for such has been the case with all the simpler and less alluring or less inviting apocalypses of all past time, of all the bibles from Brahma to Mohammed, and especially with the Jewish Bible and Christian revelations. See what stupendous fabrics of superstition have been reared and perpetuated on this simple revelation. It is all poor human nature. Let us independently investigate the credibility and philosophy of the phenomena, and not abjectly submit to the forged formularies of a paid priesthood, otherwise we never shall be free; for it is still poor human nature we have to deal with. If thousands profess to be called of God specially to preach, we should not wonder at other thousands professing to be inspired and communicated with by angels of their own ilk, for certainly it is greatly less pretentious to hold communion with our own kith and kin excarnated, than with the great God and Creator, whom no man hath seen, or can see, or hear. Your towering aspirations have soared in vain to find an exalted home of purity, permanence, and peace, beyond the hazy horizon of mundane mutations. You have seen the utter inadequacy, the futility, the absurdity, and the falsity of all the revelations as expounded and proclaimed by pontiff and preacher, califf and clergy. Science has lighted up to you the dark vaults of their superstitions, and exposed their corruptions to your enlightened view. *You can have no hope here.* And even discarding the disgusting dogmas interpolated in the Christian Bible and embracing its fundamental enunciations as of divine origination, as interpreted by its official dignitaries, the diabolical anathemas of hell and damnation without end, to his children, invest the character of our Creator with an attribute of cruelty and malignity, which, coupled with his omnipotence, would transform his whole universe into a boundless, an illimitable hell, without a pulse of pleasure to beat to the dead march of mourning millions unnumbered. *No hope here.* And even its heaven in the dim and uncertain distance of hereafter, so loudly glorified, and the

plan of salvation so much lauded as the paragon of perfection in divine wisdom and love, indeed, as the mount on which mercy and justice kissed each other, fail, utterly fail, to still the troubled throbbings of the enlightened human heart that beats with philanthropy and philosophy in unison with the angels. Only a modicum of earth's millions ever hear an echo of this salvation, and but a fraction of this modicum can reach the portals of that distant heaven, dismal in the distance. But of those favored few that do pass within its pearly portals, — their memories, where are they? The cherished endearments of time, — do they live forever? Our memories are either taken with us after death, and retained in heaven, or they are not. If retained, the recollections of loved and lost friends, now in a hopeless hell of eternal damnation, must wake an echo to mar the music of that celestial sphere, and inflict an anguish to throb in the very bosom of bliss; ay, will wake a wail of woe that shall sound upon the long roll of eternal years, as ever and anon the constant cry of 'he cometh not, he cometh not,' shall ring out upon the cycles of eternity. But if our memories are not retained, then the hallowed associations, the sacred friendships and loves, our foretaste of heaven, nay, our very hæcceity, must die out with death, and this heaven is no reunion of kindred spirits; the pure emotions of earth that assimilate us to the angel life are not to be rekindled in the Christian heaven. Will death roll a Lethean stream over all earth's love, and the wave of oblivion bury forever the cherished reminiscences of time? Here the vortices of Scylla and Charybdis open before us. *No hope here.* In agony and despair, you leave all the miraculous revelations, and look to science. She was teaching you that spirit is but the result of physical organism, and must perish with the dissolution of the material organization; that we have no undying nature.

In despair again, but not in agony, you seek the solace of oblivion, and suck sweetness from the cup of nothing, — nepenthe from oblivion; you claim and court the Brahminical privilege of *Narvana*, and implore the great Beldeva to still your throbbing heart, and cool your fevered brow in Lethe's turbid wave; for is not this eternal sleep a sweet repose in comparison with the bitter life of all these old revelations?

You draw a virtue from this stern necessity, and call on the grave to cover you forever with its cold clods, and extinguish, O

death, this little lamp of life, that it may flicker no more amid the damps of death, where the oxygen of hope only buds out the blossoms of the human heart for the nitrogen of death to blast and wither. O, put out this little light that only illumes the wrecks of hope and the ruins of love. The ruins of love! who can picture them? Who paint the human hopes that bud out like blossoms of the human heart, — for what? to fruit a heritage of hereafter? No; to be crushed and consigned to the ruins of love! beside which Volney's ruins are the playthings of children. Imagine the pillared universe dissolving, the throne of Deity crumbling, the seraphim, and cherubim, and all the archangel host, falling and tumbling from their high-sphered beatitudes in indistinguishable ruin, and you may then conceive the mighty meaning and significance of the ruins of love.

You look to science, and this is the lesson she teaches you: That all your hopes will fall in wrecks, and all your loves dissolve in ruins, and the silence of sleep enwrap you forever in the shroud of oblivion. No hope, no hope! You would sink under your iliad of woes. But stay yet longer with me on this favored tribune of truth, where science drops her gems and sheds her sweetest rays serene. Know ye not she's culled another, and her highest truth, to crown the character of mankind? Know ye not her last and mightiest truth, that unlocks the chambers of angelic life, and opens portals of immortality for the aspirations of the true? And against this grand and mightiest truth of science, which connects its electric wires of mind to spheres where the wreck of hopes and ruins of love are unfeared and unknown, beyond the regions of convolving vapor, charged with unequal lightning and muttering thunder, — against this sweet serene of science are hurled the shafts of bitter invective and cruel calumny by those for whom it weaves a mantle of undying love and charity, — some who look to science but fear opinion.

This bright luminary that science has unfolded in the firmament is inveighed against, barked at, and assailed by the poor canine kindred of the human family, who follow less science than fear and prejudice. Just so, you know, was the great Watt opposed, and his great labor-saving discovery, because it would supplant and save human labor, just as this will supplant prelatic officiation and save human sorrow; and so the mighty man of

Wurtemberg was maligned and menaced because he lettered the language for earth's pitied children, and the printing-press was ascribed to diabolism. And so the opposition to the establishment of the Royal Society, because it was asserted that the experimental philosophy was subversive of the Christian faith; and the readers of D'Israeli will remember the telescope and microscope were stigmatized as atheistical inventions, which perverted our organ of sight and made everything appear in a false light. So late as 1806 the Anti-Vaccination Society denounced the discovery of vaccination as a gross violation of religion, morality, law, and humanity. It was denounced from the pulpit as diabolical, tempting of God's providence, an invention of Satan, a wresting out of the hands of the Almighty the divine dispensation of Providence, and its abettors were charged with sorcery and atheism. When fanning-machines were first introduced to winnow the chaff from the wheat by producing an artificial current of air, it was argued that winds were raised by God alone, and it was irreligious in man to attempt to raise wind for himself and by efforts of his own. And one Scottish clergyman refused the holy communion to those of his parishioners who thus irreverently raised the Devil's wind.

You remember how the innocent recreation of dancing is denounced by the Puritanical pious; 'that the dance is the Devil's procession; the woman that singeth in the dance is the prioress of the Devil, and those that answer are his clerks, and the beholders are his parishioners, and the music are the bells, and the fiddlers are the ministers of the Devil,' etc., (often better ministers than some others of greater pretensions we wot of.) The great Kepler, for his grand astronomic revelations, was accused of conjuration with the Devil; and see how were treated Gallileo, Faust, Socrates, and a host of other moral luminaries, representative men — no, not all — for some lived in supernal spheres, many centuries beyond their age and generation. And Jesus Christ, who preached peace and charity on earth, and happiness and immortality in heaven, to the good, was crucified because he claimed to be a son of our common Father. What boots it, then, if we, too, be contemned and ostracised? Let the old theologue plod the path that pays, the rampant preacher valiantly demolish the man of steam he builds; and let the wrangling politician intrigue and trade for the spoils of office, or labor for the ephemeral glory of a

momentary notoriety; be it our mission, both humble and proud, or public or private, to trace the glimmering threads of light that reach us from a higher world, investigate the arganon of nature, teach charity and truth, inculcate love as the element of immortality, and claim, and cherish, and cultivate kindred with the angel world. This world of fools may call us infatuated, mad, crazy. Did they not call the great Chatham mad, because he denounced the Crown and declared Britain 'never could conquer America, never, never!' Then call us mad, because we denounce the crown of popular prejudice, and declare death and hell never can conquer our loves, never, never! Did they not call the great orator and scientific statesman and philosopher, Edmund Burke, whose name illuminates Irish and British history, mad, because he foretold the unhappy results of the French Revolution, and in fiery denunciations of the ministry, thundered to the Chair of the Commons the words of St. Paul, 'I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness,' and predicted that in twenty years the world would call his accusers mad; and also because in his tender and affectionate memory for his deceased son, whom he feared, and perhaps believed, he would never meet again, for the world then had no proof to satisfy his philosophic mind of immortality, because he would embrace and caress, in the most touching manner, his son's favorite horse! I, too, have done the same thing, and do now caress and pet the favorite horse of my son, — lost and loved, — so like his young master, so spirited and yet so gentle; and so, likewise, does his sister, so devoted to his memory; indeed, his memory, now, is our family shrine. Am I and my artless, innocent, and affectionate daughter, then — ay, and everybody who has this deep devotion of love, this idiocy, or idiocrasy, or idiosyncrasy, as the callous brute might call it — infatuated, mad? Ay, we would, indeed, be mad, if the noble son and brother, though 'unconverted,' were consigned by God to an endless hell, or endless nihility, that we nevermore should meet his manly form, nor share his genial sympathies. Is this quenchless love, unfolded from our life like the unconscious flower from the earth, a pretty principle to fade forever after a fleeting hour? Or is it an infant attribute, an emanation of the eternal God, to light our life forever, quenchless as yon fires that light the firmament? Let us investigate and be patient, trusting to the goodness of that God who has planted our path with the

myrtle and the rose, and strewed our bed with flowers, to gratify our love for the pure and the beautiful, with which he hath endowed us, that he will yet gratify all our loves, and plant us, too, among the fadeless flowers of the spheres where love immortal blooms! You will recollect how Franklin, and Fulton, and Fitch were derided, and the greatest and best men of the world ridiculed and insulted. But all this is passing away before the march of mind, and will not deter your honest and fearless spirits of moral heroism. 'The world moves for all that.' Science marches on, and destiny develops, and philosophy unfolds, silent as the circle of the sun, steady as the travel of a star, and sure as the annals of eternity.

I ask you to investigate this philosophy, — for it is open to all, and specially invites you philomathic men of wisdom,— examine its records, inspect its muniments, *test its truth*, and appropriate the precious, priceless pearl, to glitter in the galaxy of your loves. Study well this mysterious and hitherto unknown principle of the human mind and of nature; and most especially I entreat you, to analyze the wonderful mysteries of modern contemporaneous record; search the secret of the startling phenomena of daily development and occurence around you, as chronicled in the periodical press of Spiritual literature, so accessible to all; the thrilling incidents, and startling intelligence in the youth and early years of deceased friends, intelligence long forgotten, or entirely unknown, contrary to the impressions and opinions of all in carnal connection, but afterwards found to be true, and which could have been communicated by none but those who thus avow themselves, we know to be deceased; and sometimes the very air is vocal with the chord melodies of these angelic spirits who formerly wore the flesh of men.

These facts and millions more, occurring in all ages and generations, and in our own age, and in our own midst, as well avouched and authenticated as any other facts not within our personal cognition, and which urgently invite personal cognizance, certainly challenge and should command your most devoted investigation. Is it psychometry? If so, how could the psychometer perceive them, unless they or their representatives were somewhere, and and accessible, when in actual existence? Then it must be ocular demonstration of immortality. Is it psychologic illusion? If so, whence come the facts unknown to all at the time? Is it due to

an abnormal excitation, or mysterious mental exuberation? If so, whence the cause of this condition, when in a state of perfect passivity? and whence the source of the great truths uttered? I call upon the learned to explicate these occult elements, unfold the latent agencies of these potent phenomena, under test conditions that admit of no collusion or deception, if they be not, as invariably claimed, messages of immortality from our friends who have passed the mystic portal. Hear the burning words through the mouth of a medium, from the great Greek, whose fame like him of Latium two centuries later, fills the spheres of our world: a fame that has no ensanguined track of victims to deplore, no writhing desolation to bewail, like Titus and Vespasian over Jerusalem in ruins, with its bleeding sons, and famishing mother devouring her child; no weltering Waterloo to weep over, like Wellington, when his melting eyes surveyed the bloody carnage he had wrought; whose escutcheon is untarnished with a tear, and unstained with a drop of human blood; whose melody is unmarred with the widow's moan or an orphan's sigh, pure and spotless as the cerulean ether that poured its inspirations into his great soul. 'Had you asked me concerning God a thousand years ago, I could have told you all about him, but now, after I have walked the highway of celestial worlds for more than two thousand years, I am so far lost and overpowered amid the splendors of infinitude, I can say nothing; height on height beyond the penetration of finite vision, I see the dim outlines of a deitific universe; I feel the flood-tides of Divinity flowing down through all the avenues of my immortal being; I hear peal after peal of archangel eloquence ringing through the endless archways of the empyrean, evermore sounding into my ears the name of God, God, God! I'm silent, dumb.' Is n't this Demosthenaic, and is it his inspiration, or is it due to the genius of the medium? suppose the medium youthful, artless, and without genius, and pouring forth such eloquent thoughts as is frequently, or at least sometimes, the case, then whence the source, and what the philosophy, if it be not, as invariably avowed from present immortals, of the spirit world? The theory of a diseased, or morbid, or abnormal condition of the brain, will not, cannot, explain the unknown intelligence.

Now that the phenomena of spiritualism are true, you will not, cannot deny; but the question to investigate is, Are they the re-

sult of supernal spiritual agency, or of some other occult philosophy? I have said psychology furnishes a rational though not satisfactory explanation: indeed, spiritualism is psychology extended to the spirit world: and I now assert psychometry to be a rational theory of explanation for the spiritual phenomena: but this, like the other, fails in practice under strict test conditions and trials; can psychometry or psychology as confined to flesh, or can any degree of mental excitation independent of supernal spiritual inspiration, account for and explain how Appollonius, when discoursing at Ephesus, suddenly exclaimed, 'Strike, strike the tyrant! courage my friends, for at this very moment the tyrant is slain': and subsequent intelligence proved that the reigning tyrant Domitian was assassinated at that very hour. And how the preacher among the Grampian hills of Scotland, when in the midst of his prayer, he suddenly stopped, and trembling with peculiar nervous emotion exclaimed: 'Rejoice my people, we are free: Charles Stuart speaks no more; his tongue hangs out and they can never get it back again'—became impressed with this idea, and was so suddenly and unexpectedly informed of this fact, which was totally unknown, and indeed at that very moment, hundreds of miles distant, and precisely as he was impressed, and expressed it, his tongue protruding immediately after death, and his attendants unsuccessfully striving to replace it. Can any conceived or conceivable philosophy explicate these cases, other than that of spiritual influence, as avowed by the authors themselves in spirit life? In this case just referred to, there can be no psychometric picture of the sensitive brain of the preacher, for the subject of the picture had not existed until now; nor could human psychology have operated, for the fact was unknown at the time outside of the immediate circle who witnessed it; and if mind itself is capable of this mighty expansion, why does it not perceive human mortality or death if such be fact, or why, if this last be the philosophy, does it always perceive human immortalty, if such be not the fact? And I ask this question of all these and all other philosophies and theories that have been, or may be put forth, to explain these spiritual phenomena. Why is it that they all invariably point to spiritual philosophy, or reveal spirit life and form, human immortality as superior, if not ubiquitous, intelligence? This is very significant; we know not, and nobody knows a physical element or combination of such elements, edequate to

this phenomena, beyond our detection. The only solution is mental or spiritual; and whence, and who, and where the mind or spirit, if it be not our excarnated friends, now immortal angels, in contiguous spheres near to and communicating with us? Thus ye men of science, fully unfold this mighty philosophy of a new element in human nature, a potent principle for no good, no purpose to the Creator or the creature, unless it reaches to a kindred spirit land, whose love attractions draw us to those sweet shores of spirit empire, when we shall drink from near the fountain, and imbibe the vitalizing azure air that develop angelic intelligences, the mighty multitude of happy life that God is gathering around him, as a father gathers his children, and binds their brows with garlands of beauty and love.

Let not the follies, falsities and fatuities of charlatans, for they swarm everywhere, so disgust you as to turn you from the transcendant splendor of the philosophy.

Trace those 'strings, or threads of distant contact' by which the blind man perceived and recognized others, of which Abercrombie speaks, before the spiritual philosophy was known; or 'the fine thread of light which moves the medium' as a spirit lately spoke; and see if they don't draw you to those spheres where flows the ambrosial nectar of the gods. O my co-evals and co-equals in philanthropy, philosophy and science! you whose aspirations thrill responsive to my own! I ask you, urge you, to come up closer to this warm sun of the soul and receive new life, and relume your love where ruin is unknown, and warm your hearts so chilled by the cold creeds of old theology. Come, let us worship at the shrine of philosophy, for this is the true worship of the true God. Listen, listen to this new, near music of the circumambient spheres.

Hear the harmonies that thrill those near concentric realms of pure and spotless spirituality. March to the music of those melodies that roll and reverberate anthemic raptures along the grand corridors of all eternity. Awake, ye who shall awake while the centuries sleep! You shall be my kindred and my colleagues and colaborators in this glorious path of progress that leads us to higher life, and points to the portals of immortal love, where ambrosial dews and theobromal streams permeate the azure ether and fertilize immortal mind.

Arouse the dormant energies of your universal love, and shake

off the apathy of ignorance and the bigotry of blind education that invest our fellow-men as vestures of triple steel.

If our determined will has the power to control nature, why not control human destiny, for what is destiny but nature? What is anything or everything, known and unknown, but nature? Then let us determine by a pure, resolute and honest will, to live like philosophers and die like gods, or the sons of God — die but to put on immortal mantles and claim the legitimate legacy of our Father.

Let us spurn the success of the ignorant but self-wise scoffer, pity the poor pulings of the soulless slave to gross matter; rise in the true majesty of developed men; vindicate the true magnificence of our destiny; assert the divinity within us; exalt our love; expand our thoughts; unfurl the latent pinions of our immortal being and soar amid the radiant realms of a spiritual universe for those splendid pavilions encircling the sky of science and the shrine of philosophy!"

"This earth of ours is a mighty organ,
Of strings without end, keys numberless,
And notes innumerable; some resound,
Deep-toned and grand, like ocean in the storm,
And thunder on its chariot of cloud;
Others sing silence as their sweetest strain,
To melodize the ear of intellect;
But all the million tongues of this organ
Grand, peel out the mind of God omnific,
And nature's vast, omniferous design,
To people the spheres with immortal man,—
The typic cross, the crescent, and the scroll,
Symbols of faith, of passion and of soul;
Unfurl the lettered scroll! Angel emblem
Of the grand spiritual philosophy;
Unrolling life around the starry spheres,
Unfolding angels of immortal love,
And op'ning the destinies of heaven."

To-day a dispute arose regarding Sunday, or the Sabbath. One declares Saturday to be the day ordained and proclaimed by the Lord himself as *the* day to be kept holy, (as if all days should not be so kept) she knows it to be so, for the *Bible* says so — and did not the Lord, who created the earth, rest from his labors on that day?

What said our Lord and Master regarding the Sabbath?

"Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water; whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?

The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.

Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked: and on the same day was the Sabbath.

The Jews therefore said unto him that was cured, It is the Sabbath day; it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed. He answered them, He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk.

And therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, and sought to slay him, because he had done these things on the Sabbath day. But Jesus answered them, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

Again:—

"There was a man which had his hand withered. And they asked him, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath days? that they might accuse him. And he said unto them,

What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out? How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days."

"And it came to pass on the second Sabbath after the first, that he went through the corn fields; and his disciples plucked the ears of corn, and did eat, rubbing them in their hands. And cer-

tain of the Pharisees said unto them, Why do ye that which is not lawful to do on the Sabbath days ?

And Jesus answering them said, Have ye not read so much as this, what David did, when himself was an hungered, and they which were with him;

How he went into the house of God, and did take and eat the shewbread, and gave also to them that were with him; which it is not lawful to eat but for the priests alone ?

And he said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."

"And it came to pass also on another Sabbath, that he entered into the synagogue; and there was a certain man whose right hand was withered. And the scribes and Pharisees watched him, whether he would heal on the Sabbath day; that they might find an accusation against him.

But he knew their thoughts, and said to the man which had the withered hand, Rise up, and stand forth. Then said Jesus unto them, I will ask you one thing;

Is it lawful on the Sabbath days to do good, or to do evil ? to save life or destroy it ? And looking round about upon them all, he said unto the man, Stretch forth thy hand. And he did so; and his hand was restored whole as the other.

And they were filled with madness, and communed with one another what they might do to Jesus."

"But a few years ago it was not lawful for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, called Sunday because the Sabians worshipped the sun on that day; and even now all the American States, except Texas, and perhaps California, regard an innocent recreation on Sunday as a shocking sin, and cause every man by their statutes to 'keep' and observe this day, Sunday, according to —— what? his own conscience? No; to the dictation of the dominant priesthood. And yet these very priests differ as to the true day of their Sabbath.

But all this despotic dysnomy of superstition will be swept from our statute books, by the march of mind to that true liberty which will enable us to spend Sunday and any other day just as we please, provided with the one simple condition, that we interfere not with others in doing just as they please, — all conscience unfettered from other's dogmatic dictum."

I saw but yesternight,
A baby dear and sweet,
Her little face was round and very fair,
Her chubby hands and feet--
Her merry eyes so bright!
O she was mamma's joy as well as care!

Her father's darling too,
As one could plainly see:
Their first and only — may she long be spared
Their hearts and home to cheer,
And may they wisely rear
This lamb so sweet — this cherished, tender bud.

Two months ago she came,
And "Precious" is her name —
Her baby name — by which she now is called:
Appropriate it seems,
For they the darling deem
More precious far than wealth of finest gold.

Two other names has she,
Of native states are they;
One her father's, one her mother's early home:
The first is Georgia,
Next sweet Virginia:
O may she traverse both in times to come.

The cherub has not known
As yet, an ache or pain,
O may her parents, kind and true, be wise —
The laws of nature teach,
Then far above the reach
Of mortal ills, and human woes she'll rise,—

Be fitted here below,
The joys of heaven to know —
To know that life 's immortal and divine —
That love alone, can gild
The bright celestial shield,
Which makes our earthly home — a sacred shrine.

"The science of physiology which is the soil of the soul, and the science of life, is gradually unfolding the philosophy of our physical, and I may add spiritual nature, for upon it are founded and out of it spring the perfections of both our physical and spiritual characters.

We can improve and beautify our species — it is, to a very considerable extent, within the power of parents, especially the

mother, though the daughters generally inherit the mental constitution of the father, and the sons that of the mother, yet they in turn transmit the same, subject to the same controlling influences — by assiduous effort and proper training of passion, feeling, emotion, and objects of sight, thought, employment, association to mold the offspring in the character of mind and body desired. And it is owing to this fact that so many distinguished men have uncommon names, inheriting the vigorous originality of their mothers, who would not be bound by the old nomenclature of John, Jim, or Joe. The mother of the great Italian, Dante, before he was born, had a splendid vision of supernal spheres with fairies flitting before her fancy, which made a powerful and permanent impression on her mind. Dante was born a brilliant poet. Napoleon's mother was very fond of riding with her husband witnessing the review and marshalling of troops, and expressed great anxiety to witness a battle; and his first view of this life was on a portable couch, ornamented with the heroes of the Iliad, his mother being borne on it from the church whence she was thus suddenly called. Napoleon was born a great captain. 'A word to the wise is sufficient,' and if you are not thus wise, it is your imperative duty at once to set about the study of human physiology: for it is *the* study of our lives. I have read of the death of an infant being caused by the lacteal poison imbibed from its mother, who had been the victim of a violent passion of anger. Read the story of Jacob and his spotted cattle — which illustrates the great and primary truth; he was well knowing of the fact, but ignorant of its philosophy — just as the prophets and apostles were cognizant of the facts of spiritual influx and visions, but knew nothing of their significance and philosophy.

Woman wields the world and molds the character of mankind; in her keeping are the destinies of the human family. Said the first Napoleon, 'Tell me the character of your women, and I 'll know your men.'

As judicious energy is the crown of character in man, so chaste meekness is the crown of character in woman — I mean true woman, not the worthless pet and inert toy of indolence, or the imperious queen, who looks upon man as made for her special slave, bedecked with silks and flaming feathers, or fine furniture and gorgeous drawing-rooms, 'a pig in the parlor and a peacock on the promenade,' as Cabet used to call 'em, who cannot string to-

gether correctly a dozen words of her own vernacular (and there is no accomplishment, especially for a lady, equal to chaste, correct, and beautiful language), with no refinement or personal feminine fascination. O, ignorance with aristocracy, pretension with vulgarity, and wealth with wickedness, stinginess, meanness, and selfishness, are so ineffably, and unutterably, and intolerably disgusting. And, of course, such are ignorant of their ignorance, and this ignorance is bliss: 'Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise.'

Nature and its philosophy stamps man — that is, true man of action, energy, honesty and truth — as the Lord; and the woman who does not thus view him, and comprehend her proper relation, is ignorant of her highest excellence, and a stranger to her true and great power. [With all due regard to our contemporary, we acknowledge a difference of opinion.] As an illustrious example of her potency in this respect, when the expatriated Coriolanus, at the head of the Volsci, marched upon his native city, and lighted the circumjacent hills of Rome with the camp-fires of her numerous and relentless enemy, threatening immediate destruction, deputations of her most illustrious citizens, committees of the Senate, priests of religion, old and gray-headed men, all were in turn sent out to him, soliciting and imploring his leniency and mercy, but to no avail; the injured and vindictive heart of Coriolanus was inexorable, and the devoted city seemed doomed to expiate her injustice to him, and gratify his full revenge. Finally, as a last, forlorn, and apparently hopeless resort, his mother and wife, Veturia and Virgilia, were sent to him, and falling on their knees, begged his pardon and protection. 'O, my son!' cried his mother, 'do I embrace my son or my enemy? Am I your mother or your captive? How have I lived to see this day, — to see my son a banished man, and, still more agonizing, to see him the enemy of his country, devoting to destruction the city that gave him birth? Had I never been born, Rome would still be free!' The stern heart of the warrior, that had withstood, unmoved, so many scenes, supplications, and appeals, melted before these tears of woman's meekness, and relented of all its vindictiveness. The great army of the Volsci, he immediately marched away; but the event fulfilled the sad prediction which he addressed to his mother in reply, a prediction which only a Roman mother could hear, 'O, my mother, thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son!' He

was soon murdered by the enraged Volsci. In honor of Veturia's merit, the Romans dedicated a temple to Female Fortune.

The torrent of the storm, the mountain avalanche, hath no such power as the streaming tears of woman's meekness, to melt the heart of man. When the noble Cornelia was called upon by a vain lady, who had been exhibiting her meritricious ornaments, to show hers, she presented her children, exclaiming, 'these are my jewels.' Yours, ladies, is a high and holy charge. In your sacred keeping is the character of men. I would urge you, as a sacred duty, to study well human physiology, our anthroposophy and anthropology, it is that science of that immortal life which is in your hands. We are ignorant of the immense misery and misforfune entailed upon our children by this very ignorance."

I will here insert for the benefit of the "Masonic Fraternity," a communication dictated by a brother mason in spirit life, in reply to a letter of inquiry in regard to the advancement of "Capitular Masonry," etc.: after which, and in connection with, is a communication given through my own powers; this I had not thought to insert here, but as it is the first personal communication (consciously written) vouchsafed through me, I trust it will not be considered amiss to thus preserve it. I will also state that the following, was the first conscious *impressment* of this medium, also a brother mason.

"Comp. ——— In answer to your request to furnish a 'full account of the workings of our chapter,' I would be pleased to say, our workings have been somewhat various: at times we were disposed to proceed with what we had before us: again, it seemed irksome and troublesome to go on.

The Chapter has been in a languid state for want of unanimity to proceed with its high destiny; a strict adherence to the principles of masonry as inculcated by its teachings, would obviate all difficulties, and make Masonry prosperous and secure in the hearts of the fraternity.

A reasonable allowance might be made for want of unity, but then there should be a careful watchfulness over the morals and obligations of its members, in order to make it a success, both as to this world and the world to come.

Should its teachings be strictly observed, would it not be a glo-

rious institution? But alas! how many fall by the wayside, and none to pick them up, none to regret their falling. Those who have obtained an *earthly* mansion, too often forget, or cannot see, their obligated brother in distress, much less give him a welcome hand, to aid him through the toils and troubles of this life.

Greediness and want of sympathy stifle out the latent spark of liberality and quench the spirit of benevolence. It is a burning shame that the want of charity blunts the true understanding of Masonry among some masons, while the red-hot cinders of perdition and anathemas are copiously thrown upon their head, all to make an excuse for the lack of that charity which they refuse to an unfortunate brother.

How long will these things last? when will the joyful sound be heard — Go, brother and do your duty to your fellow companion — with the joyful response, I will? When will the brother mason learn his duty to his equally obligated brother and do it accordingly, without restraint from the wilful bad examples around him? When will he come forward and act conscientiously, enforcing his principles by precept, and spread the glorious principles of Masonry with unselfishness, and stifle out the miserable pandering to selfishness and money-making at the expense of the true principles of Masonry?

These are the questions to be considered in writing-up a superficial history of Masonry with its objects considered, by which, according to your letter, '*Capitular Masonry may be advanced*,' with '*such suggestions as I may deem advisable*.'

My dear companion, I fear you are engaged in a fearful work if you expect to show that the work is true and acceptable to the 'Master Overseer' above. Consider! consider well what you undertake, and be certain that your foundations are solid and that the material is good and pure before you start — for I tell you if you reject all that is worthless, you will have but little left to build your Temple with.

One M. E. G. High Priest has left us and gone to the spirit land. In him we had a good and charitable officer — his memory is strongly embalmed in the hearts of the brotherhood. Had this correspondence fallen to his lot while *here*, it probably would have been executed more pleasantly to the craft. But although he is absent in the flesh, I feel his presence in the discharge of this duty through his spiritual mediumship, and hope you will

pardon me when I say, Had it not been for his spiritual influence you would not have received this communication.

The following marked composition through the mediumistic powers of Miss B——, from Companion D——, addressed to myself, explains itself and shows an intimate connection to what I have written under the same influence.

Ponder and reflect over both, and make your own conclusions in the true spirit — remembering that you and all of us sooner or later will meet our departed companions face to face in the spirit land, in sight of the Lodge not made with hands eternal in the Heavens. Yours affectionately,

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Acting M. E. H. P.

My dear brother F——, I cannot give here
The "workings of your chapter," as well as
Ye who do still inhabit the earth sphere:
But I wish to say — I come at your call,
And am often with you. I have many
Times tried to make you *feel* my presence near.
The task I fear was vain, until at last
Through your friend's control, your attention kind
I was helped to gain. This eased my burden'd soul,
For I knew if once the door was unbarred,
And my brethren fraternal did see the
Pure satisfaction the so-called dead derive
From communion with friends below, one point,
At least, was gained: and here I would say to
One and all — 'T is a *truth eternal*. An
Established law beyond the frail power of
Human control doth govern the same; this
Much I do know — and hope soon to learn more.
There 's much with which we do have to contend,
In coming back here and giving the truth:
But here let me tell you, as brother and

Friend, we all must atone for the sins of
Youth, be they ever so many, or few.
You would like to know how I'm getting on:
I will tell you true, for in the future,
I hope to become a trustworthy man;
I should quite well get along but for this,
The imposture my life sanctioned below;
I was not, as you know, *wholly* to blame:
For, though *I am far less good than I seem,*
Yet I seem not so good as I am; now
This may puzzle you sore, but it 's the truth,
I ween: accept thou, then, in love, the same.

I am here, unable to devise means
By which "Capitular Masonry" may
Be advanced, so far as regards *forms*, the
One thing needful is, *more charity toward*
Your fellow men. Our brotherhood would then
Unite to bless our holy Order, nor
That alone, for all are "Brothers" here,
Who do profess and *live* the truth. When all
Is said and done, the sum of it is this;
To love our neighbor as ourself. And now,
A favor I would ask of thee, brother,
Which is, that you will kindly try to show,
Explain, the truths which I have given you:
Others I trust, will then investigate,
And learn, in time, how to control the power
Of this magnetic bond between the spheres;
This bond is to the earth and heaven a dower
Which lay buried deep for scores of years,
To nearly all, and then revived again.
I am told, that the light of the same can
Never more grow dim: but will brightly shine
To illumine the pathway, pure, sublime,
That 's trodden by mortals, and angels divine,
Who lovingly come to visit your homes.

I fear, brother F——, you'll not comprehend
How it is, that you do receive in *verse*,
The sentiments of your *still-living* friend,
Who could not compile a line of the same.
This much will I say, it is by the aid
Of the medium's guide, who doth control;
I cannot explain to you fully, now,
But I wish you well: the Fraternity too;
May they keep in view high Heaven's decree.

Kind spirit friends. Our letters have, of late, been few and far between — those, at least, in which you are more particularly interested; but I have at the present time three, whose "fragrance smells to heaven," which I would ask you to peruse with me; and if so be that ye have ought to give in reply, I subject myself to your further control.

"I felt a great desire to see the work as soon as I heard of its publication. I found in it many things, that, as you say, I should have to dissent from, but I will not attempt to criticize the book, not feeling myself to be a competent judge; still I will express most sincere admiration, for the independence of character which you must possess, to enable you so to brave public opinion, as not only to write a book, but to express in it your honest convictions, though you knew they would meet with the disapproval of most of your readers. I wish there was more of that kind of courage among us; then we should not have to wait so long for the development of every new idea under the sun, as we now have to."

The writer of the above is no stranger unto us. We have watched, for years, her firm, unerring course, unerring, so far as her innate convictions of truth and right were established. Her honest and candid avowment of her incompetency to judge a work of this character, is precisely what we should expect from one whose life and deeds give evidence that the indwelling spirit, which is the soul of honor, has been baptized into the celestial kingdom of charity and good-will towards the whole human family. We are not surprised that from many things which were given in

that work she should at present dissent, or, more correctly speaking, should fail to embrace the spiritual teachings here set forth. There are two apparent reasons for this: First, her mind has never been directed or led into this particular channel of observation or reflection. Secondly, the simple and childlike lessons contained therein, are not of a character to reach her superior and highly cultured mind, possessing a wealth of original and progressive ideas and thoughts. Were we to anticipate, we might say that the present work is much better adapted to the edification of this class of minds.

The sincere admiration expressed for the independence of character exhibited, is but the reflection of her own inherent nature and true nobility of soul, which soars above the whims and caprices of a prejudiced public opinion, and which is unfettered by adherence to worthless creeds and dogmas.

We bespeak for her, not only a warm interest in this beautiful philosophy, but trust ere long she will also be a co-laborer in this wide field for literary genius, giving forth from her diamond mind, rich "gems of purest ray serene," which shall brighten many a household, and point the hearts of humanity to the fields of immortal light and love on the fadeless shores of eternity.

"We reject many truths when first presented, which afterwards, upon investigation, command our credence. For example, it seems anomalous and incredible to assert that more men die in a healthy country, than in a sickly one; but such is a demonstrable truth, which will command not only our credence, but absolute knowledge, when we investigate it by the light of science, and submit it to that great gift of the Creator, common sense or reason. A thousand people placed in a sickly country, would, in a hundred years, increase but little, perhaps decrease; but the same number placed in a healthy country, would multiply rapidly, and in a few generations, the deaths from this dense population, would, of course, greatly outnumber the deaths from the comparatively sparse population of the unhealthy region, for men must necessarily die everywhere, from decrepitude or by disease. Thus it is demonstrable that in the course of a century or of several generations, a greater number of people die in a salubrious, than in an insalubrious country, however, at first thought, we may have rejected the truth, as absurd and impossible. And it appears false to say that there is water in dry, inflammable gunpowder, and that

much the largest portion of the human body is water instead of solid matter; but which are facts proved by science.

Now, as applied to this new philosophy of life, I cannot aver that I know it to be true; but the numbers and reputable character of the testimony, and the amount and the scientifie nature of the evidence in its support, to say nothing of my intuition of its goodness, its grandeur, and its glory, are vastly superior to that supporting any other religion, or philosophy of life, or system of ethics, and irresistably compels me to BELIEVE it, and embrace it, and throw the anchor of my hope within the storied temple of its splendid pavilions.

Hence, from these conclusions, let us learn first, last, and all the time, not to reject or accept anything without patient and thorough investigation. This is specially, and particularly, and emphatically, applicable to the great and momentous subject of our duty and destiny, which is our *religion*."

Our next extract is from the pen of one who, four months ago, was a skeptic and an unbeliever; but who now, as you will infer from the correspondence, is not only a firm believer, but a coworker with us in this great reformatory movement.

"Now for the all-absorbing question, — Spiritualism: A lady visitor at our house, gives a flowing account of the 'spirits' and their doings, at S ——. It seems to be a voluntary production there, comes naturally, without any cultivation, and the crop seems to be various; the poor spirits telling, in some instances, awful tales on the *good citizens*, which did not go down well with some, horrified others, and others, again, got venomous. They go by turns — different houses on different nights, and the ball keeps gathering as it rolls — skeptics dumb-founded and obliged to give it up, and the population falling into the belief generally, as to the truth of invisible powers of intelligence, etc. But the whole thing is a sort of catched-up, agreeable sort of development, not regulated by any advancement beyond the rapping of the table and the quality or quantity present. A good, lively thing they make of it, according to what my lady friend reports.

We are doing the best we can, considering that everything has succumbed to the development of the *trance* and *slate*, — no friendly table-tipping, no impressional writing, no good, nice, agreeable talks to the poor spirits beyond. All gone, gone, to

give the trance and slate developmentary project, a chance to break through the shell, a full-feathered realization, or nude, I do not know which; at any rate, we are flat for the want of something to do, whereby we can gather in the harvest of spiritual seekers ready to be shocked, threshed, and the chaff separated from the grain, and bagged for the Centennial or Millennium, as you may be pleased to term it; the first being dedicated to the spirit of liberty, and the latter to the liberty of spirit."

From the same a few days latter.

"We have several new friends, — spiritual, — who communicate to us good and welcome intelligence. The trance no go — the slate yet on hand, progressing I think. Some three new friends, mechanical writers all, for my benefit on hand at times, looks like a determined movement to make something out of me, and for *some great purpose*, (they say). Seems like I was *cut out* to do work, even if I am spoiled in the make-up. I did charge them, indirectly, of trying to feed my vanity, but they said *No*, so I am going along with a pencil on tip-toe, making flourishes, and hieroglyphics, and straight lines of wavy crooks, in abundance. We still live in hopes, at some future time, to get up trance. If J—— succeeds on the slate, and I in the mechanical writing, we may then be able to get help. I desire no humbug or juggling, but *strictly honest work*."

We have indeed somewhat to say concerning these things, yea, much that we would be glad to say, but time and space are limited, therefore must our words be few. The account given by your friend,— our mutual friend we might say, for he is ours as well — of the spontaneous workings of the spirit, is but one instance of thousands which are now daily occuring upon the mundane sphere. The ancient prophecies are being literally fulfilled: the Lord is pouring out his spirit upon all flesh. The seed shall spring up as the grass, and as willows by the water-courses; and one shall say, It is the work of the Lord: another, 'T is Satan let loose.

Woe unto them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord, and their works are in the dark, and they say, Who seeth us? and who knoweth us? Surely your turning of things upside-down, shall be esteemed as the potter's clay: for shall the work say of him that made it, He made it not? or shall the thing

framed, say of him that framed it, He had no understanding? It is yet but a very little while, and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest. Will the "good citizens" be kind enough to draw their own inference from this? And in that day shall the deaf hear, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness. The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel; the righteous shall no longer be sold for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes, being pressed under you, as a cart is pressed that is full of sheaves. A man and his father shall no more go in unto the same maid, to profane my holy name, saith the Lord. And I will smite the winter house with the summer house; and the houses of ivory shall perish, and the great houses shall have an end: the Lord God hath sworn this by his holiness. And the multitude of all the nations that fight against Ariel, even all that fight against her, and her munition, and that distress her, shall be as a dream of a night vision; it shall even be as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth: but he awaketh and his soul is empty. Or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and behold he drinketh: but he awaketh, and behold he is faint, and his soul hath appetite; so shall the multitude of all the nations be, that fight against mount Zion.

Of our friend we would say, His work is yet scarce begun, it shall spring forth a full-fledged reality, for the seed shall be prosperous; the vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew.

His strict integrity of purpose, combined with high intellectual capabilities, render him a valuable and efficient instrument for good in the hands of the higher powers, especially so as his mental superstructure is such, that he is enabled to receive impressions with unusual alacrity and clearness: his perceptive faculties also, rendering him a competent "machine" for winnowing the grain. We trust the harvest will be plenteous, and will, when fully ripe, be gathered into the garners of Spiritual Liberty, whose dedication shall be ascribed in letters of gold, to — THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Extract from our third letter: —

"I have read your Book with interest; have not investigated the principal subject of which it treats, and am of course, unable to

form any opinion in regard to such matters, except from what little I have read of them: but whether true or false, I have never for a moment doubted your integrity or sincerity in the matter; at the same time, I have not been convinced that it would make me either happier or better, or that it was my duty to look into the subject of Spiritualism."

We have here a representative of a large class of people who, for three subsecutive reasons have not taken upon themselves the responsibility of an investigation of the subject in question. In the first place, the manifold cares and duties incumbent upon the head of a family who are dependent upon his exertions for their daily sustenance, leave little time or opportunity for study or research beyond the present and the immediate future. Secondly, their inbred principles from early instillations, the nature of their avocations, the populace by which they are surrounded, all tend to dissuade rather than promote an investigation of this still unpopular theory, even had they a desire of obtaining knowledge thereof. Lastly, they feel themselves perfectly safe so long as they depart not from the path their forefathers trod, they have around them a wide circle of devoted freinds, none especially dear having been called from their midst.

As a natural result this combination of circumstances and conditions produces indifference on their part without any feelings of malevolence or any desire to exert an opposing influence. They look upon Spiritualism as a theorem of little importance to them, and, as our friend writes, are not convinced that they should be any happier, better, or that it is their duty to investigate the subject.

"Spiritualism, whether in ancient or modern times, does not always lead to pleasant results, neither does the elimination of any great truth. Advanced ideas invariably bring martyrs to the front."

We listened, some time ago, to a conversation between some friends, one of whom had been absent for a time from her native town. As is usual in such cases, the matrimonial alliances and anticipations were among the first subjects of discussion. One friend, strange to say, for it was one of whom they would have least expected it — had done splendidly, better than any girl in the place ever had done, or ever would do. She had married a

rich widower with quite a large family of children. I did not learn of which component part the splendor consisted — the man, the money, or the children; all combined, perhaps. A young man had "up and got married" for no earthly reason except that he could not live with his step-mother. Poor thing! from what I gathered, however, he did not better himself much. As we freely expressed our opinion in regard to matrimony in our former work, we will not elaborate upon the subject here, but will give an extract from which mothers — step-mothers included — may derive a lesson; also the multitude of unfortunate beings who are "married and not mated."

"John Kepler, so little popularly known, who discovered the motion of the sun, the weight of the atmosphere, the elliptical orbits of the planets, and the great law that 'the squares of the periodic times of the planets are to each other as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun,' and other great principles in the philosophy of astronomy, and a most dutiful and devoted son, whose care, kindness and affection for his mother, who had causelessly contemned him and bestowed her favors on her other sons, who afterwards neglected her in her old age, extorted the following words from her dying lips: 'I wish that all mothers would take warning by my case, and never show any preference to one child over another until they see good reason to do so. Above all, none should be harsh, but kind, to the one that 's anxious for knowledge.' He thus speaks in his epitaph, written by himself: 'I have measured the heavens; I now measure the shades of the earth. The intellect is celestial; here only the shadow of the body reposes.' This great and good man had to prosecute his studies under the great incubus of extreme indigence, and his only instrument, with which he measured the heavens, was constructed of three sticks of wood, formed into a triangle and graduated, with goose quills for sights. And, like Milton, Maffitt, Bulwer, Lardner, and many of the finest intellects of the world, he was unfortunate in his matrimonial selection. What a clog, what a curse, for such a man, measuring the machinery of the universe, or studying the springs of human hope and its deep arcana, soaring for the sublime and towering to the true, to be tied to a termagant whose cross, contracted, distorted, capricious ken never reached beyond her poultry-yard or goose-pond, whose viraginity is her religion, who quarrels at his every generous and

noble deed, contemns his honorable impulses and efforts, abuses his lofty aspirations, sneers at his sensitiveness, and reviles his refinement. Thus the contumacious and contumelious wife and undutiful and ungrateful children, as in the case of Milton, treat him whose hand holds their heads above the wave, and whose efforts would weave a wreath around their names as fadeless as the flowers of his congenial paradise. Why is it that men of genius are nearly always thus unhappy in their conjugal connections? It is a well known truth and fact, and therefore must have a reason and a philosophy. Indulge a brief answer to this question, as it involves one of the most important relations of life. Genius is original, superb, bold, defiant, and disdains to follow the worn-out paths of others, whether it be or not a disease of the nerves, as declared by a learned doctor; hence the comparatively ignorant wife, and her more ignorant friends, and simple, conceited neighbors, ever eager to officiate, call this eccentricity, obduracy, imbecility.

> "The moles and bats, in full assembly, find,
> On special search, the keen-eyed eagle blind."

Genius also has its puerilities, and is subject to the greatest perturbations, like the streaming meteor, and these, its mere aberrations, are taken by the ignorant for its normal orbit and natural status. For instance Sir Isaac Newton, I think it was, or some other great mind, on having his new barn completed, required the workmen to cut a hole in the door for the cats to enter, to drive off the rats. After the hole was made for the cat, which required but a few moments, he asked his workmen also to cut some smaller ones for the kittens, as he wished them to multiply. 'But,' said the workmen, 'if a grown cat can go through that hole, so can the little kittens.' 'Sure enough,' rejoined the genius. There are many such ludicrous instances of absence of mind,— for they are nothing else, — recorded of great men, which silly men regard as the test of mentality. The great mind, after its herculean efforts on great subjects, becomes on these small trivialities quiescent, and is then comparatively asleep; and such active minds require more sleep than sluggish ones. Napoleon frequently slept on the field of battle, on the issue of which the fate of Empires trembled. It is the moral duty of genius to pity the

weak and self-conceited simpleton, and some do, occasionally, but not invariably, for genius is generally unstable and erratic, like the vivid lightning's gleam. There are many who attain renown through adventitious fortune; but few men of genius are known to the world, compared to the many unknown. Again, the man of genius and culture is capable of conceiving, and is hence apt to fix a standard so high, of female loveliness, that few women can 'fill the bill,' to use a quaint phrase; hence his frequent disappointments. And again, genius is high-spirited, full of passion, impatient of restraint, excitable and irritable, (which irritability is confounded, by the vixen, with her own irascibility), and therefore requires a wife of more than ordinary gentleness, patience and amiability. But genius, superb in its ideal, will have none other than a woman of superb beauty; and nature never lavishes all her gifts in one individual. I opine it would be as hard to find a beautiful woman who is amiable, as it is to find a great man who is pretty. And yet further, may it not sometimes happen that an invidious wife, and her still more invidious friends, seek to drag the husband from his towering altitude, down to their level, whom they can never otherwise hope to equal."

"Oh, mortals! remember that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, — when the soul has shaken off the cumbrous shackles of this mortal life, — shall equally receive their just deserts, under the divine law of compensation; for their good works here, happiness there; for their evil deeds, sorrow. The greater the wickedness, the more intense the remorse. The greater the good deeds, the more delightful will be the condition of the soul in the spirit realm."

In connection with this truth, and showing the different altitudes and conceptions of those entering the new life, we here insert some messages from the spirit-world, given through the mediumship of Mrs. Danskin of Baltimore, through whose powers "hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth, while she was in the entranced condition, totally unconscious." We copy the same from the *Banner of Light*.

"Free, free from the fetters of an earthly life, give me a place in that kingdom which hath not been made by hands! W. A. Richardson of Quincy, Ill. My native place was Kentucky. I

was interested in all things that appertained to the public welfare. Born in 1811. I studied law, or, rather, I became a lawyer. Afterward I went to Illinois, where I settled. I was chosen five times to fill a place in the National Legislature. I was on the electoral ticket for Polk and Dallas. I held a command on the battle-field of Buena Vista; and with all these achievements which men hold so important, what gained I in the presence of the Infinite? Many a beggar who walked the streets day and night, asking alms, was arrayed in more beautiful garments than I.

My mind was filled with wonder when I beheld the conditions of the new life. Said I, 'Do the lowly become stationed above the higher in this world, or am I mistaken? Is this a mere picture? Am I dead, or am I not?' A voice rolled down from the distant heights, which thrilled me as would an electric shock, and made me stand erect in my manhood. It said, 'Look upward, not downward; leave earth and all its treasures behind, and seek yonder beautiful sun that is just rising above the hills!' I was amazed; I was filled with wonder. The thought of myself was not spoken, but flashed through the spirit-brain. The voice again said, 'You are not dead in our sight, but in the sight of ignorant men; *they* call you dead. You have a strong and cultivated intellect; come forward in your manhood, and deny to mortals *that* which has been so erroneously taught them, — that death was the fate of all mankind; that death was the penalty offered to transgression; that death was the monster that all men should fear. Tell them what you have learned of death.' And now, men and women, (I speak to the unlettered and ignorant as well as to the cultured and wise), let one who has tasted of the deep, strong knowledge of immortality, tell you that *there is no death in the universes of the Infinite.* We only resign that which we borrow from mother earth, and the ever-living spirit returns to the Source whence it came.

Blessed be thy name, O Infinite one! for he has by the operation of his divine laws, rooted out ignorance from my mind, and implanted therein knowledge.

This philosophy, which has so much light in it, deals justly, both with the saint and the sinner. Regret goes backward, that I did not seek the knowledge of it when in the earth-form — not for my benefit alone, but for the good I might have done to humanity."

"What positive proof have I, white-robed angel, that I am not dead? The reply comes. 'Speak, young man, and the exercise of your attributes will dictate to you whether you have life or whether you are dead.' I am youthful — only eighteen years old. I feel as if something very mysterious had crossed the pathway of my young life. I have not power to define it. In general feature this place where I am is like the one which I left. I am a stranger among you; as such treat me. There is vacancy with me which nothing in this life seems to fill. I am not any nearer to God than I was before. I realize now that I did not pay sufficient attention to the laws of my physical nature. Let all who are kindred to me cease from weeping and mourning, for all in good time I will grow in knowledge of the laws of this life, and will thus grow in happiness."

"There is sorrow and mourning and grief in the household over my death. I feel peculiarly strange. I scarce can realize that from death comes life, but so it is. I have all the attributes of the living man. I have sight, feeling, and hearing. 'More blessed to give than to receive' — thus I hand down the biblical record. From death comes life, when one in his youthful days acquaints himself with the laws of God as well as the laws of man. Mother, believe me, I am not dead, but alive. Mother, believe me, I do not speak from the grave, but from the blue sky, in the heavens where the white-robed angels have converted me to their work. A fair spirit bids me come and commune as best I may, saying that it will give me enhanced pleasure in my new life."

"Art thou balanced well in mind [addressing a spirit] to ask me to say 'farewell, vain world, I bid adieu to thee and those I love?' No, I cannot say it. I almost feel angered with the author of my being for having built me up intellectually and surrounded me with wealth, and given everything to make life pleasant and happy, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, to take all from me and cast me into a world that I stand in ignorance of. I am not capable of judging, nor do I wish to be judged. Give me back life — life on earth, with all my physical ailments; earth was more pleasant to me than is all this vast country. Father, in your sorrow you may weep, for your son is

dead, dead to the world he has left, and dead to the one he has entered. Let the curtain fall, and let me sleep that sleep which will never have an awakening. Yes, write it out, and after you have written it close the page, and let it moulder away as will the body of myself. I cannot do it justice, nor can I have justice done me. I am the son of one whose *crowning point is wealth.*"

"How sweet, how calm to die and to be resurrected into life. I found a new and beautiful life 'over the river.' Gladsome friends met me, and we rejoiced together over one more new birth. Our Father, who art in heaven, hath dealt kindly, graciously with his new-born child. He, by his instruments, has taught me that I am not a mere worm of the earth, that I have an existence in this world that brings with it beauty and utility, not only to myself but to those whom I have left behind me. Kindred and friends, if you can read these lines, you will find that I am not dead, but alive, living in that world where death never enters. I am told by one who is a worker among the spirits to come hither and unfold my life beyond the grave. Many mourn me dead. In seeing this they will recognize that I have the attributes of life, and with those attributes power to speak again to those whom I have left behind me. Farewell."

A. J. Davis says: "Believe not that what is called death, is a final termination of human existence, nor that the *change* is so thorough and entire as to alter or destroy the constitutional peculiarities of the individual: but believe righteously that death causes as much *alteration* in the condition of the individual, as the bursting of the rose-bud causes in the situation and condition of the flower. Death is only an *event*, a *circumstance*, in the eternal life and experience of the soul. As the death of the germ is necessary to the birth and development of the flower, so is the death of man's physical body an indispensable precedent and indication of his spiritual birth or resurrection. . . . Night and sleep, correspond to physical death; but the brilliant day and human wakefulness, correspond to spiritual birth and individual elevation."

WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?

"One night, while Joseph Jefferson was acting Rip Van Winkle, he lost all consciousness of where he was; when he came to himself, he started as though from a sound sleep, and finishing his scene mechanically, rushed up to some one in the wings, and asked them what had happened, — had he made some dreadful blunder? No one had noticed anything; yet Jefferson avers that he was not there in spirit, from the early part of the performance, to the late stage of the representation, when he 'awoke' and found himself *toujours* Rip. After this it is not surprising that Mr. Jefferson should declare that he plays the character under spiritualistic influences."

THE POPE A MEDIUM.

The *Courier de Bruxelles* gives the following account of a miraculous cure affected lately by his Holiness Pius IX.

"A *religieuse* of the Order of the Sacred Heart, the Rev. Mother Julia N ——, daughter of one of the most distinguished diplomats of Belgium, after a violent nervous attack, had her right arm so completely paralyzed that it had to be bandaged to boards for support. Her finger-nails had become black, and the bones of the fingers and elbow had become displaced and, as it were, dislocated.

In vain had the medical men prescribed change of air. At Vienna, where she first betook herself, afterward at Rome, where she arrived about the end of September, the disease assumed even a more aggravated form. The sufferer, nevertheless, cherished a secret hope that she would be cured, and through her being at Rome, if she could but see the Holy Father. She obtained an audience on October 19. The Holy Father, at first surprised at the request for cure that had been made him, and wishing, too, perhaps to try the faith of the invalid, said to her: 'My daughter, I have not the gift of miracles.' But he immediately added, 'Put your trust in God, for nothing is impossible to his mercy.'

However, as the religious ladies, and especially the niece of the Holy Father, besought him that he himself would deign to commend the sick person to God, and to bless her, the Pope became

for an instant recollected in prayer, his hands joined, and his eyes raised to heaven; then addressing the invalid, he said, 'My daughter, have faith — that faith which moves mountains.'

He several times repeated the same words to her, and, having asked her name, he took occasion from it to insist anew on faith. 'St. Julia,' he said, 'gave her life for Jesus Christ, and she proved by her martyrdom how ardent was her faith.' Having then taken the ring of the religious profession which the invalid wore on her left hand, the Holy Father blessed it, and made her place it on the finger of her right hand. 'At that very instant,' the Rev. Mother Julia asserts, 'I felt life return to the paralyzed part, and the blood resumed its circulation throughout the entire arm.'

The Pope then bade her make the sign of the cross; but, as instinctively, and by the force of habit, she was about to make it with the left hand. 'No, no, not like that!' said the Holy Father; 'the sign of the cross must be made with the right hand — the Catholic sign of the cross.' And, in fact, the Rev. Mother Julia was able to sign herself with the right hand, although still hesitating, and with some difficulty.

At the bidding of the Holy Father she made a second sign of the cross, and this time without the smallest hesitation, and in a perfect manner. She was cured. On her return to the Villa Santa she was able to write, on the same day, a long letter of thanks to the Holy Father, and she wrote it with the very hand which shortly before was paralyzed. The cure is complete. The finger-nails have recovered their natural color, and the bones of the fingers and arms have resumed their normal position."

"A worthy Jewish family by the name of Hydeman, residing at 59 Lancaster Street, Albany, N. Y., have a lovely daughter, now about three years of age. Some months since, it fell ill, and when partially recovered, had its lower limbs suddenly paralyzed. For weeks it sat, an uncomplaining little sufferer, bringing tears to the eyes and anguish to the hearts of its doting parents and friends. An excellent family physician was of course a regular attendant; but his medicines utterly failed to produce any effect. Mrs. and Mr. Hydeman then had the hardihood to try my friend, Dr. Smith, who, after twenty-one 'treatments,' using only his hands, and no medicine whatever, fully restored the dear

little girl to all her former activity and gayety. I called to see her, and found her running about the room as if no terrible hiatus had ever occurred to mar the merry sound of her happy hours.

"A young married lady, residing on the line of railway between Baltimore and Washington City, had been for six months in a state of mental disturbance that baffled the skill of her physicians. Her family were about to send her to an insane asylum, when a brother-in-law happened to read a copy of my book, — *How and Why I Became a Spiritualist,* — called on me and asked if I thought relief could be obtained through Mrs. D.'s mediumship; I promised to submit the case to Spirit Dr. Rush, and let the inquirer know the result. My intention was to mention this application as soon as I reached home: but becoming interested in other matters, I ommitted to do so. When seated at the dinner table, Dr. Rush controlled Mrs. Danskin and said, '*I* read the condition of the patient through your magnetism and that of her friend; tell him to bring her to your home as speedily as possible.' The next morning the patient came, in care of her sister, who said that she had not slept more than two hours and a half at any one time during the previous six months. A diagnosis of the case was given, stating that in giving birth to a child there had been a loss of animal magnetism, which deranged the action of the vital forces, and made her susceptible to disturbing influences; she was almost immediately thrown into a deep magnetic slumber, which lasted six hours. Medicines magnetically prepared were administered, and in less than two months the equilibrium of mind and body were restored, and she who would probably have become a raving maniac *in the atmosphere and among the influences of an insane asylum,* was restored to her friends, and is now a healthy, beautiful, and accomplished woman."

"A MURDERER EXPOSED BY SPIRITS."

[Taken from the *Banner of Light.*]

"The English secular papers, recently, were filled with extended reports of the detection, trial, and execution of Henry Wainwright, for the murder of Harriet Lane, her remains having been cut into several pieces and wrapped in a sack, wherein they were discov-

ered in a most remarkable manner. While not wishing to go through with the harrowing details of the crime, we desire to place on record on this side the Atlantic, the fact that the act was revealed through the most unmistakable intervention of spirit power, always supposing Mr. Alfred P. Stokes to have spoken and written truthfully concerning the warning he received. The matter can best be conveyed to the mind of the reader in the following extract from Mr. Stokes' letter to Wainwright, after the death-sentence had been passed on the latter.

'I feel that I must write to you, to say that I trust that you will not consider that what I have done or said against you was either said or done from any personal malice toward you, or that I was lacking in friendship toward you because I could not bring myself to any endeavor to try and screen you; on the contrary, I and all to whom I have spoken, who were formerly in your employment, have always esteemed you as a kind and good master, and always a most generous friend; God and yourself only know how much you were concerned in the terrible crime laid to your charge: but I do hope and trust that you will consider that in giving any evidence against you, I only fulfilled a national duty, which I believe was the will of God, and which I know was done in the interest of humanity. *When I say that it was the will of God, I must now tell you more of the details of the strange promptings I had to open the parcel, than I have hitherto made public.*

Perhaps you think, as I know many in the world think, that I was only moved by a base and a prying curiosity. But I can assure you, between myself and God, that it was not that, but that I, in reality, was urged, as it were, by a strange, mysterious agency, for which I can scarcely account. Probably the world may laugh, and you, too, at what I am now going to tell you, but I declare it to be true. It has caused me, more than ever, to be convinced that there is a God and a superhuman power around us, and I hope it will cause you to think so, too. *These unaccountable promptings began the very moment you left me with that frightful bundle, whilst you went to fetch the cab. The very instant your back was turned, I seemed to hear a supernatural voice say to me, three times, as distinctly as though it were a human voice somewhere near me, 'Open that parcel! Open that parcel! Look in that parcel!* I at first thought that perhaps you were carrying

away hair or something, not belonging to you, and I hesitated what I should do. I seemed to hear the voice again, and then felt pressed on, by an irresistable impulse, to open it. *I immediately rent it open. The head and hands came up together, and as I stood for a moment, aghast at the mutilated head, so grim, and yet apparently so pitiable, thinking over and puzzling what I should say to you when you came back, I seemed instantly possessed and controlled by a power and agency, by a cautionary prudence and energy not my own, and certainly not natural to me,* and then, as I hastily closed up the parcel again, thinking that perhaps it would be best to say nothing about it, I seemed to hear the same supernatural voice address me again, and say, '*Murder! it is a murder! Will you conceal a murder?*' *I then said, 'No, not for my own father!* Oh, pray, God, direct me aright; but shall I give up the very best friend I have had in my life?' You then came up with the cab, took the parcels, and drove away. As I stood for a moment in utter consternation, with my hair feeling as though it stood erect on my head, *I immediately seemed to hear the same voice again addressing me, and saying, 'Follow the cab! follow the cab!'* I at once did so. I set on to run as though I was propelled along. I ran till I nearly dropped from exhaustion, and *certainly seemed sustained by a strength superior to my own.* Thus, from the remembrance of the strange, inexplicable power which so suddenly overruled me, I feel convinced that I was really destined to be the humble medium by which that mysterious and barbarous murder was to be brought to light. Had I been left to my own natural impulse in the matter, the probability is that the crime would not have been so fully detected. Under these circumstances, then, I do trust that you will personally forgive me.'"

I hope and pray that if I have done amiss in reproducing the above statement, God and the angel-world may forgive me; for I feel, and have from the moment I commenced writing it, as if the spirit of the poor, unfortunate being who committed the crime were present, gazing upon me with sad, reproachful eyes. God knows that I would not willingly add one pang of bitterness to the unutterable woe of such an one, whether in the body or out of the body. If there is one class of beings more than another upon earth, who stand in need of our heartfelt sympathy and compassion, it is such as these. We should pity their inhe-

rent nature; for who can tell when or by what means, the germ which produces the unseemly fruit was generated or implanted? And who but God can tell which commits the greater sin; he who, — it may be in the heat of passion, — takes the life of a fellow mortal; or he, — *they*, we might better say, —who, in cool, calculating earnest, take the life of him who perpetrates the cruel deed?

"I have heard old, observant men, say they have often noticed that a violent man would generally die by violence — viewing it as a righteous retribution; and also, that when one member of a devoted circle or family dies, others are almost certain to follow very soon; and further, that the most amiable and lovely are generally selected by death; hence the old aphorism, 'Death loves a shining mark.' I believe this is a prevailing opinion, whether derived from the Bible or from experience, or from both. If this be true, it has a philosopy, but if it has no philosophy, it is false; whether or not we understand the philosopy, is another question. Now, as excarnated men or angels can, and do, in certain conditions, influence men in the flesh to write in any hand, and speak in any tongue, and perform any music on any instrument, all unknown to them, and also move heavy, ponderable bodies, all through a proper medium in rapport, is n't it in accordance with the logic of other analogies, and reasonable to suppose, that the spirit of the murdered man can find some unconscious medium through which to retaliate upon his violent murderer yet in the flesh? or the excarnated loved member of a devoted circle find some tractable, unsonant medium, through whom, as an unconscious instrument, to gather up to his own happy abode, some others of his loved jewels left behind him in this plain of sorrows? This is merely suggested as a speculative hypothesis, to verify, through philosophy, these old, cherished sentiments, and, if true, clear them from the mist of miracle."

Among the many subtile revelations through Allen Kardee, is the most interesting one relative to spirit atmospheres, a vital part in the economy of our growth and expansion. He reminds us that spirits constitute the invisible population of the globe, and that they are everywhere in space and about us, incessantly regarding us, and even jostling us, so that when we think ourselves alone we are surrounded by secret witnesses not only of our actions but of our thoughts. To this unconsidered fact is

ascribed the disclosure of so many wrong deeds whose authors had thought it impossible for the world to find out. In any assembly there are invisible listeners as well as those in the body; an unlimited number may occupy a given space. At séances, the atmosphere may be said sometimes to be saturated with their fluidic aura. This aura which emanates from spirits is wholesome according to the degrees of their purity. Its healing properties in certain cases are well attested, as also the morbid effect upon some individuals. Therefore, the presence of a multitude of spirits cannot fail to exercise an influence on the physical as well as the moral health of any assembly. This influence is good or bad as the spirits emit healthy or unwholesome aura. It acts like the life-giving emanations of one locality, or the deadly miasma of another. This is enough to explain the collective effects which are produced on large bodies of individuals; also the state of tranquility or of uneasiness which we all of us experience in certain companies, without knowing the secret cause of it.

It also explains the force of those impulses toward good or evil, which are felt by assemblies of people. Every individual feels this influence according to the degree of his sensibility, whether his surrounding spirit atmosphere is foul or vivifying. For this reason, our constant intercourse with the spirit-world discloses the existence of a principle of spiritual hygiene, to which science will some day give its serious attention, and plume itself on having made a new discovery. The great point to be considered in this matter is the necessity for our health, physical and moral, of being surrounded with a healthy spiritual atmosphere; and in connection with it, of course, the possibility of our driving off and destroying a pestiferous, miasmatic atmosphere, emanating from evil spirits and low ones, and securing only healthy conditions for the growth of our natures.

As our own thoughts and sentiments prevail to make the choice of the kind of spirits for us, it is plain that we have but to discipline these in order to draw to us the sweetest and purest atmosphere for our spirits to breathe, and for our bodies to receive their influence. We should avoid the contact of unhealthy spiritual aura as much as we should avoid the miasmatic exhalations of a swamp. The qualities of the *perisprital* fluids are in correspondence with those of the spirit, in fact of the same character, whether the spirit be incarnated or de-incarnated. The

more pure and elevated its sentiments, the more refined its fluid. The radiating fluids are impregnated with the thoughts which rule the mind of an incarnated spirit. They may be invisible to the eye of sense, but the soul sees and recognizes them with clearness."

Science took a handful of sand, and constructed a telescope, and with it explained the starry depths of heaven. Science wrested from the gods their thunderbolts; and now the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the seas. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, created a giant that turns with tireless arms the countless wheels of toil.—*Ingersoll.*

Says Noah Porter, 'The rules of inference and methods of induction are as truly applied in the occasions of every-day life by the humblest of men as by the most consummate scientist.' This is a fact which people are apt to leave out of consideration, when the question is of the great phenomena of Spiritualism. Then it is asked, What man of science has admitted them? just as if a shrewd, intelligent, level-headed mechanic, laborer, sailor, or wood ranger, would not be as quick in detecting imposition in the phenomena of Spiritualism, as the man who had become an expert in mathematics, geology, natural history, or astronomy; or that an expert in jugglery like Houdin, who testified to the fetichuman character of the phenomena through Mr. Home, was not as competent as a Tyndal to decide on that question. Much loose thinking prevails on this subject.

There is a science of *Common Sense* possessed by the shrewd observant man, though he may never have been to college, which is more than a match for the tests of a Crooker and a Varley. The testimony of thousands of clear-headed, imaginative investigators, men and women who have looked into the phenomena, should not be set aside in favor of the comparatively few testimonials of acknowledged scientists. The latter have their value, but the truth of Spiritualism has been established by the concurrent testimony of thousands, who claim merely the science of common sense, a healthy organization, and a mind not likely to be misled by chimeras, or duped by impostures.

Let us not forget, in estimating probabilities, to attach some

little value to this science of common sense; day by day mediums who have been denounced by superficial investigators, and pretenders to science, as frauds, are proving the genuineness of their mediumship. He who thinks to arrive at just conclusions on this great subject of Spiritualism, through his having detected what seem to him a few suspicious circumstances at a séance, may live to find that truth lies somewhat deeper than he had supposed, and that the imposition was not in the medium, nor in the phenomena, *but in his own hasty and untrained judgment, and superficial attainments.* Again, Epes Sargent truly remarks in his Reply to Tyndall, 'Even if it were proved that two thirds of those persons believed to be genuine mediums, though subject to human frailties, like Mrs. Holway, the Edelys, and others, had occasionally in the absence of supposed spirit help, resorted to imposture, or that all their manifestations were frauds, *it would not impair the force of the great, irresistable body of thoroughly tested facts, on which, Modern Spiritualism is based.*' To attempt to set aside these irresistable facts, by quoting some insignificant failure, or some attempted fraud, real or apparent, is an absurdity to those who know the beautiful realities that have been abundantly proved, and have stood the test of persistent investigation now for more than a quarter of a century."

Gail Hamilton says this to the clergy: "There is, and there can be, no conflict between scientific truth and religious truth. Scientific men so far as they are honest, and religious men so far as they are honest, *are in pursuit of one and the same object.*"

We will next insert a few questions propounded by J. H. Harter, and responded to by J. M. Peebles. We can scarcely forbear to here say a few words in commendation of this earnest, eloquent, and devoted worker, whom the heavenly intelligences have enjoined to "go into all the world and preach the gospel," and who, as all may opine from the angelic character of his replies, seems imbued with the true spirit of the holy Nazarene.

"Please give me your definition of Spiritualism?

Spiritualism, as generally understood, implies a conscious intercourse with the inhabitants of the spirit world; in a broader

and better sense, Spiritualism is a phenomenon, a science, and a religion, kindling in all sensitive souls the loftiest endeavor, the holiest aspirations.

What relation, in your estimation, does Spiritualism bear to Christianity?

If by Christianity you mean the moral teachings and spiritual marvels of Jesus Christ, recorded in the New Testament, I have to say that Spiritualism and Christianity are in *full accord;* their relation standing something as bud and blossom upon the revelator's 'Tree of Life,' . . . . the leaves of which were for the 'healing of the nations.'

Do Spiritualists, as a class, recognize the necessity and efficacy of prayer?

Difficult to answer, because of the different conceptions of prayer, and the indefinite ideas afloat concerning God. Defining prayer to be aspiration, or an up-welling and out-flowing of the soul toward all that is good, pure and holy. I am confident that all 'Spiritualists, as a class, believe in the necessity and efficacy of prayer.' And yet there are crusty, crotchety individuals who take a chill at the mere mention of prayer. The 'rich man in hell' who 'cried to Father Abraham,' was possibly one of this sort. Though prayer does not change God, nor natural law, it *does* affect all sincere petitioners, besides calling to aid angels and ministering spirits, who, under the providence of God, delight to answer prayer. Mrs. Conant, entranced, uniformly opened her public circles with prayer. Mrs. Tappan, Mrs. Brigham, and nearly all of our most successful speakers, commence their meetings with an invocation.

Do you blame Ambler, Hayden, S. C. Hayford, Dr. Houghton, and other Spiritualist lecturers, for going into the liberal churches as preachers?

Not in the least. Evidently they had good and sufficient reasons. They still believe in the ministry of angels and spirits. I neither 'blame' nor condemn anybody. When I am endowed with infinite knowledge, and become *absolutely perfect,* I may presume to mount the judgment seat, and deal out condemnation! It 's a little galling to at least one of those brothers, to be continually criticised and stoned by 'sinners.'

What would you think of *me,* Spiritualist as I am, if I should settle over a Universalist society? I have been invited to do so

since I gave up my letter of fellowship, and left the denomination.

I should 'think' it was your business, not mine. And just so far as your aims and motives were good, I should say, God and the holy angels bless you.

Do you consider magic and occultism the keys that unlock the wonders of Spiritualism?

No. Reverse it, and you have it. Spiritualism, with its multiform phases of mediumship, is the key that unlocks magic, occultism, and all the marvelous wonders of the Orient.

Do you accept pre-existence, and re-incarnation as now taught by the spirits?

Most sincerely do I believe in the pre-existence of the soul. Re-incarnation is another matter. Taught by some, it is denied by other spirits. In my case, the testimony is not all in. Touching discussion upon this subject, re-incarnationists have shown much the best spirit. It is as unwise to denounce as it is impossible to 'scold,' even the wildest theory out of existence.

Why is there so much evil-speaking, back-biting, and slander current among mediums and speakers? and why are the really good, often most persecuted?

Evil-speaking, back-biting, and the current slanders to which you refer, — necessities of ante-natal tendencies, unbalanced temperaments, plebeian associations, and darker influences, — are not alone peculiar to Spiritualists. A leading character in the ranks of the liberal Christian clergy, recently said:

'There is cannabalism around about us all the time and everywhere. Not a bird's leg is taken up and counted a more delicious morsel, and is more deliberately picked, and chewed, and relished in all its juices, than a person's reputation is taken up, and cut, and bitten, and sucked dry, and cast out. It is wicked; it is damnable; it is treason to man and treason to God; and yet such things are common. Why! men will not carry vermin on their heads nor on their bodies. And yet they do carry vermin in their souls, crawling and creeping all over them. . . . It is high time that men should learn to discriminate, and hate these feculent vices of detraction, and bitterness, and envy, and jealousy — all those elements which spring from the lower regions, and which are of the evil spirit.'

'If thou hast aught against thy brother, or if thy brother tres-

pass against thee,' said Jesus, 'go and tell him the fault between him and thee alone.' But the modern method, especially with those occupying 'damaged social positions,' is generally this: if thou hast, or if thou hast heard aught against thy brother or thy sister-worker, or thy peer in mediumistic gifts, do not suspend judgment — do not wait to hear the *other side* of the matter, but run with the putrid *tidbit* to others; run, exaggerating and scattering the slime as you go; run, magnifying the somber-hued shadow into a black crow; ay, into even *three* black crows; run, richly and deservedly earning the Carlylean plaudit, 'Ye are one of my jewels, saith the Devil!'

Persecutions, though depressing for the moment, really harm no one; while all slanderous javelins, ultimately rebounding, pierce those that hurled them. 'So long as all that is said, is said against me,' says Emerson, 'I am sure of success.' 'Permit a touch of autobiography,' writes A. J. Davis in the *Harbinger of Light;*

'For years upon years, I, myself, was made the special target for every marksman with shot-gun and bow and arrow. It would be impolite, not to say profane and vulgar, to put in print the stories which refined and wealthy church members, including very respectable ministers, privately and publicly circulated against me. I was reported and denounced as the walking embodiment of all that was vile and satanic.'

And yet, A. J. Davis lives, esteemed and honored; lives, a fine exemplification of the true harmonial man! But where, *where* are those accusers?

Joaquin Miller, when traduced in private and public, preached a sensible sermon in the following song:

Is it worth while to jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart — that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all! we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel,
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And mightier for woe or weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the Isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
E'er folding the hand, to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side!

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds, all in peace on the plain;
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain,

Is it worth while, that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed, down into the dust.

Are you in favor of organization among Spiritualists?

I am, and ever have been, in favor of organization. A man's creed is what he believes; and a man without any belief is next to a nonentity. Our Republic, our State governments, our village corporations, our school districts, our families, are organizations. Demolition, disintegration, burning down buildings, leaving the inmates without shelter: *these* are not the highest employments. Construction, re-construction, and broad, healthy organizations, are among the demands of the age.„

J. M. PEEBLES.

„There are few men who dare stand alone, or nearly alone, in the fore-front of battle for the truth. It is great valor only that will carry forward its colors in the face of the enemy, and see one's own battalions, unequal to the conflict, falling far behind. The crucial test is faith in your own conviction when others falter and fail; few men can stand that. It is common enough to be behind your age, and be called *conservative.* Conservatism is highly respectable, and you have plenty of company; but to stand a century before your age, or fifty years before it, for that matter, is a trial endured only by men whom God has made for such work, ordained to be reformers. We find such in every age, because every age has need of their services."

We will next invite the reader's attention to a few facts concerning Romanism, by introducing some extracts from "Secrets of the Convent and Confessional," by Mrs. Julia M'Nair Wright; also the introduction, to said work, by Rev. Daniel March, D.D.

"Watch the Jesuits, to prevent the robbery of your families, the moral assassination of your sons and daughters. O, good Americans, do you suppose they are working for the American nation, the American glory? They work for themselves and Rome alone."

GAVAZZI.

"In this free and enlightened land of ours then is an organization which takes a sacred name, and assumes to speak for God to the people; and yet, in spirit, it is directly hostile to our most cherished institutions, and its one persistent study, purpose, and effort, is to undermine the foundations of our Republic, and set up the throne of despotism upon the ruin of our liberties. It must needs be watched with a vigilant eye, and restrained with a strong hand, or it will accomplish its purpose while the guardians of the public welfare suspect no danger. It is foreign in its origin, secret and subtile in its policy, pious and pitiful in tone, and yet it is ever intent upon a deep-laid and remorseless conspiracy against the sacred rights and the blood-bought privileges of the American people. It is the more dangerous because it numbers good men among its supporters and apologists, and it speaks the language of liberty and enlightenment while plotting the subjection of the people to ignorance, superstition and bondage.

It is an organization of vast extent and mighty power, numbering millions of members, and more millions of money: and all its resources are subject to the control of an irresponsible despot, whose home is in a foreign land, and who hates republican institutions with a perfect hatred. That one man acknowledges no allegiance to the laws of our land, no obligation to regard the demands of truth and justice, any farther than may be for his advantage; and he claims the right to extend the same immunity to whomsoever he may please. He can make it right for men to do wrong, and wrong for men to do right; he can make falsehood the handmaid of truth, and clothe truth in the garments of falsehood, and from his decision there can be no appeal; the code of morality by which his adherents are governed, makes a merit of

deception, adorns the transgression of natural laws with names of virtue, and gives holy garments to the guilty as a cover from crime.

The members of this dark and dreadful conclave are sworn to use the sacred right of citizenship in every possible way, to establish in this country a despotism which holds reason and conscience, body and soul, in abject and hopeless bondage; they know nothing of home: they make a merit of abjuring all the sacred relations of the family, and yet they claim the right to come between the husband and the wife, the parent and the child, and to prescribe laws that invade the privacy of every household, and overrule the dictates of humanity and affection in every family. They claim for their organization immaculate purity, divine enlightenment, an infallible wisdom, and yet they ascribe divine honors to profligates, and act upon a policy that originated in the dark ages: and they put forth all their power to hold the world in subjection to the shams of hypocrisy, and the shadows of superstition; they secure large appropriations of public money for support of institutions, which they manage with dark and suspicious secrecy, giving no account of funds received, shutting out the public and shutting in the inmates with barred doors and bolted windows. They say that the supreme control of education in the family, and the school, belongs of right to them: and yet they forbid history to tell its plain unvarnished tale to our children; they burn the Book which our fathers brought to this country, as the divine charter of our liberties; they belittle the mind, and degrade the manhood of their pupils with senseless ceremonies and petty tyranny, and they send them forth to the world without ever having taught them the noble lessons of manliness, truthfulness, and patriotism.

This book is designed to reveal the mischief and the mystery of this dark and dangerous organization to the eyes of the American people. It is written by one who knows; a thin veil of fiction is cast upon the face of the monster, lest all should turn from the hideous reality and refuse to gaze. The fiction is fact, and the facts at the close are stranger than the fiction. Whoso readeth, let him understand.

DANIEL MARCH.

PHILADELPHIA, April, 1872.

"On, on, in the still night sails the ship of Rome, the Jesuits at the helm. Her freight is human souls, crowding her decks and gangways and cabins by the million; ropes of sand her cordage; rotten her sails; her lading, secrets black as hell, and sighs, and tears, and crimes, which make the devils shriek with joy: human tradition her erring compass, she steers along over dangerous seas for what full many lorn spirits aboard of her think the shining celestial gate, but which is indeed the lurid mouth of the pit. And so at last is she doomed to make her port in perdition!

'The first dream is balmy and bright,
The next dream is mellow in light,
The third dream is dim to the sight—
And it stretcheth away into gloomy night.'

Is Romanism well enough for those that believe it? Is the man doing well enough if he only lives up to his doctrines?

By no means. The nearer he keeps to his doctrines, the worse the man. Romish doctrines are immoral; they are the antipodes of the decalogue. The best men in their church are those who hold most loosely her tenets. Romanism partakes of every error under heaven. Romanists are atheists when they avouch the infallibility of Leo Tenth, who cried, 'O, how profitable has this fable of Jesus been to us!' They are deists in denying the supreme authority of a revelation; Mohammedans in extending their Church by fire and sword; heathens in their worship of images. When atheists, deists, Mohammedans and pagans are right, Romanists will be right—never before. What is their morality? It is this: that a man may live an adulterer for twelve shillings sixpence; he may murder a layman for seven shillings sixpence. He may, by papal pardon, be discharged from obedience to God, says Bellarmine. A true Catholic, living up to his Church's doctrines, must be an idolater (in the Mass and in image worship); he must be persecutor, believing that the rights of heretics and individuals are not to be respected; he must be a traitor, holding the Pope's will superior to civil law, an opinion which Vattel, in his *Law of Nations*, tells us is 'equally contrary to the law of nations and the principles of common policy'; he must feel it needful to break the ten commandments for expediency's sake; and yet in the face of all this, we are obliged to ac-

cept him as a good Christian. All the men of that communion are not idolaters, persecutors, traitors, and immoral; but it is because they are better than their religion, and have not learned these, its depths of Satan.

That doctrine of celibacy is the curse as it is the article of Rome. Their own authors have said that if you sweep away the celibacy of the clergy, you destroy the Confessional; and when the Confessional has perished, the power of Rome is annihilated. Cardinal Rodolf and others, as Paolo, have argued that in sacerdotal celibacy is the foundation of the supremacy of the Pope. Marriage connects men to their civil rulers and their native land. Celibacy transfers their religion to the Popedom.

Your Church forces men into an unnatural mode of life; they take their vows at an early age, when they do not apprehend their own character; they may find, after a time, that they have assumed obligations which it is impossible for them to keep, and their Church also furnishes opportunities unlimited for trampling on these obligations. My charge against you lies here: Your Church condemns her priest to an unnatural form of existence; she puts temptation in his way, and says if he falls, *est veniale;* therefore we charge your Church with the sins of her priesthood.

Immorality in the Roman Church commenced with her confessors. The confessional is to the young, unmarried priest a suggestor of impurities; there he contracts the stain; outward from the confessional it travels, until it is scattered over every hearth, met in every cross-way.

But the Popish Church has her particular code of morality, what is called 'Moral Theology,' and that, in brief, is the word of man substituted for the law of God. I can not now quote all the immoralities allowed by this code, but, as an instance, it allows lies, swearing under mental reservation, perjury, to deceive our brtehren for a good end. It allows all manner of deceit under this pretext: for example, to appear a Protestant, among Protestants, though really a Roman Catholic. For purposes of conversion this is permitted; sometimes it is obligatory. One great maxim of this Moral Theology is, that a man may do evil if he hope good shall result from it; and another (the great Jesuitical secret) is, that the end sanctifies the means. Therefore, if for the spread of the Gospel it were judged necessary to kill the honorable President, Senate, and Representatives of the United States,

these horrible crimes find their full justification in this most Moral Theology.

I cannot, according to my promise, clearly speak here of the effect on the confessor himself, because that effect is to make him most immoral: that is the natural effect; if he remains moral, this is an exception. A young man becomes a priest: at twenty-five he may be a parish priest in a country place; there is probably no other confessor, and in a few months he becomes absolute master of his parishioners. He is no Sampson, and even if he were, Sampson was tempted by Delilah. What becomes of him? Does confession make him immoral? 'O no!' answer Catholics, 'because we have from the Bible, To the pure all things are pure.' Are they pure? Take firstly the practice of the confessional as it is seen in the Churches, and tell me if there be public light of purity? to say nothing about confessors, when they go to confess young ladies, not always on their dying beds, but always with the greatest mystery; to say nothing about confessors who confess women in their own clerical rooms, where there are no spies or visitors; to say nothing about confessors who have in their churches some secret little cabinet for privileged female penitents. I have gone to a mass-house, and could not enter it, for outside, kneeling, lolling, or lounging about the doors, was a legion of Irishmen, devoted guards of this temple during service, which they prefer to assist from outside; so that there was no entering for any one.

Lastly, the confessor is a holy man! Well, I do not deny that; but he is always a man. To evade the charge of exaggeration on this point, take, for example, the last period of France. In less than ten years we find more than twenty-four trials of priests, all confessors, many of them parish priests, guilty of immorality, seduction, poisoning, murder, assassination; and, on their trials, they clearly stated that the beginning of the passion was in the confessional. I speak of twenty-four trials, all for immoralities, seduction of girls and young wives, of all which the seed was sown in the confessional. Therefore, it is immoral in its effects; ruinous, first to the priest himself, then to the families.

"*A Priest's Opinion of the Confessional.*— Before I go any further, I must confess, before God and men, with a blush on my face, and regret in my heart, that I have been, like you and with you, plunged twenty-three years in that bottomless sea of iniquity,

through which the poor blind priests of Rome have to swim day and night.

I had to learn by heart, like you, the infamous questions which the Church of Rome forces every priest to learn. I had to put those impure, immoral questions to the old and young females who were confessing their sins to me. Those questions, you know it, are of such a nature, that no prostitute would dare put them to another! Those questions, and the answers they elicit, are so debasing that no man in London, you know it, except a priest of Rome, is sufficiently lost to every nerve of shame as to put them to any woman.

I was bound in conscience, as you are bound to-day, to put into the ears, the mind, the imagination, the heart, and the soul of females, questions of such a nature, the immediate and direct tendency of which, you know it, is to fill the mind, the memory, and the hearts of both priests and females with thoughts, phantoms and temptations of such a degrading nature, that I do not know any words adequate to express them. Pagan antiquity has never seen any institution so polluting to both soul and body as the confessional. I know nothing more corrupting than the law which forces a female to tell all her thoughts, desires, and most secret feelings and actions to an unmarried priest. The confessional is a school of perdition. You may deny that before the Protestants, but you cannot deny it before me.

My dear Mr. Brazère, if you call me a degraded man, a degraded priest, because I have lived twenty-three years in the atmosphere of the confessional, you are right. I was a degraded man, just as you are yourself, in spite of your denials. If you call me a degraded priest, because my heart, my soul, mind, as your own are to-day, were plunged into those deep waters of iniquity which flow from the confessional, I confess 'guilty!' I was degraded and polluted by the confessional, just as you and all of the priests of Rome are." *Chiniquy's Letter to Mr. Brazère, Montreal*, 1871.

For example we cite the following touching conversation between mother and daughter, the latter having been betrayed by a priest who really loved her, and after years of mental anguish, resigned his priesthood, and made for her and their child a happy home.

"Nell entered the little room, once so bright and love-full; now she was bringing it a shadow which should rest upon it for evermore.

'O, darling, how pale and worn you look!' This was her mother's greeting.

Nell threw herself on the bed and turned her face to the wall.

'Are you sick, my precious?' asked the mother, dropping her work and bending over her idol.

'Sick, mother, sick at heart,' said the girl, with a quick sob.

'Nell, Nell dearest, what troubles you?'

'Mother,' said Nell, growing wonderfully calm, and speaking clearly, with her face still turned away, 'sit down here on the bed, but do not touch me mother, only answer me. If one does wrong, shall they live and break hearts that love them, or shall they drop down in some deep river and hide their own wretchedness?'

Mrs. I—— felt as if a sudden cold wind blew across her, and sent back her blood in a chill current to her heart; she faltered, 'Whatever they do, they must take life as God's mercy; live and repent.'

'If I become no longer your comfort, but your curse, mother, should I go and hide myself somewhere where you would be burdened by me no more, or should I stay with you still? Which would be easiest for you, my poor mother?'

'Whatever happened, or could happen, you should stay with me, my child, my beloved,' said Mrs. I——, huskily. But now her hands lay rigid in her lap, and the blood around her heart was freezing very fast; her pulses scarcely stirred.

'If one,' said Nell, her voice growing hard now, 'one whom you thought an angel, a glorious saint, one who was your guide and counsellor, whom you never doubted, never questioned, always obeyed as bound to obey, led you into evil, and then, when you came to rouse up, and see that what you had been told to be right was wrong, and that sin *is* sin, whoever says not, cried Nell, fiercely, 'then, then after that if he said to you, There are sisterhoods where you can go in and never come out, only you must not let your mother know; if he bid you so deceive, and leave to doubt and misery the mother who had been your one true friend in all the world; if he even got to saying, it was better to drop down into the river, and he would buy your masses: then, mother, could you believe him or think he was good forevermore?'

The summer day was warm and bright, but Mrs. I—— no longer felt as if she had part in the sunny stir of life about her; she had gone suddenly down into a dark and loathsome crypt, and found all her love, her hope, her peace, her future, buried there. She was far away from human sympathy and helping; all seemed darkness and isolation; then a blessed insensibility was stealing over her: might she be lost to the world even for a little time? But no, the one voice that had power over her, the wailing voice of her child, reached her.

'Mother! what shall I do?'

'Trust only me, your mother, my poor child.'

'Can you care for me any more, for me being now only a shame and a curse and a burden to you? But mother, mother, you told me every day how good he was; you bid me trust him and obey him; you called him our best friend, our benefactor, for whom no gratitude of our hearts was enough. O mother, do you understand me? Do you see all the misery that is past and is to come, more than all the dark days before he helped us?'

For one wild instant the widow felt as if she must cry out to God to let her die, to take her from a world that held for her no further good; but the thought of her unhappy daughter who now needed her more than ever she had done since she lay, a new-born infant at her breast, checked the despairing petition. To know her child's life blighted, ruined, would surely be misery enough; but to Mrs. I—— came the added sting that all her faith in humanity was crushed, that almost her faith in heaven was destroyed. Gratitude, reverence, devotion had been poured forth at the feet of this man who had appeared, in the best sense, her friend and guide, and he had proved false; he had given her material help and comfort, but he had plundered her of her one treasure, her one consolation. He had destroyed her dearer life; he had blackened her honest name; he had done this in the guise of a religious instructor!"

And what says the holy bishop to whom he must needs confess his crime?

"'My son, you have deeply pained me. Did I not warn you one day last winter? Have I not set before you the dignity and beauty of self-control? Have you never learned that he who denies himself for the Church's sake in this present life shall receive tenfold more in the life to come? Are you of those who

have deliberately counted the cost, and resolved to seize what you could in this world and give up the future glory?'

The reverend bishop paused. He grew deadly pale, grasped the back of a chair to steady himself, and, with a strong effort, continued his speech. Uzzah thoughtlessly laid polluting hand on the sacred ark, and died. Bishop Otto, trembling at his sacrilege, but deliberate in it, now rebuked his priest from the word of God, which word should have smitten his daring lips with palsy.

'Whoso causeth one of these little ones to offend, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the depths of the sea. There are others that may talk to you of expediency, Mr. French; I tell you what I know to be *right;* I preach to you virtue and religion.'

'And you practise it in your life!' cried Father French, with the ardor of sincere conviction.

'And I practise it in my life,' repeated the bishop, with that little tremor again. 'And if I can so practise, why cannot you? Behold the example that I set you.'

The bishop drew himself up, and stood beautiful and impressive as when he stood in the pulpit, and saints and heretics flocked to hear his sermon, and cried out, 'How holy a man is Bishop Otto!'

'Like Paul, I need not commend myself to you, but bear with me a little in my folly. I boast not myself in things beyond our measure; receive my example; I have wronged no man; I am known as not behind the very chiefest of the prelates of our Church in labor and example. Do not wonder that the Church puts on her ministers such abundant glory, for it is needful when Satan transforms his emissaries to angels of light. Be such an one as I have been; what is possible to me is possible to you. I do not condemn you. Let this pain of the present be the lesson of the future. Go, and sin no more.'

It was thus that Bishop Otto rebuked, exhorted and pardoned Father French."

Afterward, fearing he would be unable to withstand temptation, or even worse — leave the Church —

"The bishop sent for Priest French, and with the suavity of one conferring a great and unexpected favor, informed him of a projected mission to Rome. In vain did Father French plead that he was greatly needed at Visitation; that Father Perry cov-

eted the place now offered to himself; that his own health was infirm, and he dreaded fatigue and a change of climate. All was useless; with an amiable persistency that nothing could countervail, Bishop Otto expressed his fixed resolve to send the envoy of his choice. Father French was not prepared at once to defy his superior; the chains of habit were firmly upon him; he must have time to consider, but this he did not indicate; he only avowed his respect, his obedience and his gratitude, and withdrew. He needed a counsellor, and to whom could he turn but to the Abbess Catharine?

To the Convent of the Holy Family, therefore, our Priest bent his steps. In the Convent, favored, as usual, with a private interview, he unfolded his troubles and the plottings of bishop and priest to his sacred sister.

'Well, it would be a pleasant trip,' said Catharine; 'I enjoyed my mission to Rome wonderfully well. Saw many of the cardinals, bishops and vicars-general, and was magnificently entertained.'

'I cannot go,' said French, impatiently. 'I tell you, abbess, I am so bound to this city that I cannot leave it.'

The abbess raised her eyebrows, 'The golden hair—'

French flushed. 'Yes, yes, I tell you, I *cannot* go.'

'Truly, I am ashamed of you, Louis,' said Catharine Illuminata.

'I swear to you,' cried French, 'that I have never seen one of them, except *her*, by accident, and *then* I did not speak. I have been careful, my sister; but I feel that being here, I may shield those innocent unfortunates from some trouble, and'—looking still more embarrassed—'I may be able to do something for *him* when he grows.'

'Eh? Your *nephew?*' said the abbess, with emphasis

'My *nephew*,' replied French. 'As I said, I *cannot* go; and how avoid it?'

'Go,' said Catharine; 'it will not take you long; a year will bring you back, my friend; and while you are gone I will take your place in caring, at a distance and in secret, for those people; I will be kind to them. You may trust me, Louis; indeed I will be truly kind.'

'Catharine,' said French, in a voice of agony, 'I tell you, if I go I shall never come back. You know how it is; I may go with commendations and instructions in my pocket, but following me

by secret means will go condemnations and other instructions; and my life may go out in darkness. How many have you and I known of clerics and of seculars, of priests and of sisters, who have, as the dying, travelled to a bourne whence there is no return!'

'But they had enemies, Louis.'

'And who can be sure that he has no enemies? Besides, it is not only enmity that does it, but a man may be suspected of being unsettled. How many of my brother priests in the city may aspire to my position? some woman, revered, may have filled the bishop's ear with calumnies; Otto may consider me aspiring, though heaven knows I do not covet his place. I tell you, Catharine, I can not go; for if I do, I shall never return.'

'Then indeed you must not go, Louis,' said the Superior.'

'Catharine, help me'! pleaded the distracted priest.

In the first part of the interview, the Superior had been the indolent, capricious, admiration-demanding, coquette; she had changed to a kindly earnest woman; now suddenly this chameleon character exhibited a new feature: she glowed with keenness, craft, and subtile power; a Pythoness of Rome!

'If you choose a physician, my brother, you must take his prescriptions.'

'I rely upon you,' said Father French.

'Go to-morrow to Bishop Otto, and tell him, that having considered, you see that your church will, in your absence, thrive under his care; say that you have consulted your physician, who assures you that this trip will benefit your health; express your gratitude for the distinction proffered you; tell him you have begun your preparations, and will at any moment be ready to start. In three days, Louis, you must be taken ill: you must send him word that you hope to be better; but you must grow worse: you must keep your bed awhile, your room awhile, you must be feeble. While this goes on, if the mission is no plot against you, Otto will send some one else; and besides, we shall gain time to influence the Bishop, restore his confidence in you, and outwit Perry.'

'A good plan; but the Bishop will be suspicious, and if I plead sickness he will wish to be certain that I *am* sick. I must have a physician, and how to deceive *him*?'

Catharine, smiling a confident, superior smile, of one who glories in an unmatched cunning, unlocked an escritoire, and

lazily explored its contents. She drew forth a small volume.

'We must find you a disease, my brother, and you must learn its symptoms: we will select one to fit your appearance: you are slender, have been growing thin: you shall have consumption, Louis, and indulge in a hemorrhage of the lungs.'

'Catharine!'

'It is easily done. I had one myself, *of the same kind*, when I was resolved to visit the Eternal City, and our Mother, who was then Abbess, had objections; my life being *very* important, I gained my point. But, Louis, none of the sisterhood can outwit the *present* Abbess of the Holy Family. To proceed, Louis, your side should be sore and painful, and you can simulate that; the doctor will blister you, but that is one of the little inconveniences you must submit to, to gain your end; blood and exhaustion are the grand symptoms, and those I will furnish you: listen and obey. In the first place, here are some leeches; take them home and hide them; you may consider it nauseous to put them in your mouth, but it will be better than being *put out of the way* yourself at the holy city, eh? Have your hemorrhage at night and alone, and occasion delays about getting a doctor: send also for a young practitioner. Having taken these precautions, proceed thus: I will procure you a bottle of bullock's blood; between the leeches and the blood and a little warm water, you will do very well, and can have hemorrhages to order, my Louis.'

Father French stood as one transfixed. He was a priest, therefore he was cunning; but, shades of the double-tongued Tyrians! how he was excelled and eclipsed by his sister nun!

'The exhaustion,' said Catharine Illuminata, 'is another matter; you must be exhausted in proportion to your loss of the vital element, and in that you must be your own judge, Louis, and be careful. I can tell you on what portion of medicine to begin; increase it as is needful.'

She took two vials from her escritoire and stood before him, one in each hand; eyeing the bottles, she poured from one into the other and shook them.

Father French grew a shade paler; had he ever given the abbess any cause of offence? How completely was he now in her hands; how magnificent, how lofty, how unscrupulous she looked, standing there, her black robes only setting off her majestic pro-

portions, her fairness, her beauty, glorious as Lucifer's when he fell from heaven, standing with what might be death in either strong, white, cruel hand!

'What is that, Catharine?' asked French.

'Digitalis this,' said the abbess, holding out one vial.

'And the other?'

'A secret, Louis; one of the many things I learned by careful study; I learned it in Rome, where they are wise in hidden arts. The effect of these potions will be to lower your pulse, checking the rapidity of the circulation, and chilling the extremities. As their effects leave you, you will apparently regain strength after *that hemorrhage* and revive.'

'Catharine, you are going to deal truly with me? These are dangerous secrets, and here I put my life under your feet. What will you do?'

Catharine dropped her hands a little, lifted her proud head, and boldly met French's eager eye.

'Louis, what power is in here,' she glanced at the escritoire, 'I will not say, but it has never dealt out death, and shall do so least of all to you. I have power to defend myself, power to revenge myself; but with you, Louis, I need neither the one nor the other. We are friends, we have formed a coalition; it is not for my advantage to lose you by death or a mission. Perry does not like me; the bishop is no warm friend; what are my sisters but secret foes? You, French, bring me news of the world; you help me, and I help, am now helping, you. Trust me.'

For answer French took the medicine she had prepared and put the vial in his pocket.

'I would drink it now if you chose, Catharine.'

'It would be of no advantage. Take care of it, of all that I give you; let no one find them. The remedies supplied you by the doctors will not be unpleasant — water, lemons, or other acids, and so on; those you can take ostentatiously, and throw away others unseen of any one. You can be peevish and demand agreeable medicines. In this world, Louis, it is sound policy always to get the best you can; always to escape the unpleasant. I regret the blister and the confinement, but those are inevitable. I shall be distressed on your account, and make you a visit; I wish to see what kind of an actor you are, my Louis.'

A word spoken in reason, how good it is! Catharine's words

were not like apples of gold in pictures of silver, but they were anchors of hope to which Priest French clung in his despair. To hear her was to obey.

According to orders acted Priest French. He visited the bishop; he dissimulated; he fell ill — and that was a tremendous dissimulation — and he conducted himself in all particulars so as to deceive the very elect, if there had been any among his associates!

As French had expected, Bishop Otto no sooner heard of his illness than he came on an inquisitorial visit to ascertain whether there was any sham in the sickness; as Catharine predicted, he was deeply impressed by the sufferings and danger of his subordinate.

From Priest French Otto went to the House of the Holy Family, and there casually informed the abbess of French's misfortunes.

Catharine sighed. Mr. French was in here the other evening, and I foretold just such an attack. It has been coming upon him this long while; the man takes no care of himself in his devotion to you and to this church; then he was enraptured at the idea of seeing the Holy Father and Rome once more; excitement has done this, bishop.'

'I 'm afraid,' said Bishop Otto, eyeing her keenly, 'that French has had more on his mind than the service of the Church; his attention has been devoted to other things, perhaps.'

'How you surprise me!' cried Catherine. 'He may be eager for the political advancement of our Church, but you would not condemn that; he may be avaricious, but that is no harm, for all the property gained goes to your bishopric. If you mentioned Mr. Perry or Mr. Prentoul as being unsettled, I would not be so amazed as at such a hint in regard to that devoted, scrupulous priest, Father French.'

'I hope he is all right, but I fear. There is no use in being secret over what you know already, and you remember that there was a trouble about a young woman belonging to the Church of the Visitation.'

'Fie, fie!' said Catherine, coolly. 'That was a pity, to be sure, but it was only an accident such as frequently happens; all passed off quietly. French will do better hereafter, and has doubtless forgotten that by this time.'

Sitting about in secret places, Catharine's eyes, with wonderful prescience marked the affairs of secular life; her white hands held many threads which no one would have thought of following to a convent, and these threads she spun, like Fate, into tissues to suit her will. Rumor was that Catharine could fly into furies, strike, and rage, — this among her sisters and subordinates; priests and potentates could say:

> 'I find you passing gentle;
> 'T was told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
> And now I find report a very liar,
> For thou art pleasant, gainsome, passing courteous.'

In the hands of astute priests, especially of Jesuits, auricular confession is no more than the machinery of an universal espionage all over the Christian world. It will be said, 'No! because they cannot use it.' Ah, my friends! you do not know Jesuitical practice? if one member of a family go to a Jesuit confessor, all the secrets of that family are discovered, and *used*. The confessor does not restrain himself to the secrets of the penitent: if that be a young lady, or a servant, suppose, she is questioned about the actions of her father and mother, and masters; who came into the house; what kind of society was kept; what subjects were spoken of; if the food used on Fridays and Saturdays was such as the Church prescribes; what book is read; if there be any daily worship in the house; which church they frequent; if they go to confess, to the Easter sacrament, and so forth. Hundreds and hundreds of such questions are put, not appertaining to the penitent. Why? To know the secrets of the family, to get this great power, and to *use* it.

Who *is* the master in a Catholic family? The confessor. Sons and daughters obey their confessor before their father and mother, and often displease their parents, in order to please their confessors. Husbands are only secondarily obeyed by their wives: first in command over them is always the father confessor. Believe my words: they speak the experience of more than twenty-five years among Papist clergy. The great work of Jesuits is always with women in the confessional; here they dispose of society.

The last warfare of auricular confession against the peace of

families is at the dying bed. My dear Protestant brethren, take care for your America, and yourselves; from that death-bed all friends, all relations are purposely excluded; the priest alone remains. What weapons he has in his hands! fear of hell, remorse of conscience,—the flame of purgatory, all are used to induce the dying penitent to make the Church partially or totally his heir. —GAVAZZI *on The Confessional.*

"'Use your position; let us have the benefit of your power,' Father French had said to Alda; but withal use it carefully; begin by conceding something. Bring your husband to our Church; but, lest he seem to be yielding too much, I give you permission to go sometimes with him wherever he may choose; keep him to his promise of being present at your prayers.'

Accordingly, when the newly married pair returned to the elegant home which pride, rather than good policy, had ordained for them, one of Alda's first efforts at proselyting was the repetitions of her evening devotions. For these she was prepared with all elegant accessories: an embroidered cashmere in which to do religion becomingly, a *prie-dieu,* a beautiful new Virgin, a painting of the Mother and Child, and a crucifix of pearl and gold. These were duly made ready in her dressing room; she reminded Roger of his agreement.

'I do not ask you to join me, but you said you would be present.'

'And what shall I do?' asked Roger, constrainedly

'Anything you like,' replied the obliging Alda; 'read a book or smoke a cigar. *I* don't mind smoke; indeed, I quite like it.'

This relieved Roger's mind immensely; hers was an accommodating piety whose orisons would not be disturbed by smoke or light reading. The lawyer ensconced himself in an easy-chair; Alda unbound her locks of flowing gold, took a graceful position, and a splendid prayer-book, and went to work. 'In the name of the Father,' etc., devoutly the pretty head bowed over the velvet cushion, and sweetly the prayers rolled on through 'Our Father,' 'Hail Mary,' etc., and here Alda's uplifted face turned to the pictured Mary. Then were the white hands clasped as in self-despair, and the Creed and the Confiteor went on like music. What more tender than the tones of Alda's prayer for the *souls in purgatory?* Here Alda thought it best to take breath for awhile. She turned about and sat down on her *prie-dieu,* slipped

her rosary through her taper fingers, shook it and twisted it, and addressed Roger confidentially. 'I always feel so in earnest in that prayer for heretics, but I don't consider *you* a heretic, dear. And then the prayers for the souls in purgatory: dear me, Roger, I always think of poor cousin Fred and Lucia when I think of Purgatory; it's altogether likely they're there.'

'Very delightful to think of,' said Cantwell.

'O, dreadful, of course; but they'll be out some day. Do you know I gave Father French the price of a new set of jewelry which I meant to have, just to say masses for those two?'

'It is getting late,' said Roger, glancing at the clock; 'are you done?'

'Bless me, no! why I've the litany and no end of prayers to do yet. I hope your book is interesting. I must go on.'

So Alda addressed herself to the Virgin, and began the litany of Loretto; a long, long litany to Mary; a few short sentences to the Lamb of God; a prayer to the Father, and one to all the saints, beginning with 'Glorious St. Michael, prince of the celestial hosts.' After this the *Memorare*, earnestly and pathetically delivered; then the *Angelus Domini* and the *Regina Coeli*. When would she ever be through? thought Roger, whose cigar was out long ago.

Alda turned to him in the midst of her prayers.

'What comes next is supplication for parents, that you may be their comfort, and so on. Mine being dead, I just put St. Gertrude's prayer to our Lady instead; I think it is ever so pretty.' And Alda glibly went on with St. Gertrude's effusion. Again, 'Sweet hearts of Jesus and Mary be my refuge!' Mercy O, Jesus! Great St. Joseph, pray for us!'

'What an immensity of prayers,' thought tired Roger. But the long prayer for the Holy Church was yet to come; priests, vicars, bishops, chief bishops, the faithful, the souls of the departed, the living, the benefactors and beneficiaries; Alda's ordained prayer embraced them all, to the last Amen.

Then she approached Roger, book in hand, '*I* have to say them in English, but you could do them in Latin; and O, t[illegible] sounds so grand when Father French repeats it!'

'Do you do all this every night?' asked Roger.

'Oh, yes; to be sure. Why not?'

'I should think you would get amazingly tired.'

'No, indeed; one can thus do up their religion for all day, and it is very comfortable to be safe and settled for twenty-four hours I say my prayers, and being all right I can make myself happy doing what I please. There 's Jocelyn, she is perplexed with scruples, and rules, and dictates of conscience, and ideas ofconsistency every hour in the twenty-four.'

Alda's pertinacity in her prayers was something wonderful to Roger; he saw her coming home late from balls or operas and getting at her long devotions in spite of weariness; this zeal inspired him with a sort of respect; he grew accustomed to the words of the prayers, and when Alda said, 'Do, Roger, say the *Regina* in the Latin,' or 'Come, Roger, begin this litany with me,' he would do so, rather pleased with the form.

To Catholic church went Roger with his wife. To heretic church went Alda with her husband; the one getting constituents, the other displaying her toilets; theirs was an easy religion, like that of Mr. By-ends. They could say with him, 'We are always most zealous when Religion goes in his silver slippers; we love much to walk with him in the streets, if the sun shines and the people applaud him.'

Alda was constant at confession, but of this duty she very prudently made little mention to her husband, who was rather bigoted in some matters, and had more than doubts as to the virtue of that sacrament. Alda had no doubts; from the age of seven she had been accustomed to the tribunal of penance. The Council of Trent teaches that 'they who would escape perdition must make the most unreserved, intimate, and circumstantial' replies to all the questions of their confessor. These replies were made not only in reference to Alda's personal affairs and spiritual life, but bore upon domestic relations, her husband, his prospects, his friends, his business, his private correspondence; the Romish wife in virtue of her very Romanism, was made a household spy, the unconscious betrayer of her husband's interests.

Letters were being written to the Holy Pope, and a present of money was to go with them. Alda was urged to give five hundred dollars; she was also persuaded to sign a contract promising that when the estate of her defunct cousin Fred should be administered and she should come in for her share, she would give the Church three thousand dollars. Alda was ready enough to promise for by-and-by; the present five hundred were hard to obtain.

She said to her priest, 'Roger thinks his *influence* is enough to give, and he would make a terrible fuss about so much money. Don't let him know I gave it. I must tell him it went for a new suit and trust to his not noticing the difference.'

'Certainly, certainly; we have to manage these little things, and I will carefully keep your confidence, my daughter.'

We need not wonder at this deceit; Rome instructs her children that a 'wife may *steal* from her husband *in behalf of the Church*.'

SECLUSION OF ROMAN CATHOLIC CONVENTS.

A few days since, a motion was made, and carried by a small majority, in the British Parliament, to appoint a committee to 'inquire into Conventional and Monastic Institutions.' An editorial in the London *Watchman* of April 6, 1871, referring to the agitation growing out of this action, properly argues: 'The convents are prisons. They are built, as every one may see, almost strongly enough to stand a siege; high walls, massive doors, formidable fastenings, grates and bars of portentous solidity: are these things the favored instruments of liberty? Or are they the habitual weapons of tyranny and oppression? The convents *are* prisons: at least the show of their countenance doth witness against them. Women enter them under compulsion, remain in them under severe and terrible restraint, and disappear from them entirely, leaving no trace behind. It is well known, that convents in this country, are in communication with convents abroad, and that refractory nuns, or young women who have not yet taken the conventional vows, and about whom unpleasant inquiries are made by friends, or lovers, are removed to the Continent: out of reach, sometimes forever out of reach, of all whom they love. As if to give special point to Mr. Newdegate's arguments, only a few days before he raised this question in the House, an unsuccessful attempt was made to remove a young woman to some convent-prison in France. Happily, the pursuit of her friends, and her own vigorous resistance baffled the attempt; but no one who heard her cries for help, resounding through the hotel where her spiritual guardians detained her for the night, could well believe that this 'bride of heaven' *voluntarily* 'sought the refuge of the cloister.' These unlicensed prisons are being multiplied in England at a rate which even the *Times* considers 'startling.' In

1830, there were no monasteries in England, and only eleven convents. There are now sixty-nine monasteries, and two hundred and thirty-three nunneries. The increase has been very rapid of late, seventy-one convents, and fourteen monasteries having been added within the last seven years. They ought to be regularly inspected, and reported upon; every person who enters them ought to be clearly and satisfactorily accounted for; and every inmate who may desire it, should have the opportunity to his or her liberty regularly afforded; till this is done, Rome is above law in England.

A prominent pastor sends the following statement (addressed to himself), as vouched for by his Sunday-school Superintendent and the teacher referred to by the writer, a girl of seventeen:

'As I am a stranger to you, but not to my Sabbath-school teacher, I will take the liberty to ask you to see my *teacher*, and tell her not to go to our house; if she does she will be taken a *prisoner*, as I am, in the cell of a Catholic church, for being a *heretic*. My teacher instructed me in religion, but my father and mother are both Catholics. So, that I may not be a heretic, I will be sent to —— Convent to be a nun. When I get there I will try to get away from the convent. There are —— girls to go away on —— night; some are sent because they will not be Catholics. My teacher's name is E——. I dare not give the rest of her name, for fear it will fall into the hands of the priest. My name is —— ——. My teacher was my best friend when I was sick. She visited me every day; she did more for me than my father or mother could do; if it had not been for her I would have died. I am sorry that I could not see her myself, and tell her to keep away. Do not forget to give this letter to her. She will tell you some things that you will be shocked to hear: your wife can see her, and she can tell her what they do in the convent, for she knows.' — *Christian World.*

REPORTS OF DEATHS IN CONVENTS.

I have heard several times of nuns who were thought by their friends to be dead, when they were living shut up in their convent. There are many there, in the secrecy and deception of convents, who live through long, dark days after their families have been informed that they are dead. — CHINIQUY.

CONVENT MURDERS.

At length, one night, a stranger, traveling from Damascus to Beyroot, asked for a lodging in the convent; but the gates were already shut, the hour was late, and he was forced to content himself by lying down in the outer court till the morning.

After a few hours' sleep, he was startled by a sudden noise of opening doors and bolts withdrawn. There came forth from the house three women with spades, followed by two men bearing a heavy white bundle, which they carried into an adjoining place of weeds and stones; a hole was dug, the burden was deposited in it, and, after treading down the earth with their feet, the party returned to the house. The work of the nuns, the sight of the heavy bundle, and the general mystery of the midnight transaction kept the traveler awake, and he set out for Beyroot at the first glimpse of day.

It happened that he was acquainted with a merchant in Beyroot, who, some months before, had placed two of his daughters in the convent, with a portion of £400 sterling. On naturally asking some questions about the journey, the sleep in the court-yard was mentioned; and in the course of the conversation the mysterious burial, rather reluctantly on the traveler's part, transpired. The merchant was alarmed; he knew that one of his daughters had been taken ill, and he could not but remark that many of the nuns had died. He immediately mounted his horse and rode to the convent, where he demanded to see his daughter. The request was refused. He repeated it still more urgently. His suspicions were aroused by the sternness and insolence of the refusal. Leaving the convent in an agony of despair, he rushed to the dwelling of the emir, and detailed his complaint to the kohic (secretary), who ordered a body of horse to follow him, and, if necessary, to force open the convent. The grave was uncovered, the body was taken up; it was the merchant's daughter! He then inquired for his remaining daughter; she was found confined in the convent, but almost *dead*, and her narrative revealed scenes of the most frightful iniquity. It was proved that many of the nuns were murdered to get possessions, and others in consequence of objects still more atrocious, if possible.

In the expressions of Colonel Churchill, the development 'has

not had the slightest effect on the conventual system, which is supported in this country as much as ever. The doors of the nunneries are impenetrably closed on their occupants, but whether God or the devil reigns within, must always be a matter of conjecture.'

This utter scorn of the lessons of experience is one of the predicted characteristics of false religion. Rome *never* reforms. The heaviest calamities, the most startling exposures, the most palpable detection of follies, artifices, and crimes, never produce the slightest change. The Papacy, at this moment, is as besotted with fable and prone to imposture as if the world remained in the sullen credulity of the dark ages.—*Bulwark; or, Reformation Journal, Edinburgh*, 1856.

> "When troubles come of God, then nought behooves
> Like patience: but for troubles wrought of men,
> Patience is hard—I tell you it is hard"

"A correspondent from Rome, of the *Jewish Gazette of Pesth*, writes: 'Nine years since a beautiful girl of eighteen, named L. Avignon, disappeared from her home. Her parents found part of her clothes on the bank of the Tiber. They believed her dead. This year (1871), when many convents were opened by the Italian authorities, a nun appeared before a commissioner, begging to be returned to her family, of whom she had not heard for nine years. She gave her name and former abode, and told the magistrate a priest, called Hubert, yet living, had ruined her, by force and fraud, and then shut her in a convent, under rigorous restraint, as one baptized and converted. The civil authorities sought for the parents, and found the mother yet living. The unhappy mother could scarcely recognize her once beautiful child, now worn and feeble from convent restraint, physical and mental suffering in her long imprisonment.'"

CONVENT AUSTERITY.

I will give you an instance: A tender-hearted young sister violated this rule, by giving some money to a poor family on the point of starvation; when her Superior heard of it, she made her fast on bread and water for one week. The vow of chastity for-

bids her to love one of the opposite sex, or ever think of a husband, save Christ. She cannot even extend her hand to a gentleman, or look in his face without breakimg her rules; nor must she caress a little child, for fear of maternal instincts distracting her. But these ardent, impulsive young creatures, with all the woman's loving nature, cannot, do not, keep this vow. There is not a sister in the convent, but desires a material husband, and they do have their lovers among the priests, and laymen. (I have seen six sisters in love with one priest: but he only loved one of them, consequently, they were unhappy and jealous.) By the vow of obedience, she must give up not only her will, but also her judgment and reason. Her Superior, a woman oftentimes of inferior intellect, ignorant, superstitious, and domineering, cannot be addressed except on the knees of the subject; she must kneel at her feet, and listen to her commands, as coming from the mouth of God; if the subject receives a command, which her judgment tells her is wrong or absurd, she must violate her reason, and do the will of another.—EDITH O'GORMAN, *Lecture in the Tabernacle, New York.* 1868,

"This is no heaven!
And yet they told me all heaven was here,
This life the foretaste of a life more dear:
That all beyond this convent cell,
Was but a fairer hell.
Ah me—it is not so.

This is not home!
And yet for this I left my girlhood's bower,
Shook the fresh dew from April's budding flower,
Cut off my golden hair,
Forsook the dear and fair,
And fled, as from a serpent's eyes,
Home, and its holiest charities."

MURDER.

Ariault teaches, that it is no harm to murder your enemy, if you do it so secretly as to occasion no scandal. Guimenius affirms the same in his seventh proposition. Molina in his sixteenth disputation avers, that it is right to kill any man, to save a crown; with which proposition, Taberna in his Practical The-

ology, perfectly coincides. To come to the case in question, infanticide, I can only tell you the authorities in favor of that deed are too numerous to mention. 'For the sake of concealing infamy, and preserving reputations, infanticide is not only permitted, but enjoined.' I will give you the moral animus of Jesuitism, in the words of F. Xavier Makami, Prefect of the Jesuit College at Rouen. He says in a thesis, 'Fortunate crimes make heroes. *Successful crime, ceases to be a crime.* Success constitutes or absolves the guilty at its will.'

A ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE.

One of the worst revelations of Romanism in this country concerns a Roman Catholic Orphanage, and comes to me from a lady well known for fortune and benevolence, the wife of the president of the Chamber of Commerce in one of our largest cities. This lady had a servant, a widow with a child, an unusually fine boy of two years. By the advice of her mother, the young woman placed her little son in the Infant Asylum of St. Francis. She afterward told her mistress that a nun had warned her against this course, saying 'No child thrived at St. Francis's.

A fortnight later, the grandmother remarked to the mistress, 'I guess her child is dead by this time. I saw it a week ago, and it looked as if it could not hold out much longer.'

This heartless remark so distressed the lady, herself the mother of children, that she called her carriage, and driving to St. Francis's, demanded the boy. She was left in the sacristy alone for about an hour; then, seizing a passing nun, she repeated her demand.

The presence of the child was denied; but, as she insisted, she was bidden come to the yard, and select it. She found the 'yard' a treeless, tan-bark-covered place, where numbers of children were lying listlessly about, all wan, emaciated, and *sore*-eyed, unsheltered from the sun. Only one was plump and fair, and that with a strange, unchildish sorrow in its eyes. The nun casually remarked that this little one had just come in. The child sought not being here, the 'sister' turned to look for it in a long shed, and here the lady softly followed her. She found, lying in little straw-filled boxes, many babes — all wasted, dirty, clad each in

one soiled garment — all sore-eyed, wretched, and apparently dying.

The nun lifted one from its miserable resting-place, and, turning, confronted the visitor. 'O, my God!' she cried, 'go out of here instantly or they will kill me!'

The lady received into her arms the infant sufferer, and took it home. In three days it died, the family physician and the experienced nurse declaring it a plain case of starvation, the eyes being literally burned away by strong waters.

The details are too horrible to be narrated. A seamstress stated that she had served two months next door to St. Francis's, and had *never seen a milkman there*, but from two to five small coffins carried out of early mornings.

A widow, who supported herself by coloring photographs, took her three-year-old son, a robust child, to board at St. Francis's while she executed a large order for work; and, going for him early one morning, at the expiration of three weeks, met the coffin of the child coming from the gate.

A Catholic cook boldly told the lady, who, as I told you, invaded St. Francis's, that children taken there *were not expected to be raised;* that only those children went to St. Francis's who were in everybody's way, and, if any others were carried thither it was a *mistake* for which the sisters were not responsible. She also said that 'children dying in that consecrated spot were sure of glory, whereas, if they lived, they might be thieves, murderers, or even heretics. The holiness of the sisters was increased by every child that got to heaven through their hands.' 'Then,' cried this Protestant lady, 'why not give them a sponge-full of chloroform, or a dose of laudanum; it would be far less cruel!'

'O,' replied the astute Romanist, 'that would be *murder*, but this is simply letting alone.'

Being informed of these things, I took occasion to question a respectable, honest, and kind-hearted Romanist woman about St. Francis's. At first she professed ignorance, but, by degrees, averred that no children lived long in this Orphanage; a friend of hers had rescued, after a three weeks' stay, a babe that went in healthy, and came out blind and dying.

'The situation must be unhealthy,' I said.

'Bad situations don't make sore eyes,' she replied.

'Then there is lack of food or ventilation,' I suggested.

'Lack of food, like enough,' she answered.

'The bishop should know it; must be informed of it.'

'He *does* know it,' she retorted; 'and he forbade my sister putting four fine children there, for he said they would not thrive; but he told her of two other convents where they are doing well.'

From all this, you, my friends, must gather, as I did, that Rome has in one country, *at least one* house devoted to slow infanticide, where poor little infants, a burden to their natural protectors, and having small claim on the community, are done to death by letting alone! And let me tell you, infanticide is peculiarly a Roman Catholic crime, and a crime especially inimical to the interests of a republic; for republics, like families, should grow not so much by the adoption of aliens, as by children born in their midst.— *Christian World, April*, 1871.

> "But the young, young children! O, my brothers,
> They are weeping bitterly!
> They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
> In the country of the free!"

What of Father French and Bishop Otto?

"And now troubles and dangers thickened. Bishop Otto had not yet given up his hope of influencing Cantwell. On a day of smothered excitement, when some sort of a moral tempest was brewing, Bishop Otto, on pretence of going to his room to sleep, stole out of the house, leaving Francis, his so-called shadow, in the oratory.

Some time after, the coachman, a kindly fellow devoted to his master, came to Francis, saying anxiously, 'His reverence went off alone two or three hours ago, 'and I'm fearin' as sum'at has happened him. Folk are lookin' for a stir round town to-day, though, may be, there'll not be any. Howsomdever, there's been mad looks agin Earle's print-shop since that bad book was out, and his lordship goes that a way so often, I'm thinking if times get rough he may be towzled and put upon; that's all, Mr. Francis.'

The countenance of Francis expressed the utmost anxiety. 'Go, go,' he cried, 'bring the carriage and take me down to Judge Cantwell's office. We must find the bishop at once; he is always thinking of others and never of himself.'

Poor Francis!

It was growing late in the afternoon; the red light of the declining sun burnished spires and chimneys, and fringed the roofs with flame. To the terrified Francis everything wore the hue of blood; the sewers seemed filled with a horrible crimson tide, and the hum and rattle in the busy streets came to his ears as mingled with groans and shrieks. But no; all the city was at peace; men went their several ways without a fear; alarm dwelt only in the bosom of Francis.

Leaping from the carriage, the servant was hurrying up the stair when he met Cantwell coming down.

'Where is Bishop Otto?' cried Francis.

'I do not know; he left here a half an hour since, with Mr. French.'

'But I heard there was some disturbance going on.'

'Not at all; why should there be? All is quiet.'

Partially comforted, Francis came down the steps with the lawyer, Cantwell eyeing him intently all the while. Mr. Dunbar was leaving the book-store, and the gentlemen stopped to shake hands. In an instant, before they could understand the cause, the carriage horses made a plunge, throwing down the driver, who held the reins, and alas! flinging Francis under the wheels, which passed over his chest.

There were few in Allerton Place at that hour, but all who saw the accident sprang to the rescue. Some secured the horses, others cared for the stunned coachman, but Dunbar and Cantwell lifted the lifeless form of Francis, and carried it into Earle's deserted sanctum, sending our Aurora Lane boy for a physician.

Roger poured water on Francis's head and face, while Mr. Dunbar with busy anxiety undid his neckcloth and vest to ascertain the extent of the injury. The delicately moulded, uncovered throat, the fair, soft skin of the feebly-heaving bosom, revealed Otto's carefully-cherished secret. Dunbar sprang back with a cry of surprise.

'Cantwell, it is a woman!'

Roger reached for an afghan lying tumbled on an adjacent chair, and drew it pitifully over this Francis. The wet hair of the unconscious stranger fell in heavy masses about the pallid face; Cantwell, with a sudden thought, divided it in the centre and smoothed it back with his fingers, studying the features well.

'The Bishop's ward! Poor soul! I suspected, but dared not believe this, long ago. O, pity, pity!'

'Friend,' said Dunbar, hastily, 'this *eclaircissement* must not take place here, in mercy to that unhappy man and this poor girl. Before the doctor comes, let us carry her to Otto's house, and leave him to manage the affair as best he can.'

'Yes,' said Roger, slowly, 'I think she is dying; let her die there. The carriage is at the door; bring those cushions; I will carry her out. Have one of those boys get a bottle of brandy next door.'

As the two gentlemen entered the hall of the bishop's residence, bearing their insensible burden, Otto met them, wringing his hands, with a great cry. He motioned toward the library sofa, saw plainly that all was known, and, in his anguish, forgetting his dread of scandal, closed the door, imploring, 'Stay and help me! I cannot have these servants know this. You, you understand it now; have mercy on me, Judge Cantwell.'

'Friend,' said Roger, sincerely, 'anything and everything which we can do is at your service. Let us see if we can restore consciousness here.'

'Is there any hope?' gasped Otto.

Mr. Dunbar shook his head. 'Evidently none.'

They had laid the limp figure upon a sofa, removed a portion of the clothing and applied restoratives. Bishop Otto knelt sobbing by the couch, holding the white hands in his own. Still striving to restore consciousness, these anxious watchers saw Francis's eyes open, and, evidently realizing the present danger, the first glance fell upon the bishop with such tenderness and compassion as moved even Roger to tears.

'Francis!' cried Otto, in an agony.

'Not Francis, now,' said the dying one, slowly; 'that is past. Call me by the name you said was dangerous — Laure — once more.'

'Laure! my Laure! angel of my life! devoted, self-sacrificing, most loving Laure!' cried Otto, wildly. 'O that I might die for you or with you!'

'That cannot be,' said Laure, stroking his face gently. 'Poor Otto, what will you do when I am gone?'

'Laure, beloved, I have ruined your life, beguiled you from

home and friends, shut you out from society, made you most unhappy. Can you forgive me, forgive all this?'

'I have nothing to forgive; *I loved you, Otto.*' Such a wonderful devotion was in those tones, that Dunbar, covering his face turned away.

'Let *me* speak, Otto,' said Laure, laying her hand over the Bishop's lips. 'Let me speak to these two, who have learned what we have so long concealed, even from those who dwelt under the roof with us. Sirs,' Cantwell and Dunbar drew near, looking compassion; Laure spoke in slow, soft tones, for she was growing very feeble, but every word was well weighed and plain.

'Mr. Dunbar, you may not remember me, but I know you well; Laure Vallerie was once your sister's dearest friend; that may arm you against me, but recollect that I loved her, and felt that in my Church only could she find salvation. By her conversion also, I hoped to atone for this life which you despise me for leading. My plan failed, Mr. Dunbar; your sister, as you must have heard before this, died a Protestant. Alas, I fear she is lost!'

Laure paused a moment. then spoke again.

'Sirs, you see in me one who has lived a lie, who has never been blessed with a marriage vow; you despise me, you despise and condemn *him.* But hear me a moment, for my justification, for I have a last request to make, and I make it of you two. This bishop is much older than I, but from the hour that he and I first met,—it was in church after service, Otto,—we have loved each other so truly and so devotedly, as to forget all the world besides. If our church had been like yours, sir,' she looked at Mr. Dunbar, 'I should have been his wife in name, as in heart. Sir, our Church is true and holy, but in some things she seems ordained rather for angels, than for human beings; we are in this, the victims of our Church, for she is strong and we are weak. The sacrament of marriage was denied us; we could only promise each other to be true and loving, each to each, and let no one else come between us; for the rest, we took care that no one suspected me, that we might save a scandal to the Church. I am dying, I shall be beyond fear, shame, or scorn, in a few hours: but, sirs, *he* will not. I do not repent this thing; you have been so kind to me, Otto, and have needed me so much: and you know our Church shut us up to it; and, sirs, we have atoned for this

fault, by extreme devotion to the Holy Virgin, who is most pitiful and tender.'

'Do not hurry me, Otto,' she continued; 'you know I wear the brown scapular, and cannot die before I confess. I hope the Lord and all the angels will forgive me, for I have tried to live well in all but that, and you will find your chief happiness in saying many masses for me, my Otto. But, gentlemen, his peace and honor are now in your hands; there may be hints and surmises, but he can look them down, if you two, who may be supposed to know the truth, will only be silent. Promise me that you will thus be merciful to him; for think, if you had been in his place, cut off from family and friends, never an equal or companion near you, no one with true love for you, none to call you by name, to tend you in illness: O, if you had found one to love, and to love you, you might have done as he has done.'

'We promise you,' said Dunbar. 'It will do us no good to add another care and sorrow to the bishop's life. We pity you both. He is not in our hands to be destroyed; to God only must you look, and give account. Do not fear us.'

Otto had sent for a physician of some skill, belonging to his own congregation, and Laura Vallerie, now being relieved from her chief fear, said to the bishop that she wished to confess to Father French.

From this the bishop shrank, saying, 'Why not to me, Laure? It is permitted in the *Compendii Theologiæ Moralis*. You remember that. Is it best to call in another priest, my Laure?'

Laure looked distressed. 'I wish it so, my Otto. It is a terrible thing to die: it is best to be well prepared. I could wish —'

'No more, beloved Laure. I will send for him, instantly.'

The physician came. Mr. Dunbar and Roger, with a silent bow, withdrew.

The doctor found no reason to hope; Laure Vallerie had but a few hours to live. Having done what he could to relieve pain and make her last moments easy, he departed, leaving her to the ministrations of Father French. Otto stood by the window, weeping, while Father French bent over the bed to receive Laura's last confession.

'I trust,' said the penitent, in conclusion, 'not only to your sworn secrecy as a priest, but in the natural kindness of your heart.'

Father French bowed, pronounced his absolution, and sat down; then he looked toward Otto. 'Bishop, the viaticum; the time is short.'

'Short!' A heart-rending groan burst from Otto; he hurried to Laure, bent over her, kissed her repeatedly, murmuring words of affection.

'My poor Laure! and the reward of your devotion is an unhappy life, a violent death.'

'No, the reward is your love, your happiness, Otto. I have not been unhappy. If I had not been so fiercely jealous of the abbess, of Lucia, of every one who was near you, I would have been most happy. But that was my nature.'

'You had no need to be jealous, most dearly beloved.'

'Ah, I see it now. Yours was not a love to grow weary, and reject me; it was my folly to think so; in that I wronged you.'

Otto turned to French. 'Make ready the viaticum, French. I am abased before you; pity, if you cannot excuse, me.'

When the last rites of the Church had been performed, and Laure was dead, Priest French left the palace and went to the sacristy of the Church of the Visitation. Standing there alone, he looked at the paraphernalia of his office.

'This strife is ended,' he said. 'Would I put Nell in that poor girl's place? would I be Bishop Otto? If he could not contend with his fate, can I? No; but, say what they will, there is but one course I can take after this day's lesson. I will go to Nell, and marry her.'

So, leaving his robes and his Church, Priest French went forth resolved to seek, with honorable intentions, the long-unhappy and injured mother of his son."

"Rome proclaims herself united. But is Rome thus one in doctrine? By no means. It has not needed the disputes at the last Ecumenical Council, nor the division into 'old' and 'new' Catholics in Europe, to teach us that in Rome are more parties, and more diversities in belief than are to be found anywhere else. If differences are heresy, then Rome is the first and chief of heretics. Friars of different orders, wearers of diverse scapulars scandalize humanity by their quarrels.

In France and Spain there are almost as many Virgins as there are districts; and one bishop, as during the late Franco-Prussian

war, says, 'Implore *my* Virgin;' another says, 'Nay, *my* Virgin is the one for the present emergency.' When Charles and Philip fought for the crown of Spain, the *Virgin of Pilar* favored Charles, this Virgin being an imperialist; while the *Crucifix of San Salvator* fought under the banners of Philip, being 'affectionate' to him. The imperialists were so angry at San Salvator, in plain speech, Jesus Christ, that they would make no gifs to his altars; while Philip's men cut the acquaintance of the Holy Virgin because she favored Charles.

In 1542, Dr. Augustine Romirez in Spain (Saragossa) published in a book on the Virgin, that Mary the Queen of Heaven, in a celestial council, had been *affronted by the Holy Spirit*, who declared that until her altars were enriched on earth, she *was not equal to the Holy Trinity*. At this time the Virgin, in a vision, informed a Spanish priest that for fifteen years she had had so few offerings made her, that she was ashamed to open her lips to God the Father.

About the immaculate conception of the Virgin, the Dominicans and Franciscans have never agreed, and mut ally accuse each other of heresies. There has never been a council in the Catholic Church which has not condemned some other council. The fact about Romanism is that it agrees in nothing but disagreeing. Three great parties in the Romish Church have divided on the councils of their promulgations. All the councils have been denied by one or another of the Fathers.

Some of the most able and magnificent swearing-matches on record have been when the venerable authorities of Romanism got together, officially to curse each other and their deliverances. Whenever these holy fountain-heads of wisdom came into council, and each uttered his mind, it was found that there were as many opinions as men. Each then proceeded to anathematize his neighbor and his neighbor's faith. The sacred bishops, arrayed in their canonicals, made their council-chamber a Mount Ebal which had no Gerizim to offset it. In one of the Alexandrian synods a Catholic saint bestowed upon an equally Catholic heretic thirteen distinct cursings, a kindness which the heretic returned with amiable alacrity. Cyril, Nestorius, John, Gennadius, Memnon, Ibes, Theodoret, in different ages and quarters of the globe cursed each other with the highest cordiality and piety.

Popes have condemned Popes. There have been two *universal*

Popes, and two *universal* Councils at the *same* time, each particularly proficient in the fine art of execration. Urban was Pope, not so much *Dei Gratia,* as *Catherinæ Gratia,* the saint of Sienna, having particularly propped his falling throne. The Ecumenical of 1870 has fixed the infallibility of *all* the Popes. What then was the divine utterance by the mouth of Pope Boniface, in 1294? The most shocking of blasphemy which the pen trembles to write; 'The soul of man is the soul of a beast, men dust, with no hope of immortality. I believe no more in Mary Virgin, than I believe in an ass, *nor in her son, than in the foal of an ass.*'

In the face of all this contradiction, and internecine war, what can the Romish Church do but exactly what it has done, *i. e.*, to proclaim the infallibility of the Pope, and hereafter accept the decree of his lips as the word of God; and when the Popes contradict each other, saying that a thing is, and is not, at the same time, the Catholic Church must content themselves with the assurance, that such contradictions are holy mysteries, like the Trinity, and the Conception of Christ, not to be doubted nor disputed, but humbly accepted. This doctrine of the immaculate conception of Mary, gave the Romish Church, in effect, an additional person in the Godhead, a holy Quarternity. The decree of the Pope's infallibility, gives that same Church a divine Quinternity, in the name of which, for consistency's sake, they should be baptized.

Rome's books to Rome report the baleful tale of Sin and her horrible offspring, as Milton hath it—

> 'These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry
> Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived,
> And hourly born, with sorrow infinite—
> Into the womb
> That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw!

begotten in Rome's polution, they prey upon, and shall eventually destroy her. [Her iniquities?]

Is it to be wondered at, that Romanists tremble with fear at the bare mention of the spiritual philosophy which shall, in due time, reveal the immensity of their crimes, their shameful intrigues? Not that we would condemn them, for we say, with Brother Peebles, we judge not; we condemn not any; and it is

evident to us that the masses of the people, in this, as in all things else, sin ignorantly. Enlightenment, we well know, is unfavorable to Romanism; and, while we pity the miserable ignorance of many of her zealous adherents, we cannot fail to see in their characters much to admire and appreciate. They have been nursed in the Church; the Church is their home, their Religion, although in many cases is seems buried so deep, it is hard to find.

"Religion," says Rembert, "is the strongest principle that actuates the human heart, as I well know from my own experience, as well as from observation and history. From the latter we learn that in the 'Holy' (?) Wars of the Cross *vs.* the Crescent — (may the sacred symbol of the lettered scroll never stain with human blood its celestial sheen) the Crusades — two million men were killed, and a pyramid was erected from their bones from one battle-field near Nieve, by Solyman, as a monument to their fanaticism; and the Saracens drank beer out of their skulls. History tells us that in the religious Christian conflicts following the reformation of Luther, at which time the popes were the legitimate despots of the world, and made kings and national rulers their abject vassals and suppliant slaves, subject to their tyrannic caprices, which they exercised in the most diabolical manner, and all by *divine appointment;* fifty millions were slain, making a grand aggregate of perhaps a hundred millions who, in the history of mankind, have victimized themselves to their religion. The skeletons of these victims of religion, if linked together, would pave with human bones more than a hundred thousand miles long; would girdle the world more than four times round; would build a structure larger than Colossus, Coliseum, or Pyramid. What else can impel a man to throw himself under the car of Juggernaut to be instantly crushed? What impel a mother to sacrifice her child, as the Africans to the Ganges? or the Chaldean to the Hierapolis? Man in every age is a devout religionist; it is an innate and ineradicable principle in his nature to conceive of and imagine a higher mind, to hope for immortality and yearn for glory."

Extract from a friend's letter: —

"Yours was received more than a week ago, and now I am going to answer it, though I don't know what I shall say, I am sure. Now, how nice it would be if some other one would write

for me, same as he does for you, then I would not have to think. W—— says, Tell you, we had a spiritual sermon, this morning, by J—— H——; he told them about 'Ezra, the Scribe' coming down and appearing to Dr. S—— and his wife, and casting accounts with them. It was a very peculiar and very interesting sermon. Now, perhaps you *know* Ezra or have heard of him. I suppose I ought not to joke about this; it's wicked, is n't it? Well, it seems to me that I am dreadful wicked, any way, and the more I try to be good the worse I grow, I guess. If I could see you I should ask you a thousand and one questions, foolish ones, probably. Now, for instance, supposing there are true mediums, what good are they doing? what of the will of God do they foretell? how affect the people who listen? is there any *good* comes of it? Christ said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel.' 'Christ and him crucified' is the great theme; he died for all, and we are all saved through him, if we believe; and he will give us his holy spirit.

Do you think God's ministers are mediums? they profess to be moved by the spirit. Well, dear, I do n't know, and sometimes think I do not care; I believe I want to do right, but I do not live near enough to my God to feel the presence of his love, and of my love to him: I am afraid I am not a follower after righteousness.

What do you think about revivals of religion? what do you think of Mr. Moody's sermons? do you really enjoy our old-fashioned religion as you used to do? This is personal, but I wish you would answer my questions. There seems to be great revivals of religion through the country. I was much interested in your last; I hope God will bless you, and that, if you are an instrument in his hands for doing good, you may do great things. I do n't believe you will want to write to me again; I write you such harum-scarum letters. What do you mean by your being able to impress me — put particular thoughts uppermost in my mind?"

Reply: —

I did not intend so long a time should elapse before answering your "harum scarum" letter. I assure you it was not on *that account*, for it did n't scare me a bit, and I enjoyed its contents more than I can tell you. I expect, if you think yourself "wicked,"

you will think me "more wickeder still," for I don't feel as if I should have some other one to assist me this time, and many of your queries are of such a personal character, I s'pect it would hardly be fair for a third party to interfere. I should have enjoyed hearing that spiritual sermon, I am sure. Ezra, the scribe, I do not "know" personally, but have read of him. Those other folks, Dr. Somebody and his wife, are not among my acquaintances, and I can't make them out at all. Have waded clear way through the book of Ezra to-day, read how the people of God that were with him transgressed by their abominations, and how Ezra mourned over them, and rent his garment and his mantle, and plucked off the hair of his head and his beard — it must have been dreadful — and sat down among them, astonished. Well, among all the multiplicity of tribes and names given, I don't find him "casting accounts" with any one in *particular*, although the Good Book says "the hand of the princes and rulers hath been chief in this trespass," as is usually the case. I have therefore come to the conclusion that the doctor and his wife must have lived at a later period — perhaps are still living — upon earth, and that Ezra appeared to them in *spirit*. Am I correct?

As to God's ministers being mediums, I most assuredly believe that every minister upon the face of the earth is a medium, if I understand the signification of the word medium. I have no dictionary here, and have never observed the accepted rendering of the word; but my conception of it is: a person or instrumentality used to convey thoughts, sentiments, and ideas, from one party to another. If this be the correct definition, not only our ministers, but ourselves, every individual who has the breath of life within him is a medium in a greater or less degree. From the common acceptation of the word it may not thus appear; but viewing it even in this light, I am bold enough to assert that I not only believe, but *know* that all of our most able and efficient ministers, public speakers, and writers, are, and have been in all ages, either wholly or partially controlled by spirit power, even though unconsciously to themselves. Many of them, as you say, profess to be moved by the spirit, and think, as did the prophets and writers of old, that there is no *Holy Spirit*, save one. Now, dear, just reflect for a moment, and tell me, if you can, how it would be possible for so many diverse creeds, religions, and doctrines to exist upon the earth as there does, and ever have existed, if

all are moved by the *same* spirit? We well know that many of these are in direct opposition to each other. Is it not, then, more reasonable to suppose — indeed a self-evident fact — that there are many ministering or controlling spirits, and that these spirits retain the opinions, as well as the characteristics of their earth-life, until a progressive change has been wrought in them? This is what our spiritual philosophy teaches, and that precisely as they leave this world, so will they enter the spirit abode; but it does *not* teach, as do some who profess wisdom from on high, that they will thus forever remain, but that they will gradually unfold their powers, and expand the germ of a higher life which is implanted in the nature of every human being.

That there are lying, hypocritical, and evil, as well as good and holy spirits, who can and do control under the same universal law, is not a pleasing feature of the philosophy, but is far less dangerous when known and understood, than when ignorantly concealed. As the law which governs the phenomena is immutable, holy spirits and unholy ones have the same opportunities for controlling at their will, provided they can find a medium for their communication; hence the injunction "try the spirits."

"Supposing there are true mediums, what good are they doing? what of the will of God do they fortell? how do they affect the people who listen? is there any good comes of it?"

I will also suppose a case: If there was a far-away country upon this earthly sphere, to which we must all, at some indefinite period of time not far distant, remove, and consider our final home, until death, or spiritual birth to a higher life; and if that country were governed by a king whose authority was supreme; which would give you the most satisfaction: to read a history of that country and the king's dealings with his subjects, written by authors of whom you knew nothing, and who lived and died there centuries before your birth, representing the place and people as they appeared unto them at that time; or to listen unto, or read, a verbal declaration or written description of the same, by your own dearly loved and personal friends who had preceded you?

As to revivals of religion, conversion of souls: I have no doubt there has been, and still is, much good accomplished, and souls truly converted by this means, although I have had little personal experience or opportunity of judging of the ultimate results. I have always considered a gradual change of heart and life more

natural, and more likely to be enduring. I am unable to give you my opinion of Mr. Moody's sermons, for I don't "think" I ever read but one of them, and that was so long ago I cannot recall it. I felt anxious to attend one of their meetings, which they were holding in Brooklyn at the time I was in New York, but circumstances prevented.

As to enjoying the old-fashioned religion as well as I used to: Yes, just as much, and no more; as compared with my present views and feelings, the first is like a skeleton of dry bones; the present, the same "bones," no longer "dry," but elastic and pliable, from the covering of soft, warm flesh which embodies them. My religion — if you will excuse the personality, but that seems to be what you are after now — has not been changed, but clothed upon. I have, from the earliest recollections of my childhood, had an instinctive horror of listening to a hell-fire sermon, to speak plainly, and have never believed in that doctrine. I could not but feel indignant that a God of infinite wisdom and justice, whose supreme attribute is Love, should be charged with revengeful cruelty exceeding that of the vilest despot in existence. Furthermore, I cannot believe there is a being in the whole universe who has the remotest idea that he shall be among the number consigned to fire and everlasting burning; they may think, as some teach, that others will be, but not themselves. This terror-stricken doctrine is seldom advanced among enlightened people at the present day; reason and progress will not, and cannot, admit, or accept of it. The law of progression is everywhere in motion, and spiritual food comes spontaneously, at times, and from sources least suspected by us. As to "impressing you," dear, "them's not my sentiments" but that "some other" one's.

'T was Easter morn, bright, beautiful, and fair;
A friend beloved and I, did wend our way
Unto the place of thine abode, dear Lord:
Thine altar pure, a sacred shrine, from which
Sweet incense from the breath of flowers, commingling
With the prayers of saints, we love yea, we love!
There songs of holy ecstasy unite
With angel choirs, and thence ascend unto

Celestial spheres of love and light beyond.
But O, to me, to her, my friend, this seemed
As nought compared with that which after came—
An inspiration from the man of God.
His theme was this: As ye the image of
The earthly have borne so also shall ye
The image of the heavenly bear. Amazed,
We listened to the grand, o'erpowering
Eloquence poured forth; combining depth of
Knowledge, wisdom profound, sublimity
Of thought, with far-sighted visions of the
Future. The retrospective of the past,
In brief, no charms exhibit; serving only
To render more apparent the glorious
Chain of endless progression. From each dead
Relict of the past is born a something
Higher and more enduring; from each
Memento treasured deep, arises hopes
Cherished and borne on wings of love unto
A bright, a living and endless future;
From ev'ry ruin of grandeur crumbling
To dust; comes a structure more lofty, grand:
In place of ignorance and cruel despotism
Of past ages; come minds of intellect
And noble deeds of justice and mercy;
From every thought enkindled in the
Human breast; spring myriads of thoughts more
Lofty, grand and pure; from out the depths of
Wild despair, remorseful sin; conceptions
Of a changeless love, unbroken ties, fair
Visions of future bliss where death and sin
Cannot enter. The past we recall not,
The present scarce enjoy: On, on! the swift
Impelling current hastens us; we reach
Beyond the realms of space, if space there be,
Our faint conceptions grow more clear, assume
A living, acting semblance of the divine;

Each new idea, however strange it
May at first appear, is clothed in the
Habiliments of eternal progression.
As said the controlling spirit: The first
Easter-morn, known only to a few, and
Comprehended by none, was but the precursor
Of a more glorious Easter-morn, universally
Acknowledged and observed as such; the
Rolling of the stone from the sepulchre
Of Christ was but the foreshadowing of
The time when all sepulchres shall be open;
And may we not also believe the time
Will come when angels, visible to our
Material sight, shall, as on that occasion,
Hover round or near our dear ones all,
In that hour of sweet release, spirit birth?
And will they not say unto us, as did
Those bright and shining ones unto the Mary's:
Why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? why
Seek ye the living among the dead? Behold,
They are not here. Risen, indeed, yet soon
Like him, the Crucified, unto their dear ones
They 'll return, and manifest the power divine;
Will say, like him, Lo, I am with you alway,
Even unto the end; fear not; peace be
Unto you; and ye that believe, my works
Shall ye do, and I will work with you, and
Signs and wonders shall follow. Believe ye
This, my friends? Nay, as in those days, the
Multitudes believe not; the blood-guilty
Fear and tremble; others receive it as
An idle tale: of the very elect
Some doubt; even while their eyes behold, their
Ears receive the demonstrable evidence.
Our Lord did his disciples rebuke for
Their slowness of heart in believing what
The prophets had foretold and what their own

Eyes beheld; saying, Blessed are they that
Have not seen, and yet have believed.

Now as John the Baptist was the forerunner
Of the promised Messiah, even so was
That Messiah the forerunner, the typifier
Of the progressive unfoldment of the
Powers that be. His was the voice of one
Crying in the wilderness of sinful
Ignorance, superstition, and mortal
Death, pleading in accents of tender love
And compassion for all the human race,
Substituting and proclaiming the blessed
Gospel of harmonic accord, whose chief
Component is charity, charity,
Sweet-abounding, never-ending charity;
Whose aspiration brings inspiration
From on high; whose mortal fears shall all, at
Length, become submerged, and from their carcass
Issue forth the heaven-born life and hope
Of spiritual liberty and glorious
Immortality! His body perished,
His spirit ever lives. The truths he taught
Endure; wide-spread are they —millions receive,
Believe his words, whose eyes have not beheld,
Whose ears have never heard his mighty voice.

And thus the grand, progressive scale ascends
Into sublimer heights, in majesty
Arrayed; new prophecies it showers forth,
Eclipsing all the by-gone ones of old.
Each revelation of the past opens
Up the way for revelations more to
Come; each mystery solved but only points
To deeper mysteries, closer veiled; each soul
Who leaves this earthly sphere forms one
New link in nature's chain 'twixt earth and heaven.

Roll on, ye mighty ages, roll! and bring
Us tidings from afar. From every land
And zone, O, usher in the glorious cry,
'T is Easter here, 't is Easter there! we'll join
The anthems from the skies, and all, at length,
Partake of glorious Easter joys on high.

At the request of my spirit friends, and with the permission of the earthly friend who was the recipient of the same, I insert the following. I have not had the pleasure of meeting the writer, although her "Ma" is a very dear friend, whose kindness and sympathy are warmly cherished by the detestable "Yankee."

"Tell Ma that I am surprised to hear that a woman of her excellent good sense could be so taken in by some Yankee fraud fooling with spirits. It 's a pack of nonsense gotten up by sharp Yankees to cheat unsuspecting credulous people out of the "almighty dollar," the god they worship. It has been clearly proved to be a humbug. Look at the exposures of some of the greatest pretended Spiritualists of the day. No, 't is a fraud of the worst kind, and the miserable wretches that go through the country deceiving people and stealing from them, should be arrested and put in a penitentiary at hard labor. I 'd rather believe in ghosts and hobgoblins of all sorts than such a pack of stuff. Tell Ma I am surprised at her. They are smart to select certain subjects, those of a nervous, excitable temperament. Everybody can't hear voices and see people from the 'spirit land,' only those easily influenced. Tell Ma her stomach is out of order; if she gets her system, especially nervous system, in a good, healthy condition, she will soon laugh at all the spirits she hears and sees.

My health is gradually improving; sick, nervous headaches often, but upon the whole, better. For the first time in my life I can use liquors to advantage. A small quantity daily does me good; once, I dared not touch anything of the kind. I want you, as a special favor, to send me, by express, two or three gallons of good peach brandy, not apple or whiskey, but *peach*. It agrees with me when every thing else fails. Tell Ma if she will not urge you to send it, I will send the spirit of old Abshire [he was the terror of the community while in the form] to disturb her dreams."

We pray thee, dear sister, to stop and consider
How prone we all are from wisdom to wander
There are, as you say, imposing delusions;
But do not too hastily jump at conclusions.
If all is but nonsense, O, whence sprang it forth?
There cannot be fraud unless there is truth;
Nor can there be a counterfeit made
Without first the *real* to serve for a guide.
As to fooling with spirits — Pray how can we fool
With what there is not? We cannot control
The "dollar almighty;" and, as to its worship,
Ere the prayer is formed the dollar's gone up,
Notwithstanding the sharpness you augur,
Scarce leaving enough to pay for our dinner;
Though, thanks be to God, we have plenty to eat
And never did yet our landlady cheat.
As to ghosts and hobgoblins, alas, alas!
You do well to believe; for a numerous class
All clothed in the darkness of night go forth;
They howl, and they walk to and fro upon earth;
They seek to deceive by their ill-gotten power,
Selecting, of course, with sedulous care,
Such only as they can easily ensnare,
And hope, in process of time, to devour.
If these be the spirits you really choose
To believe and receive, pray do not abuse
The bright ones, the pure ones, who in broad light of day
Chase all the dark shadows and goblins away.
I have only yet spoken of things I opine
Were not fully weighed in that mind of thine;
Ideas half-fledged, from their shell burst forth,
Their sweetness all withered by premature birth.
I speak with great freedom for I have been there,
And your demisemiquavers can readily share:
I do make, even now, no great pretense,
Submitting unto your excellent good sense
My own candidly-avowed opinion;

For argument bold,— your supreme dominion —
May serve to unfold the germ of the mind
In us both, may be, leaving error behind.
In all that remains, I am with you, sincerely
Endorsing the same most truly and fully:
Of all the vile frauds that e'er have been known,
There can be none worse than trampling upon
The connecting links of that beautiful chain,
Which unites sons of earth with their loved in heaven.
Those who do go forth to steal and deceive,
The reward for their labors will duly receive:
Poor, miserable wretches are they, indeed,
Who had, as you say, better earn their bread
By labors inside penitentiary walls,
Until they will listen to their God, who calls
Each innermost thought, each deed to account,
And strengthens each purpose of good intent.
The humbug, you say, has been "clearly proven
(We accept your statement, wisely chosen,)
By the exposure of some of the greatest
Pretended spiritualists." This protest
Could not have been more judiciously made,
More truly sanctioned by the great Fountain-head;
For be ye assured, 't is *only the pretended*
Whom exposure can reach. The truths engendered
In Spiritualism all tests can defy;
The power, and the wisdom, come from God on high.

All may not, it is true, hear voices, see faces,
From the spirit-land; some who are nervous,
Their system disordered, see *first* the hobgoblins,
But if they are wise, they 'll endeavor to cleanse
The nerves of their system, their physical health
Keep in good condition; then spirits of worth
Will doubtless succeed the ghosts of hobgoblins,
Who feed on distress, and give for returns
To their credulous friends, the tale of a demon

Who rules quite too well his subjects, named Legion,
But who is less strong than he seems at first
When crowing so boldly as cock of the roost;
He 's plump and well fed, will make a good dinner,
If cooked by a saint, though raised by a sinner.
As I know your dear Ma, I 'd kindly suggest,
A spirit congenial could aid you the most:
For to her, the spirit of "old Abshire"
Will never be able to get very near.
Her own cherished brother, versed in heavenly lore,
Her dearly loved children, passed on before,
O, these are the spirits who come at her call,
And leave a glad welcome for you and for all.
They come not with solemn and ghostly tread,
Proclaiming themselves to be morally dead.
One comes in the strength of his manly prime:
The others, as in their bright young spring-time,
All merry and happy as children should be,
Your Ma's hearty laugh but adds to their glee.
Good-by, my dear friend: I trust that in time,
New beauties you 'll see, in the teachings sublime
Which spirits above to mortals below
So freely, and truly, do strive to convey,
And will, by your own sweet accorded requests,
Have only the good, and the pure, for your guests.

At the earnest solicitation of the friend who received the foregoing letter, I insert his reply to the writer thereof. I demurred on account of the "soft soap" it contains, and which should be interpreted only as a piece of pleasantry. I will further say he is the only *conscious* contributor to this work, being the only friend who is aware of its character.

"Well now, Jennie, is it not a shame that you should write such invectives against a poor, despised and forlorn Christian lady, who has the good of you, and all she comes in contact with, at heart. A woman who would spend the last cent she had on

earth to serve the needy and feed the hungry — a woman of all women I ever saw who came any ways near the spiritual injunction 'do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'

Were you acquainted with her and found out her good qualities, you would exclaim in surprise: Did I ever see such a good, unselfish creature in all my life! How cruel it was in me to abuse her to my Ma when I did not even know her name, to say nothing of her mission, her charitableness and unselfishness, though crosses and trials she has been subjected to through life's troublesome journey. How honest she is in all her dealings, and how frank she is in her spiritual manifestations and experiences; no deceiving there — all truth and reliance upon that God who rules all heaven and earth by the same power and influence, that all may be brought to learn and love the spiritual communion whereby the salvation of the immortal souls traveling onward and upward through the 'spheres' of the spirit land, may finally reach the abode of those who learn to love and glorify the Redeemer of *all* mankind — the first great medium sent by God himself to appear in the form of man, to prove man's immortality, and that man never dies, but lives eternally. Christ's remark to the thief on the cross, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise,' proves that the grave held, or holds, nothing but the body. Christ re-appearing in the *form*, together with a multitude of other cases noted in the Scriptures, proves that spirits *can* come back and communicate; and recent developments and scientific examinations prove that they *do now* communicate with us in various ways.

Therefore, I beg of you to at least 'try the spirits.' For whatever I say unto you, let it be understood that I wish you to be of good cheer, and grateful for the privileges you enjoy, and allow the same to all who live conscientiously and deserve respect for the opinions they give. Let this experience be of a lasting nature, and a treasure of wealth in the future, when the dismal days come when work and toil ceases, and a general cleaning-up of a life-time of discord and trouble — the trash thrown to one side, and the bright, burnished vessels of love and gratitude arranged for inspection by the great 'I Am' — the sweet smiles of a good conscience, with pleasant recollections of past deeds of goodness radiating and enlivening the scene around which centres the precious memory of a well-spent life in securing a foot-hold in

that spirit-land, where all may learn that this earth is not the real home of mankind, and that we were not made to be damned because of bad, or no, teachings suitable to our understanding, and that punishment follows according to grades of wickedness enacted, and that a bright and glorious future may be obtained by improvement of the will-spirit in fortifying ourselves against all wicked, lying influences, and building up good and holy influences to be ever guided by them in exchange — to aid the faith that is in us, that we may rise high above the spheres of earthly influences to an everlasting abode among the great and good who have gone on before us, rejoicing in the glorious redemption of man and his reception on the bright hills of Zion."

The following extract is from the letter of an intimate and kindly-cherished friend, but whose criticism on our first work, which has been already inserted in this, was so intensely severe, it gave us much surprise, especially so, coming from one entertaining, as we had reason to believe, similar views to our own. In consideration of this fact, we deem it but just that her own vindication should also be made public, having never for a moment doubted the sincerity of her personal friendship.

"I find a good many ready to discourage me in the course I am taking, but they fail utterly in changing my determination; why, it is a part of my life; how could I give it up? I did not know but that in sending my last letter I should lose your friendship forever, and really think I deserve to do so. Although I wrote it, I did not compose one word of it myself, and I hesitated long before sending it, as some of it did not at all accord with my mind. There are truths in your book, which, did people know and understand, would elevate them immeasurably from what they are now. You are spending your strength, time, and life itself in search after, and helping others to find, the true way, and if you are not appreciated here, in the upper realms you are known and understood. Yours is a beautiful life, filled with self-sacrifice from which the strongest nature would shrink. It don't seem, now, that I could live such a life; but no one knows their powers of endurance until tried. It seems to me lately that I am not

growing much toward the better life, only I am trying to be more patient toward others; but it is a long, hard struggle which people with angelic dispositions know nothing of."

Servant of the living God, for truly
Thou art such, should I blame thee for nobly
Performing a duty imposed upon thee
By a spirit of wisdom far exceeding,
Thine or mine? Nay, far be it from me. Had
It been the language of thine own heart, I
Might have said, The wounds of a friend are faithful;
I might have known that for each pang of pain
Thou didst unwillingly inflict, a sharper
Dart did pierce thine own unflinching soul. These
Were, indeed, the thoughts which first unto me
Came; but as I mused and pondered well, a
Light broke in upon my soul, and I exclaimed,
Surely, some spirit hath done this, and with
A wise intent; I must search out the purpose
Deftly hid, apply the same, a lesson
From it glean. Then came to me such thoughts as
These: As is thy friend in thine eyes, so art
Thou in the eyes of those thou fain wouldst instruct;
As she, in years, hath not attained thine age,
Thou scarce from her, instruction would expect,
Or heed; 't is thus with thine and thee; themselves
They think more capable of thee instructing;
Thy friend was once with thee in mind and heart;
Then how is this? She has of course been led
Astray, at least it so unto you appears;
You blame her not, doubt not her integrity
Of heart and purpose, would willingly and
Gladly her aid and restore. This, then, is
A fair representation of thine own
Life and labors in the estimation
Of thine earthly friends; their sentiments they
From thee withold, condemming thee not, but

Saying within themselves, Poor child! she 's been
Led astray. I am so sorry for her!

As thoughts like these my bosom filled, a peace
Serene stole o'er my soul, while in my heart
I said, The Lord my God hath spoken once,
And in his own good time he will vouchsafe
This death-like silence to remove, restore
Me to my loved and loving ones once more.
As she, my friend, by higher ones impressed,
Did fill my soul with wonderment; so I,
Likewise, a wonder am unto mine own.
As I at first saw not behind the veil,
Imputing to my friend what she declares
Herself did not one word compose; so they
Do unto me ascribe all which through me
Has been produced. As time soon wrought in me
A change, my spirit-vision did unseal;
So, likewise, will they behold a power divine,
Give to the Lord the honor due, seek truth
Alone, and it embrace wherever found,
However clothed; the texture of its robes
Is sometimes wrought in finest gold: again,
Unseemly coarse its garb. This last we feel,
Might well apply unto the "work" issued
By us. Yet truth is there, unpolished though
It be.

Our thanks, kind friend, for all which you to us
Have given. The last from thee, seems more like to
Thyself: yet for the first we thank thee most,
And well thou knowest why: to give, 'tis said,
More blessed is than to receive; yet in
Our case this rule will not apply; blessed
Indeed are they who pleasure only are
Called to give their loved ones; when duty bids
Us pain inflict, ourselves must bear by far

The largest share. We feel thou hast our goodness
Overrated much; what e'er in us is
Praiseworthy, comes from a power beyond ourselves.

May heaven's choicest blessings thee attend,
Guiding unto the better life thou art
Seeking. Patience a virtue is, truly:
Angelic its attainments, for but few it
Possess, without strivings numberless.

Where little is expressed, much is often implied; for example: "As to our difference of opinion, I think we had better not allude to it; you need not have any fears, but what if God wants me converted to some new belief, and I say it with all reverence, he will find out his own way."

Pray don't be alarmed, I know the good Lord
Has all in his sacred keeping;
Yet none can partake of heavenly food,
While they do prefer sound sleeping.
If you think that I your soul's conversion
Would undertake, you are, alas,
Deceiving yourself, and quite mistaken;
I labor for a wiser class.
I hear all around, friends asking for bread,
In tones which show they it do crave;
And all such as these 'tis pleasure to feed
With manna sent from heaven above.
Unless disarranged, the stomach will tell
What kind of food, when it requires
The same; 'tis needless then, to it assail,
And worse than useless, food to *force*.
If ye darkness choose in the place of light,
O, slumber on till you awake,
And find by the sun's meridian height
You're quite behindhand with your work.

Your neighbors arose ere the sun grew hot,
Their hardest tasks performed with ease
And now have found them a cool retreat,
Where they enjoy the gentle breeze.

For "if the God within says 'well done,' what are other gods to thee?" "This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death."

A friend thus writes: "If you have not found the haven of mental peace, you are only like others, that could be numbered by millions. Pure mental contentment is not for this sphere; we *may* find it beyond. I have passed through the storm, but whether unhurt or not I cannot as yet say; at any rate, I have learned many things, of which I was before either ignorant, or unmindful; and I have often asked myself, Have I paid more than I have received, or received more than I have paid? but I cannot decide. I have often wished myself thousands of miles away, where I might work out my own destiny unfettered, among new scenes and surroundings. Life is a mystery that each soul must solve for itself, for good or for evil: and in many cases we cannot tell which is which; what we call evil or good to-day, is reversed to-morrow: it has been so through all ages, and will so continue to the end. You are leaving behind you the teachings of former years, and breaking away from the system of religion called *orthodoxy;* I knew you would, and am glad of it. It has been good in its day, but the day of its usefulness is past, for as it is preached to-day, it does not contain one particle of inherent truth; it is an obstruction, a barricade, that checks the progress of truth, and would crush unto death both you and me, and all like us, who desire truth, no matter from whence it comes, or whither it goeth; but I must not complain,— whatever is, is right, I suppose. Keep up good courage, don't give up the ship; Right will triumph over error, as surely as the day succeeds the night."

As to having found an haven of mental peace, friend, your own rendering — mental contentment — expresses more correctly our sentiments, "for we feel that as yet we have caught but the first

beams of a glorious day, now dawning, whose light shall be such as earth has never yet seen. Like dwellers in the shady valley, who have begun to ascend the mountains that before had limited their view, and are enabled to take in a wider range of vision, we see those eminences of truth which once seemed the very pillars of heaven, over-topped by others then hidden from view, but of still greater magnitude, and the whole landscape assumes a new appearance. Thus we expect the view will continue to change and to enlarge as we ascend, and we know not what heights are before us. For 'it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the TOP of the mountains, and shall be exalted *above the hills;* and all nations shall flow unto it.' These 'last days,' so long predicted, we believe are now dawning upon the world."

Life, as you say, is a mystery which each soul must solve for itself; for in all this wide, created universe, there exists no two souls in such perfect harmony with each other that they arrive at exactly the same conclusions, or whose conceptions of good and evil are one and the same. Truth is incapable of change, though continually subverted by our misconceptions regarding it; and may we not say the same of good and evil? Each new development of philosophy, science, or religion which forces itself upon us, awakens within us new convictions, absolutely expelling old-established opinions which cannot be adjusted by, and are in opposition to, demonstrable truths.

"Alas for human reason! all is change
Ceaseless and strange;
All ages form new systems, leaving heirs
To cancel theirs:
The future can but imitate the past,
And instability alone will last.

Is there no compass left, by which to steer
This erring sphere?
No tie that may indissolubly bind
To God mankind?
No code that may defy time's sharpest tooth?
No fixed, immutable, unerring truth?

There is! there is!—one primitive and sure
Religion pure,

Unchanged in spirit, though its forms and codes
Wear myriad modes,
Contains all creeds within its mighty span —
THE LOVE OF GOD, DISPLAYED IN LOVE OF MAN."

"The same process will continue to be required, till men shall see the folly of attempting to confine their expanding natures within the infantile garments of the past, or to crowd a universe of truth into the meagre limits of a creed." If this be what is inferred by "breaking away from *orthodoxy*," I fully accord with you in sentiment, totally disregarding all obligations or limitations, either expressed or implied, which are inconsistent with my present views, or may hereafter be found to conflict with the progressive unfoldings of future enlightenment; at the same time I feel assured that there are countless numbers of "regularly constituted" orthodox pastors and preachers who teach *theoretically*, and often unconsciously to themselves, the great fundamental principles upon which spiritualism, ancient and modern, is based, thus educating and preparing the minds of their hearers for the acceptation of the theory which they advance and promulgate, but fail to realize or acknowledge.

"Superstition must throw off Religion's disguise;
For men, now enlightened, not darkling like owls,
While they reverence priests who are holy and wise,
Will no longer be hoodwinked by cassocks or cowls.

Nay, even in England, my latest stronghold,
And the firmest support of my paramount sway
(In Gath or in Askelon be it not told),
All my orthodox bulwarks are crumbling away.

And what though each orthodox candidate swears
To my thirty-nine Articles; 'tis but a jest,
Since a bishop (*proh pudor!*), a bishop declares,
That such oaths are a form, never meant as a test.

But now when men, turning from dogmas to deeds,
Bear the scriptural dictum of Jesus in mind,
That salvation depends not on canons and creeds,
But on love of the Lord, and love of our kind,

My voice can be heard and my arguments weighed;
Which explains why such numerous converts of late
Are under my love-breathing standard arrayed,
Who once, beneath yours, were excited to hate."

Nay, friend, to "give up the ship," would be not only an absurdity, but an impossiblity. If our courage falters, it is from no doubts as to the ministry of angels, for neither you nor I could fail to recognize the innumerable tokens of their angelic interposition and care; although it might be said of us, as of Mr. and Mrs. Newton: "They do not find this ministry to be exercised merely, or mainly, for the purpose of promoting worldly interests, of saving from the perplexities and mistakes incidental to the legitimate use of their proper faculties. Nor yet altogether for the purpose of smoothing the pathway of life, and of preserving from trials, or even from sufferings of the intensest nature. In this, however, they recognize the highest wisdom; for they have learned that trials, perplexities, struggles, are indispensable to a vigorous growth; that suffering is the *refiner's fire;* and hence, that in a true and wise discipline, these must be expected to have their part. Those who lack this rugged experience, are likely to be infantile and imbecile. Exalted privileges are to be obtained only at corresponding *costs.* Hence, the higher offices of angelic ministration, are not so much to save from this kind of experience, as to impart *inward* strength, to give *spiritual* illumination, to inspire with *celestial love,* and to lead at length to complete *repose in the Divine.* Such aid enables all tried, and struggling, and suffering ones, not to escape the cross, but by it, to rise to loftier and nobler realizations of life." Right, as you say, must prevail over wrong. Truth, mighty, ever-blessed truth, must and will triumph over error. O! may it spread,—

"Till earth, redeemed from every hateful leaven,
Makes peace with heaven:
Below, one blessed brotherhood of love;
One Father, worshiped with one voice, above!"

Yea, we will boldly speak and live the truth as it is revealed unto us, despite the persecutions of those who dare not acknowledge or receive a truth not recognized in the canons of the Church.

If we have been made the recipients of a higher knowledge, a more excellent wisdom, it is by and through the grace and power of tne infinite and eternal God whom we serve. Did the fate of a martyr await us, we could pursue none other course; were the dungeon, the rack, and the fagot, staring us in the face, we could only say with Luther, "MAY GOD HELP US: WE CAN SPEAK NO OTHERWISE." Then let us labor boldly still, and bravely stem the rolling tide, most truly thankful if it be

"Our happy fate
To drop some tribute, trifling though it prove,
On the thrice-hallowed altar dedicate
To man's improvement, truth, and social love.

Faith in our race's elevation,
And its incessant progress to the goal,
Tends, by existing hope and emulation,
To realize the aspirings of the soul.

How sweet it is, when wearied with the jars
Of wrangling sects, each soured with bigot leaven,
To let the spirit burst its prison bars,
And soar into the deep repose of Heaven!"

From a pamphlet entitled "The Ministry of Angels Realized," being a letter addressed to the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston, by Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Newton, members of that church, we extract the following symbolic and instructive visions: "Those selected for description here are necessarily brief and simple, and the descriptions have been written out from memory, months after the visions were given, by one who simply listened to their recital when given; and hence they afford but a meagre idea of the beauty of the language, or the gorgeousness and exquisite appropriateness of the imagery, employed in more elaborate and profound representations."

THE CARPET WEAVERS.

[This vision was given in the presence of a large company of persons, mostly strangers to the visionist, assembled for social purposes. She perceived that great numbers of spirits were present, all urgent to make themselves known to their earthly friends;

but seeing that to be impracticable on the occasion, they had consulted together, and decided that one or two of the more advanced of their number should present something which might convey pleasure and profit to all. A panoramic scene then opened before her vision, which she described as it passed, not having herself the slightest idea, in advance, of what was to follow. The following will give but a faint conception of it.]

"I see each person present engaged in weaving a carpet. These carpets are symbolic of your varied lives. The magnetic life-cords which unite your hearts with the infinite Source of life form the *warp* of these carpets, and your every act, and word, and thought, are the *filling*, which, day by day, and hour by hour, you are weaving in. Some of your carpets, I perceive, are very beautiful; the figures are all perfectly formed, the fabric is soft and pleasant to walk upon, while those of others are badly woven; they have made mistakes sometimes, and have been obliged to go back, take out their work, and do it over again; and when done the second time, it looks botched and imperfect; the figures are badly formed, they do not match well, and nobody walks upon them with pleasure. By describing thus the carpet which I see each one forming, I could doubtless give the characteristics and something of the life-history of each individual present. [This same symbol was once afterwards repeated in the presence of some four or five individuals, equally strangers to the visionist; and all acknowledged that their characters, and the important incidents of their lives, for many years in the past, were correctly symbolized in the widely varying descriptions which were presented.] But as that might not be pleasant to all, I am directed to select one of the more beautiful, and give you some account of that. It is the richest and the softest that I ever saw. Angels even love to walk upon it and admire its beauties, while to the foot-sore and weary of earth it is specially grateful. The weaver has just completed a most superb figure in her carpet. It represents a basket or boquet of flowers. They are so fresh and real that the very perfume exhales upon the atmosphere, and little cherubs, like humming-birds, gather sweetness from the opening buds. The angels say that upon the under side of the carpet may be seen a picture of the scene in the life of the weaver, which has formed the *pattern* by which this beautiful figure has been wrought. They let me look upon the under side, and this is the picture I see: A lady is passing along

the street on a cold December day; she sees, standing upon a corner, a poor boy, miserably clad, and bare-footed, with a basket on his arm; he is crying. Other ladies, richly attired, have heard his sobs, but have passed haughtily and unfeelingly by. This lady stops, and asks him why he weeps. He says, "My poor mother is sick at home; I have no father; we have no fire or wood; my little sisters are crying of cold and hunger, and I do n't know what to do." Her heart is touched; she tells him she will go home with him, and see if he tells a true tale. She accompanies him to a cheerless home, and finds all too true. She at once supplies their needs, sends a physician, and hope and joy dawn once more on those suffering ones. This is the deed which has formed so beautiful and rich a figure in this carpet. [The lady to whom this applied was almost a stranger to us, and we never learned whether the scene described had actually taken place, only we were informed, by those acquainted with her, that she was in the habit of *doing just such things,*] and you who would weave a life-carpet soft with the living verdure of kind acts, and rich with the perfume of loving deeds, a carpet on which those who come after you may delight to walk, and which angels may condescend to admire,—*go and do likewise.*"

THE LAMB.

[A young man called one day upon Mrs. N. for sympathy and consolation. He was in deep affliction, having been treated with great injustice and severity, at a time of physical illness, by those upon whom he was dependent. As she sat conversing with him, the following scene was presented to her vision:]

"I see before me a little lamb, meek and gentle; and near by, stands what appears to be a shepherd. The shepherd has a most benignant countenance, and is clothed in a fleecy robe of the softest and purest white. The lamb looks upon this resplendent robe, and then upon its own fleece; and, by the comparison, it sees the latter to be coarse, and dark, and soiled. It appears to desire a purer fleece, and to ask the shepherd how it shall obtain a garment like his own. The shepherd tells the lamb that if it earnestly desires to become whiter, it must submit to the bleaching process, and asks if it is willing to pass through suffering in order to attain the desired object. The lamb hesitates a moment, and

then seems to answer, 'Yes; I will endure anything, if I can only have a robe as white as yours.' The shepherd then points to a storm that is raging, and tells the lamb that if it will stand out in that storm, its fleece will be purified; and he then disappears. The lamb bravely meets the storm; the rain beats heavily upon it, the cold winds chill it; none of its companions are near to give it sympathy; it trembles and bleats, and sometimes almost sinks under the trial. But at length the storm has passed, and the shepherd comes again. The little fleece has indeed been made much whiter; but, alas! the poor lamb sees that it is yet nowhere near as white as the shepherd's robe.

The shepherd asks if it still desires to have a robe like his own, and if it is willing to pass through another purifying process. Tremblingly and trustingly the little creature still answers, Yes; and then the shepherd directs his attendants to make certain necessary preparations. They bring what looks like a large urn or vase, and invert it over the lamb, so as to inclose the little creature beyond the possibility of escape. Then they bring a furnace of living coals, and place that, too, underneath the inverted vase. Ah! it is very hot in there; but there is no retreat for the little sufferer. I see that the bottom of the vase is formed of glass, so that, as it is inverted, the lamb can look out from its prison-house *directly upwards*, but in no other direction. As the heat increases it glances imploringly up through the opening, and its eyes catch those of the tender shepherd, bending over, and looking most benignantly and encouragingly down upon it. Fixing its eyes upon the shepherd's, it finds itself able to stand nearer and still nearer the furnace, and to endure greater and still greater degrees of heat. It bleats with pain, and cries out for release.

The shepherd says, 'A little longer; the more you endure, the whiter will be your fleece.' O, how it swelters, and struggles, and bleats! Now the word is given, and release is granted. Trembling and weak, the little sufferer sees that its fleece has been made, *O, so much whiter!* But still it finds that it is not even yet as pure as the Master's. Now it sees a number of its companions approaching; they have been wandering through rugged and thorny paths; their fleeces have been torn from their sides, which are bleeding with wounds; they are cold, and weak with hunger. Prompted by kindly impulses, the lamb goes to

meet them; it presses its own soft and warm fleece against their naked sides, and, wherever it does so, its fleece adheres to them, making them warm and beautiful, but leaving itself naked. It continues thus to hover around these needy ones, until, in self-forgetfulness, it has *parted entirely with the beautiful fleece it had suffered so much to acquire.* Then it goes meekly away by itself, and lies down to repose, seeming to say, with perfect trust, 'The Good Shepherd will take care of me, even though I have no fleece.' Now I see, descending from the skies, a large, white dove. As it extends its ample wings, I perceive them lined with a profusion of what looks like the softest eider down. The dove hovers over the sleeping lamb, and shelters it beneath its brooding wings. Now it soars away again to the skies, *leaving the lamb all enveloped in a downy fleece, soft and pure as the shepherd's robe.*"

THE CROSS AND ITS SIGNATURE.

[Sitting one evening with Mrs. N.,— one other individual, who had casually come in, being present,— she became unexpectedly conscious of the approach of a spiritual being, whom she described as a female, and as excelling in brightness and beauty. The interview which succeeded was substantially as follows:]

"The angel says, 'I am a messenger from the seventh circle. I come as a representative from the abode of harmony and peace, to unfold to you a new and more glorious pathway to this abode than has ever yet been open to your conceptions!' She leads on, and I follow. We are ascending a pathway. There are mountains on either side, and the scenery, the flowers, the rocks, the trees, everything as we pass along is full of significance; but I cannot fully perceive nor describe its meaning. The atmosphere is purer as we advance, and now it seems more refined than any I ever breathed before. Now we have reached an eminence, and my guide bids me pause and look. I see before me representations of the scenes, first of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane, and then on the Cross of Calvary. How vivid and impressive! But I am called to pass on. Now we have ascended a much higher eminence, from which, as I look down, the whole world appears spread out before me, with all its people and their busy avocations. I see that in all the varied paths of human life, *crosses* are erected on almost every eminence. There are great numbers of them,

one for each individual. I see many human beings who are, apparently, voluntarily ascending these crosses, and crucifying themselves. Each one is assisted by bright, attending angels, who, though invisible to the sufferers, have walked with them through the rugged pathway of their lives, and who appear to hold one hand as each ascends the cross. Nails appear to be driven through from the back side of the wood, so that on their sharp, protruding points, each one can suspend himself. Now I see that when the agony of crucifixion is over, and death has apparently ensued, the kind angels take them down, and gently lay them in the sepulchre. Soon I beheld them risen, looking more spiritual than before. They pass out of the sepulchre by another door. As they come forth they are clad in beautiful and shining garments; and O, they look so happy and so angel-like! But I am told that even these are not the most beautiful robes they will wear. Still brighter garments will be given them as they advance. Paths open before them, leading yet onward and upward towards bright summits in the far distance. Some, I see, have toiled onward till they have reached the top of a distant mountain; and there they receive other and more shining garments as a reward for their toils. But they rest not here; they travel still onward and upward; they reach still loftier summits, and are clad in still brighter robes, till at length they disappear amid the splendors of the celestial mountains. And I see that all along their ascending way, as a beacon-light, and as a guide to their footsteps, have been borne those same crosses on which they crucified themselves on earth, *changed into brilliant crosses of light.*

"The angel now gives me the explanation. It is this: The great mistake in the church, in whose teachings you have been instructed, has been that of looking for a *future* salvation as the purchase *for you* of the sufferings of *another*, and expecting to receive it by passively trusting to what another has done in your behalf. Instead of this, all who would be followers of the Christ, and attain the benefits of his salvation, must *themselves* be crucified; must, voluntarily and for themselves, ascend the cross, pass through the sepulchre, and be raised to a new life, as was Jesus the Nazarene. In other words, in proportion as the lower or grosser nature — selfishness, lust, pride, love of ease, of wealth, of worldly distinction, everything which would degrade and hold in check the spiritual nature, in proportion as these are curbed, denied,

or crucified, to that extent does each one rise to a higher life, and enjoy a constant salvation. This is the *true* salvation — a deliverance *from* sin, from grossness, from all lower forms of enjoyment, and an elevation to that which is higher and purer; and it is to be realized *in the present*, and not put off to a distant future. These crucifixions and resurrections may take place daily, hourly; and the more thoroughly their purifying work is done, the more completely will you live in heaven, even while you stay on earth.

"This is the salvation which Jesus taught, both by precept and example. He said, 'He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life.' During all his earthly career he crucified his lower nature; that is, he denied all gross and sensual enjoyments, and lived the inner and higher life. And his death at last, on a cross of wood, was but the shadow, the external symbol of what his whole life had been. Neither his death nor his life can save others, *except so far as they follow his example, walk in his footsteps, become 'crucified unto the world,' make his life and sufferings their own, and thus partake with him of the joys and rewards which crown with glory all such worthy lives.* Thus is Jesus truly the Saviour of man, and only thus are they saved by him. Thus is he truly the bread of life to the soul; and not merely in the external symbols of eating bread and drinking wine, in what is termed the communion-service, but in every sacrifice that is made, daily and hourly, for the good of others, or in obedience to the Father's will, does the true soul have communion with Jesus, and partake of his divine life.

"Those who thus become partakers of his life, his sufferings, his death, also rise with him, or, as he did, to newness of life; and this is the resurrection, the only resurrection in which these mortal bodies can ever partake. And as mortals thus crucify themselves by renouncing all that is earthly and base, and by aspiring to the lofty and the spiritual, the good angels whom the Father sends to have charge over them in all their ways, are ever nigh to lend their aid. Gently they lay the pierced and bleeding ones in the sepulchre of external joys, and then assist them to rise to higher and nobler lives; they bring them garments of purity and light, and point to the pathway of endless attainment which reaches on and up amid the Celestial Hills, ever bearing before them, as a beacon of encouragement and of light, the resplendent symbol of THE CROSS."

Such was the lesson of this bright "messenger from the abode of harmony and peace." The reader will form his own estimate of its truthfulness and value; but to the writer it presented that ancient symbol of Christianity in a new radiance. The cross, as thus interpreted, was seen to be the fitting emblem of all spiritual progress — the GRAND CENTRAL IDEA, not merely of Christianity in its restricted sense, but of ALL REDEEMING TRUTH.

With a view of showing the similarity of sentiment between advanced minds of the present age and some which thrived nearly a century of years ago, we insert a poem from the writings of one who was the author of more than fifty volumes, prose and verse, many of which were published anonymously, and perhaps have never been acknowledged. They exhibit not only great industry, but also great tact and versatility in the writer.

"With Horace Smith, literature and his city business went hand in hand. Before he relinquished his counting-room a friend met him posting westward, one day, about three o'clock. 'Where are you going so fast, Smith?' 'Who would not go fast to Paradise (Paradise Row, Fulham)? I am going to sin, like our first parents.' 'How? There are no apples to pluck at Fulham yet.' 'No; but there is ink to spill, though, a worse sin, perhaps. I have promised L—— something, I cannot tell what. Who the deuce can hit upon anything new, when half of the world is racking its brains to do the same thing?'"

"This," adds the reminiscent, who wrote a few months after the death of Horace, "this is thirty years ago, and now the utterer of that remark is in the precincts of the tomb, while the intervening time saw no diminution of his regard for intellectual pleasures, nor, with much to flatter his talents in the way of his literary labors, any decrease of that modest feeling in regard to his own writings, which is one of the strongest attestations of merit.

"Leigh Hunt, in his expressive use of odd epithets, says that Horace Smith was 'delicious.' He never met with a finer nature in man, except in the single instance of Shelley, who himself entertained the highest regard for Horace Smith, as may be seen by the following verses, the initials in which the reader may fill up with his name:

'Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might

Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in H. S.'

Shelley once said to Leigh Hunt, 'I know not what Horace Smith must take me for sometimes. I am afraid he must think me a strange fellow; but is it not odd that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stock-broker? And he writes poetry, too,' continued Shelley, his voice rising in a fervor of astonishment; 'he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous.' 'I believe,' said Shelley, on another occasion, 'that I have only to say to Horace Smith that I want a hundred pounds or two, and he would send it to me without any eye to its being returned; such faith has he that I have something within me beyond what the world supposes, and that I could only ask his money for a good purpose.' What Shelley says that Smith *would* have done for him, he was known more than once to have done for others, with a delicacy that enhanced the generosity of the act.

His character is succinctly and beautifully described in the paragraph in which the London *Examiner* anounced his decease and paid a tribute to his memory. 'He was a man of correct taste, and the most generous sympathies; a delightful writer, both in prose and verse; a cheerful and wise companion, and a fast friend. No man had a wider range of admirable and genial qualities; and far beyond that private circle of which he was the great charm and ornament, his loss will be deeply felt.' If it would be difficult to find words to convey more graceful and emphatic praise, it would be equally so to find a man who, from all report, more fully deserves it than HORACE SMITH," from whose intellect is the following: —

THE SANCTUARY.

"In Israel was many a refuge city,
Whereto the blameless homicide might flee,
And claim protection, sustenance, and pity,
Safe from the blood-avenger's enmity,
Until the law's acquittal sent him thence,
Free from offence.

Round old cathedral, abbey-church, and palace,
Did we ourselves a sanctuary draw,

Where no stern creditor could glut his malice,
And even criminals might brave the law;
Nor judge nor justice in that chartered verge
Their rights could urge.

These times are gone; felons and knavish debtors
May mourn the change, but who bewails their case?
For why should God and king be made abettors
Of guilt and fraud, the champions of the base?
Never may such a desecration stain
Our land, again!

But all are not divested of their charter;
One refuge still is left for human woes.
Victim of care! or persecution's martyr!
Who seek'st a sure asylum from thy foes,
Learn that the holiest, safest, purest, best,
Is man's own breast!

There is a solemn sanctuary founded
By God himself; not for transgressors meant;
But that the man oppressed, the spirit-wounded,
And all beneath the world's injustice bent,
Might turn from outward wrong, turmoil, and din,
To peace within.

Each bosom is a temple; when its altar,
The living heart, is unprofaned and pure,
Its verge is hallowed; none need fear or falter
Who thither fly; it is an ark secure,
Winning, above a world o'erwhelmed with wrath,
Its peaceful path.

O bower of bliss! O sanctuary holy!
Terrestrial antepast of heavenly joy!
Never! oh, never may misdeed or folly
My claim to thy beatitudes destroy!
Still may I keep this paradise unlost,
Where'er I 'm tost.

Even in the flesh the spirit disembodied,
Unchecked by time and space, may soar elate,
In silent awe to commune with the Godhead,
Or the millenium reign anticipate,
When earth shall be all sanctity and love,
Like Heaven above.

How sweet to turn from anguish, guilt, and madness,
From scenes where strife and tumult never cease

To that elysian world of bosom'd gladness,
Where all is silence, charity, and peace;
And, sheltered from the storm, the soul may rest
On its own nest.

When, sensitive as the spleenful Mimosa,
We shrink from Winter's touch and Nature's gloom;
There may we conjure up a Vellombrosa,
Where groves and bowers in summer beauty bloom,
And the heart dances in the sunny glade
Fancy has made.

But would we dedicate to nobler uses,
This bosom-sanctuary, let us there
Hallow our hearts from all the world's abuses;
While high and charitable thought and prayers
May teach us gratitude to God, combined
With love of kind.

Reader, this is no lay unfelt and hollow,
But prompted by the happy, grateful heart
Of one who, having humbly tried to follow
The path he counsels, would to thee impart
The love and holy quiet which have blest
His own calm breast."

The same "delicious" mind produces the following:

"Earth, on whose stage, in pomp arrayed,
Life's joyous interlude is played,
Earth! with thy pageants ever new and bright,
Thy woods and waters, hills and dales,
How dead must be the soul that fails
To see and bless thy beauties infinite!

Man, whose high intellect supplies
A never-failing Paradise
Of holy and enrapturing pursuits,
Whose heart's a fount of fresh delight,
Pity the cynics who would blight
Thy godlike gifts, and rank thee with the brutes.

Oh woman! who, from realms above,
Hast brought to earth the heaven of love,
Terrestrial angel, beautiful as pure!
No pains, no penalties dispense
On thy traducers: their offence
Is its own punishment, most sharp and sure.

Father and God ! whose love and might
To every sense are blazoned bright
On the vast three-leaved Bible,— earth, sea, sky,—
Pardon the impugners of thy laws,
Expand their hearts, and give them cause
To bless the exhaustless grace they now deny.

Hear me, O hear, while I impart
The deep conviction of my heart,
That such a theatre, august and grand,
Whose author, actors, awful play,
Are God, mankind, a judgment day,
Was for some higher aim, some holier purpose plann'd.

I will not, nay, I cannot, deem
This fair creation's moral scheme,
That seems so crude, mysterious, misapplied,
Meant to conclude as it began,
Unworthy the material plan
With whose perfections rare, its failures are allied.

As in our individual fate,
Our manhood and maturer date
Correct the faults and follies of our youth,
So will the world, I fondly hope,
With added years, give fuller scope
To the display and love of wisdom, justice, truth.

'T is this that makes my feelings glow,
My bosom thrill, my tears o'erflow
At any deed magnanimous, sublime ;
'T is this that reassures my soul,
When nations shun the forward goal,
And retrograde awhile, in ignorance and crime.

Mine is no hopeless dream of some
Impassable Millenium,
When saints and angels shall inhabit earth ;
But a conviction deep, intense,
That man was meant by Providence,
Progressively to reach a higher moral worth.

On this dear faith's sustaining truth,
Hath my soul brooded from its youth,
As heaven's best gift and earth's most cheering dower.
O ! may I still in life's decline,
Hold unimpaired this creed benign,
And mine old age attest its meliorating power !"

Our present work already exceeds in quantity its prescribed limits, yet we feel an irresistible influence soliciting the insertion of certain communications from the spirit-world. These are not of late origin, having been given through the mediumship of Mrs. Sweet, from the years 1852–6, although not published until the year 1869, nearly ten years subsequent to her birth to spirit-life. Judge Edmonds said of her: — "She always seemed to me to be

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls
And takes the stain of earth,
Without a taint of mortal life,
Except its mortal birth."

Some of the communications we shall give in full, as taken from the work entitled, "The Future Life: as Described and Portrayed by Spirits, through Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet." From others we shall only select such extracts as we may deem advisable. Our first purports to be from Swedenborg:

"The human soul, when first awakened from the slumber of its material nature to a consciousness of its spiritual being, presents a strange medley of conflicts and changes, in its transition state. Where the material consciousness of the individual has so long retained the ascendency, it has become vested with a strong authority, as it were, and a mighty struggle oftentimes ensues between the two opposites; and when the spiritual germ of our nature first begins to develop itself, it is so mingled and interwoven with our material being, that we are at a loss to distinguish the difference between the principles which sway us, and often stand trembling almost, (feeling so uncertain, as though we stood upon the edge of a precipice,) not knowing into what depths of insecurity our plunge may lead. But gradually in some, and more rapid in others, the spiritual nature assumes its empire, and we then see things as we never saw them before.

There is a new and strong principle that takes root and grows up within the soul, constantly strengthening and sustaining the feeble and fluttering efforts which the spirit is making to burst from out the bondage in which it has been held for so great a length of time. And when the soul becomes able to rise so far beyond its accustomed position as to look abroad upon the wonders everywhere held out to its view, it becomes filled with strong

and beautiful emotions; and the vastness and wisdom of the Creator's works are so impressed upon that soul, at times, in all their magnificence and glory, that it fain would shrink within its own insignificance, that it would shrink back again to its former position. For, to the freed soul, its upward flights are grand and glorious, in comparison with the narrow and time-trodden road in which it before had wandered. No wonder if a fluttering and trembling should seize upon it while learning its first lessons of joyous freedom.

The soul that has entered upon this path, has indeed undergone a mighty change, a change for the future which has not to be repeated in the future; for this change is a passing from death unto life; it is the birth of the spirit while yet in its earthly temple; and as it expands in strength and wisdom, it has indeed passed through the bitterness of death, which is not to be experienced over again in the form.

O, the spirit, after undergoing this first change from dark to light, is enabled to look beyond with a bright and peaceful hope in the blest exchange which awaits him. He but looks forward to the slumber in which he will experience a forgetfulness of the ills attendant on the body, and will awaken to behold the glorious reality of all his former dreamings and imaginings.

Man's soul, after having become thus quickened, feels a consciousness within itself of his hold upon eternal life. He feels his spirit going out into the vast regions of infinite space, and endeavors to grasp an atom of knowledge wherever he may find it. He is no longer willing to grovel on earth, and taste of earthly pleasures and earthly hopes, and to be led by the teachings of those whose inspirations have become dim in the awakening glory of this new era. But his soul pants for something more, something higher, something better, more heartfelt, more tangible than he has yet become acquainted with; and he is now ever yearning, ever soaring upward, for there has been established an affinity between the soul of that individual and the principle from which he emanated. The connection between the life-giving principle and the germ has become more apparent; and now he is ever drawn upward in his aspirations after truth and purity; and as that soul becomes identified with its spirit-affinities, the material loses much of its authority to act upon its spirit-being. He now regards it as a covering for material use,

to be thrown aside when no longer needed to contain his spirit when on its earthly mission; and truth, virtue, and love become a daily inspiration of his soul. This spirit becomes so saturated and bathed in the light of wisdom, that he indeed feels the immortal part of his nature has become so quickened and vitalized, that he needs but to look within to find an answer to his innermost cravings after the knowledge which places him upon a firm and imperishable basis, as regards his eternal and ultimate destiny. The external elements may be in confusion and dissension, and the surface of all other circumstances may become ruffled and chaotic in their dark dismay; but the soul that has thus been able to take hold upon his high prerogatives and claim his inheritance, by building it up and beautifying it while here for his future residence, may indeed look away and beyond the scenes of earth, and feel that while he has lived upon its surface as an obedient servant to his better intuitions, inasmuch as he could plainly perceive them, is like the bird on the wing, who, when the first note of welcome from his mate salutes his ear, is ever ready to soar away and meet with joy his waiting companion; for there is a beautiful reunion takes place between the freed spirit of man and his affinities, who have long guided his footsteps on earth, and whom he now may behold face to face, and with them travel onward to behold the eternal mysteries of the glorious unfolding of the wisdom of God."

Communication purporting to emanate from the spirit of Henry Clay, *July*, 1852.

"Is it indeed possible that the Lord, in his mercy, has permitted me, worm as I am, to enjoy this great privilege of standing in spirit and addressing mortals below?

My sojourn in the land of spirits has been very short, and my experience necessarily limited. My actual knowledge of a true and well-conducted life has but just begun: true life, not a life which is antagonistical to spiritual truths, whose soft whisperings at times penetrate the heart of every man, even amid the turmoil and excitement of a worldly career, carried on in an increasing round of conflicting passions, hopes, and fears, and longings for that which may not always be grasped, but a life of an entirely different nature. Ambition no longer absorbs my soul with her dark-hued wings. Party spirit no more dispels the bright

visions of happiness from my view. But here, love and unity bring light and joy imperishable. Now I discover that even the desire for a nation's welfare was too much interwoven with the love of self-aggrandizement. I see also that men of high intellect, whose vigorous thought swayed the mass of mind, and whose splendor of eloquence misled the senses, now but faintly shine in the dim distance. The eloquence of earth is not at all times borrowed from heaven, and the fiery intellect is not always kindled by the light of purity or the intensity of love.

The vast voice of a nation, as the voice of one man, will yet ascend on high to the power which shall enlighten the people and unchain them from their moral and social slavery, the slavery of human custom, and conventionalities, and approbation which often leads men to forget their duty to themselves, their nation, and their God.

And now I am rejoiced that the light from heaven, which is to baptize the nations, has broken in upon my soul, and I could bow my head to the dust in shame and grief, that the still small voice of conscience was so long unheeded by me, and which would have led me to behold this pure and beautiful light. I was a statesman on earth, but am a child in heaven. There I was thought a sage; here I am a novice; but even this novitiate is to me more deep in knowledge, and yet more fraught with mystery, than ever my mortal mind conceived. My highest earth-born thought was far too low to reach to heaven. My worldly wisdom availed me not, when my new life commenced.

It is very beautiful to become a little child again; and now I understand the meaning of the words, 'Ye must be born again;' and in true sincerity and gratefulness I feel that I am born again, in a life where the vanities of earth have faded from my view, and the bright glories of heaven are opening upon my soul.

O soul made pure, be thankful for thy high estate, and adore thy God, who hath endowed thine eyes with light, and thy soul with the ability to enjoy the pure beauties which crowd upon thy new existence! And yet how I am overwhelmed with the foreshadowing of the glory which is yet in wait for me. But now a form of brightness appears, and saith unto me, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength increase; and thou shalt grow, and wax stronger in the stature of wisdom, and the might of love.'

I am surrounded by those who have passed from earth, and who are, like myself, exploring the wonders of this heavenly land. The realities become more and more transcendently sublime as we proceed; and the beauties of knowledge are increasingly unfolded. More vast and commanding becomes the wide-spread plain of glory, as we travel on in our heavenly path, guided by wisdom supreme and love unbounded.

Follow up this good path, friends. I regret that I did not commence sooner."

Question, by a member of the circle. "Did you begin at all, while on earth?"

Answer. "Faintly and feebly, as a child begins to walk. I possessed not the strength which comes from above."

Question. "Did you believe in these manifestations?"

Answer. "I believed in a great deal more than I admitted, even to myself."

We are not informed through whom the foregoing communication came; but the following, from the same spirit, was received through Mrs. S. a short time afterward.

"It is with feelings of thankfulness, that I have again found an opportunity of speaking through a medium. It seems to be the wish which is ever uppermost in my mind, to come back to earth, and mingle again in the scenes in which I took so active a part, but not with the same desire that I then had, to participate in the hopes and fears which sway the minds of those who cannot see beyond the present sphere of existence.

But it is my desire to make myself known, if possible, to those with whom I have walked the down-hill path of life. And it is my aim, when I shall succeed in so doing, to open their minds to the truth of this incalculable and momentous manifestation, to them unknown.

I foresee, in so doing, the light of wisdom to rule and govern a nation, that is striving to rise into liberty, as on the wings of an eagle; and how absolutely necessary and all-important is it, that the minds of the rulers of the land should be filled with the wisdom which shall enable them to rule with a justice which shall diffuse its influence with the knowledge of truth; and the truth, when it shall reach the minds of the people, with the power which only the truth can approach, will open their minds to the enjoy-

ment of this glorious knowledge, which will lead to the happiness of the people, to the nation's lasting good.

When this young eaglet, whose aspiring wings are spread to all nations and climes, shall become stronger in her strength, and more powerful in her power; and, thank God! this power shall yet be felt in the uttermost parts of the earth; the cry shall be to the people, Strengthen ye my loved ones, with the strength of the truth which is strengthening ye.

O, how lovely the light! how palely beautiful the beams which are darting hither and thither around; and it falls there, and it falls here, and it takes root, and the root takes strength and is beginning to flourish. But ah! the young saplings are yet tender; the winds of ridicule and calumny blow roughly over their heads. It may break; it may rudely handle them in their tender youth. But oh! it will not blast them; the young trees shall lift their heads, and become as oaks, which, amid the tempests, stand unmoved.

And I would say to the weak ones, O! be strong in your faith and trust in God; for this glorious work is advancing slowly, but surely, and steadily. And as an army whose ranks are feeble at first, it shall increase in strength, and beauty, and might, and majesty, until it shall overpower the hearts of the people, not with the force of power, but with the power of love.

Already in my short journey I can perceive how great the happiness and welfare of the nation is to be promoted by a knowledge of the truth, when they shall reap the benefit of the communion of spirits from the highest to the lowest in the land.

O, how great, how earnest is the desire of the spirits to make their presence known! And through that influence the hearts of men shall grow weak in their desire to commit crime, and to wrong their fellow-men. Through that influence the weak and oppressed shall be raised from the dust, and placed on the level plain of Humanity, which the power of God willed all human beings to enjoy, but which the perverted will of man, whose conscience has become deaf to the voice of nature's God, has downtrodden and oppressed when circumstances have given him authority over them.

But the voice of freedom from the thraldom of mind and body shall ere long be heard over the land, and minds shall rise strong in the knowledge which God has given them, and teach to other

minds how dark the gloom which sectarianism, and superstition, and unbelief, and skepticism, have cast around them. And I say their fetters shall be broken as the light shall speed onward.

As I contemplate this work, which is gradually becoming unfolded, I thank God in my inmost heart that I have been permitted to soar above this land of shadows and darkness and dimness, and whose honors and glories flee away as shadows from our grasp, and leave us toiling for we know not what.

I now stand on the mount of Hope, whose strength upholdeth me, and whose light becomes stronger and brighter, nor vanisheth as the objects are nearer. But more lovely becomes this lovely light the nearer I approach it, through the goodness of God and the aid of spirits made perfect, who dwell in the presence of his smile, and who do their Father's will when life is unceasing, joy is never-ending, and eternity is eternal."

THE PREACHER.

"'For the wicked shall be cast into hell, and all the nations that forget God. This is a solemn thought, my hearers, and one on which we should prayerfully and candidly exercise our minds. Yea, verily. It is a solemn thought. The wicked shall be cast into hell, where the worm never dies, and the fire is never quenched. O, my friends, flee from the wrath to come. Put away your sins, lest the Son of Man come in the night time; and O, ye sinners! beware how ye tempt an angry God!'

This was the doctrine I preached on earth, this the way in which I filled the poor human heart with fear and trembling, with shrinking from a kind and beneficent God, whose only manifestation is smiling on his creatures, by calling him angry! by crying up hell-fire, the horrors of those who disobey, and distorting everything to suit my own peculiar views. I thought I was doing right and God a service by upholding these gloomy dogmas, which I gave forth with such a zeal, with such bitter denunciations against the erring mortals who should have been encouraged and dealt kindly with, and not horrified and frightened with the contemplation of death.

I thus departed from earth, feeling happy that I had done my duty and borne my cross, and might enter into the joys of my Father's house. I entered the spirit-world, but was not met by

the rejoicing and bright angels I expected; by some friends, to be sure, but their countenances were sad and gloomy; there was evidently something on their minds. Instead of rejoicing and songs of praise, it was rather a gloomy and mournful greeting on my first entrance, and a sadness came over my soul. I asked, 'How is this? Why should heaven seem so gloomy a place?' I said, 'Friends, can you tell me the reason? There is no rejoicing, no gladness in your looks. You have some inward sorrow. Pray, convey me to Him whose cause I have served. Let me see the Saviour who died on the cross to redeem sinners. Give me something to repay me for all my labor.'

One venerable-looking brother, whom I had known on earth, approached me solemnly, and, taking my hand, said, 'Our life-teachings have been wrong. They have caused more mourning and shrinking from the approach of death than happiness, driving hundreds away by their asperity, who would have been glad to gaze beyond the veil of eternity.' I asked, 'Can it be possible that my whole life has been spent wrongly, that I lived an inharmonious life, that instead of doing God service, I have done evil toward my fellow-men?'

My soul was so troubled and cast down, that, after pausing awhile, I said to that brother, 'What shall I do to be saved?' He said, 'When you shall see your errors, and be willing to go down and redeem the wrong you have done in the hearts which are there; then, and not till then, will you begin your path of ascension, and by your labor blot out your sins, by assisting others to blot out theirs.'

And, my friends, as soon as I was made conscious of my error, I began my work. I gave up my narrow conceptions of the Deity. Grovelling worm that I was, how little did I know of the majesty of God! I began earnestly and trustfully to cast away the chains that bound my soul. I began my labors. And, O, yes; it was a labor, indeed; sufficient to wash away my many sins, when I shall have washed away the errors from those minds whose ignorance was made darker by my errors, and who might now have been further advanced but for my teachings.

I am now ascending. I begin to see the beauties of the spirit-world, and the tears fill my eyes when I think what I might have been.

Friends! thank your God that you are free, and that you are

on the road ahead, far in advance of many of the *dwellers in the spirit-land.*"

THE CONVICT.

This evening, Mrs. Hemans came and influenced Mrs. Sweet, and said to us:—

"Look with me, and see that pale, trembling spirit, who has but lately left his body. That body was clothed in a convict's garb, and its last home on earth was the cell of a prison; he committed crimes against the laws of his country, and was condemned to suffer a punishment of solitude and hard labor, uncheered by any kind voice: no friendly eye to look upon him in his hours of loneliness and heart-breaking anguish.

Poor spirit! bitterly has he repented, while in the form, of all his errors and misdeeds. On his knees, and in the humility of his soul, has he sought of his Maker, to pardon the faults of his youthful days. His childhood was joyous and pleasant; his heart was light and glad as any among us, but his trusting spirit was taken possession of, and led by stronger wills than his own; and he was made to commit those errors, which hastened his spirit from out the body." The convict thus speaks for himself:

"If you want me to tell my sufferings, I am sure I can do so, for God knows I remember them so well, that they will never be erased from my memory. They said I committed a grave crime, and perhaps I did; I knew it to be a crime, although I committed it in a moment of thoughtlessness and folly, more for the love of mischief, than the sin of it. I had no thought of what the consequences would be. My older companions urged me on, and called me cowardly, because I at first shrunk from applying the match, which destroyed the dwelling of a worthy family, and burned one of their children. How I shudder while I think that I was the cause of that awful death! They took me to prison. They found me guilty. I knew I was guilty: I did not deny it; and bitter scalding tears coursed down my cheeks, when I thought of the little innocent whose death I had caused. I cared not for myself or what became of me. They told me I must go to prison, for how many years I cannot tell, but it was very, very many, and my weeping friends bade me farewell, those who were not ashamed to be seen speaking to me, and others looked at me in pity, and shook their heads. My brain was in a whirl;

I felt as though I was going to be transported to some distant country, where I would never see home or friends again. But that dreadful load of guilt lay heavily at my heart. That little child! She had been a playmate of mine, and one of my companions had made me the instrument of consummating the vengeance which he was afraid to take, for some petty spite which he had against the father.

When they shut me up in the cold, gloomy, lonely cell, I threw myself down and prayed that I might never remember my former life. I but wished that a sea of forgetfulness would roll over me and the past, because nothing but that could reconcile me. But this was not to be. I *had* to think; Oh! I *had* to think. I had to remember everything distinctly that passed in that dreadful excitement. And then I felt wronged. Bitter and passionate feelings stirred within me against those who had instigated me to commit such an awful crime. I felt I was guilty, and yet only guilty through another's guilt, who had thought and meant worse than I. How useless were all these pleadings in my own behalf. There was nothing before me but a gloomy prospect for many years to come. Oh! the horrors of that hour when I first realized my situation. I, in a felon's cell, dressed in a convict's garb, and compelled to labor with a chain attached to my person. I determined to kill myself. I could not live, the thought was so horrid. Life was but just opening before me in bright and gorgeous colors, and now a dark veil had fallen between me and the light of the world, and I should have to spend the best years of my manhood in solitary confinement, working harder than a slave. Worse, ten thousand times worse than a slave's life was my condition. When the strong agony had passed over my soul I became hardened. I cared not what passed. I took no note of the day or night. I worked and lived a nearly mechanical life. I felt dead to everything around me. There were no more tears left to shed, there was nothing to look for, to hope for; all was dreary, all was blank. Thus I lived for a long time. Nor blows nor threats could arouse me. Nothing could affect me, so strong and hard had my nature become, for I had determined that outward circumstances should not bend or break my spirit. It was a stern and unrelenting desire not to feel the chains which were galling me.

But how little man knows of his own spirit! How incapable

he is of knowing what he may be able to bear, and how long he will prove impregnable to those feelings which animate the breasts of all the human family! My resolutions gradually grew weaker, and my will less strong. I began to yearn for some pitying heart to turn to. There was none to listen to my prayer, none to wipe away my tears, and my heart melted down until it became as weak as a little child's. Oh! how I wished to see the face of a friend. What sickness of heart came over me, and no kindly hand was there to be laid on my head, but only the cold, stony wall to support it. It was in vain for me to ask or pray for my earthly friends, for I could not see their faces. And then I strove to pray to God; then I bent low in humility and sorrow, and confessed my sins, and prayed him to forgive me. I had felt so guilty before that I dared not pray; but now there was something within me which seemed to tell me there was hope beyond the grave. When I had slumbered before, my dreams had been horrible; phantoms coming to upbraid me for my crimes, and I awakened, often grateful that all the dreadful scenes I had passed through were nothing but dreams. And now those dreadful shapes and phantoms had left me, and sweeter sleep had succeeded. As my heart had become softened within me, it seemed as though a bright and pleasant influence gradually fell upon me. My dreams became pleasant, and the little one whose death I was the means of, appeared to me in shining garments, and told me that her Father in heaven forgave me, and that I should come to her home and be with her. Ah! that bright spirit made the poor prisoner's cell gleam and shine with heavenly light, for I felt that God had answered my prayer, that there was mercy even for me; and when I slumbered it was with a prayer on my tongue of thankfulness to my Father in heaven for his forgiveness, which had brought peace and comfort to me in my lonely cell. That place which had appeared to me a living tomb, now became bright and pleasant in its gloom, and the words which were written in the Book of Life gave me hope and joy. And I daily prayed, and daily my body grew weaker; but my soul grew stronger, and I longed to leave my body behind. My thinking had brought me much benefit, for now my thoughts were pleasant and glad, for now I felt happy and joyful. There was a peaceful, happy feeling, there was a love which cast out fear, and I felt as if there were loving and protecting arms about

me, *even me.* They told me I was dying, and O! how I rejoiced. I *knew* I was dying; I wanted to die, to embrace that little spirit who had told me of my Father's forgiveness. And when I passed from death unto life, there was none so near to take me by the hand as that happy little spirit. She told me that I should go with her, for I had repented of that I was punished for, and my punishment had been greater than my crime. She said there was no injustice there, that I should be able soon to outlive all recollection of my past misery, in the life I was about to lead, and I should see many who had been imprisoned, as I was, for crimes which they had not been really guilty of. But God, who sees the heart, would punish all according to their works, and not for those things which they have not committed; but the real culprit will here also meet with his due reward.

I find no prisons here, no stripes, no starvation, but kind spirits who pity me for having been led astray, and who will assist me to retrieve that which was done, and prepare me to come back to the poor, weary, heart-broken prisoners, and, when the time comes, to speak to them of the better life, which is beyond the gloomy walls of a prison. Peace and hope will light up their sad and desponding hearts, for we are coming in a mighty strength and power to raise them from their stupor."—THOMAS ELLIS.

A PICTURE OF THE FUTURE.

"At a recent meeting of the Circle of Hope, the following communication was received from a spirit purporting to be that of Joan of Arc. Some of the circle not being familiar with her history, it was mentioned that she had, by the sacrifice of herself, redeemed her country — France.

She said, "Yes; and France has to be redeemed again. I am not the first of the martyrs who lost their lives in the cause of truth and freedom; nor shall I be the last, even at this late day of the world's enlightenment.

But, friends, it is not to bring this gloomy picture before your eyes that I have come to-night. O, no! It is with a far different object. The light and glory which have been cast around me in my spirit-home, give me a holy and beautiful theme to dwell upon. Not for me alone to dwell upon, nor for spirits

alone, nor for angels alone to dwell upon, but for mortals too. Yes, for mortals!

In the darkness and superstition of the past, which are passing away with all their gloomy forms and fancy-fraught terrors, comes the light of revealed love and wisdom, as the harbinger of peace, joy, hope, and redemption to be wrought on earth. Martyrs who have suffered for the glorious cause of truth, lift up your heads with joy ineffable! Gaze down on earth again, and rejoice to see the fruits of your heaven-directed labors! Behold now the seeds which have smouldered for a season! Lo, they are springing forth and gaining might. The dark past is passing away; and the bright future, how it gleams before me! The strength which cometh with the white-winged messenger is being felt. Its power is spreading; its love is directing; its might is finding the mighty as well as the lowly of earth. O! the deep springs which have opened in many hearts, from king to peasant, are becoming breathed upon by the spirit of progression and life-beaming light! Who shall withstand the power of that light which comes as a stream in whose placid waters they may bathe?

And lo! Truth cometh. Lo! it groweth. The meek and the lowly of earth receive with heartfelt joy, as the dove bearing the olive branch of peace, the green, the beautiful symbol of hope for their souls — the resting place for all: for each soul is being unfolded, and all may feel that the rock of ages is more firm for them, than the throne which the mighty and high-souled monarchs of earth have aspired to in their uplifted majesty. And the light will level the world, as with the hand of the angel of death, when he cometh and lays all low alike. I say the light shall level the people of the world; the monarch will be but the man, and the man will be a man more than ever before: and woman shall become a strong and mighty instrument in the glorious work."

[Some remark was here made by one of the circle, implying that in her efforts for her country, she must have been inspired. And the spirit said:] "It was inspiration. It was a host of spirits which loved my country that inspired me, and I did not repel them. My soul saw the heaven prepared for the lover of truth and justice, and has felt the heaven which acting — taking our lives in our hands, and going forth to do our Father's work, has raised me to also; which has filled my soul with holy

joy, and has shown me the hosts which aided me while carrying out the design which advanced my country one step in her upward destiny.

The earthly tabernacles erected for the worship of the Most High shall be deserted, or looked upon as places of the terror and darkness which have for centuries ruled the mind of humanity, through the force of dry and unsatisfactory laws, given forth as the mandates of the glorious Being whose only law is love, whose only mandate is peace. And each heart shall erect within itself a tabernacle, an altar, whose incense shall reach the pure throne of light, and return with an odor more sweet than the breath of flowers in their first dawn of beauty. When the structures erected by the hands of man are less sought, and the inward temple of the soul shall rise up and shine forth in the splendor of its natural beauty, then dark and gloomy indeed will seem the past, and glorious will all feel the present, unfolding to every heart new fountains of light and life everlasting.

O! the time is approaching when the men of earth shall feel how closely their interests, their immortal interests, all interwoven with the chain which reaches between the earth and skies. And the links of that chain shall be so commingled as to draw down the spirits of the great and good, the great in wisdom, and the mighty in truth, who have long since passed away, ripened in knowledge, purified in love, elevated in their progression in the eternal spheres of light, and now descending to fulfil their mission on earth.

Think not the germ of immortal flowers has ceased to act upon their native ground — their home of clay. That love of home, of earth, of country, which attracts it, shall and will draw, and is drawing back those purely unfolded spirits, who are now coming with a power whose resistless course shall be lighted with the beautiful images of the present dawn, and will show the gloom and darkness of the past in all its huge and ungainly deformity.

Will not the mind revolt from that which is so dark and repelling? and shall not men turn away from it, and open wide their hearts to enjoy the beautiful future spread out before them? — not as a dream, but as a glorious angel of life and love, who shall enter every heart, and gladden every homestead, and shall so act, so cast its golden fetters around, as to bring the best family of mankind within its gladsome embrace.

Is the picture too pale? Does it seem exaggerated, to your view? Not so does it appear to spirits; but the colors are golden, the tints are azure. Ah! how they are blending and shooting forth in all directions in the bright firmament of joy, which speaks in more than mortal volumes of the infinite love and majesty of the Most High God."

EXTRACTS FROM COMMUNICATIONS GIVEN BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

"I find I am what I believe you call an undeveloped individual in my new stage of existence. But, thank God, I see ample fields opening for my research, which I might have entered long ago, had I been so minded.

It was a great, though not a grand mistake of mine not to seek the truth before, regarding this matter.

In my day I sought out many truths, and many new truths to many minds; but now I see that the most important truth was altogether overlooked. My soul felt with an overwhelming force the mighty sense, the infinite power of the Almighty in all his works. The grand and glorious hand of Nature imparted her divine revelation; but, friends, I never sought the voice which might touch my heart and receive an answer in the flesh.

It is this I mourn for now. How clearly do I now perceive my short-comings! But, thank God, my life has not been spent entirely in vain for my country or mankind. I speak not thus with a feeling of triumph, or boastingly, but with a feeling of regret that I had not more wisely directed my talents, and had not enabled myself to let the glorious gifts of God in me shine forth in a purer, broader, and better light.

As I look back on my past career, I see much to regret, and much to rejoice for. I see at the present period in my country's history, peace and plenty, and the people as happy as they possibly could be, under the present state of affairs. But since I have thrown off my mortal body, my spirit has taken a bird's-eye view of the universe. O God! how dark it seems even here! [There were evident signs of deep emotion.]

It appears as though the minds which directed the people, were undirected themselves in so many respects, where, had they done differently, a different state of things would now exist. But

I have no right to complain; I did not see it while here, to so great an extent as I now see it.

Oh I see how very great the darkness of the leaders has been, in respect to the wants of the people, and my own leanness in this respect, stands before me as a withered tree.

You wish to know my object in coming here to-night. It is easily told. You all know my former character; you cannot possibly believe I can so soon become spiritual minded. Clouds of materialism which darkened the finer elements of my mind, still cast their shadows around me; but I wish you to understand, that I realize what I might have been, what I am, and what I am to be. My life on earth was misspent, and my mission is, to make the atonement for it. To be the Daniel Webster on earth, and the Daniel Webster in heaven.

It will be my earnest wish to benefit my fellow-beings on earth. My sympathy is with them; I participate in their hopes and fears, and you will not therefore be surprised at my desire again to return to earth. I will atone for all the wrongs I may have committed, consciously or unconsciously, as far as shall lie within myself.

That seems to be the first duty which is required of me in my new home; to see myself in true colors, that the false colors may be stripped from around my existence, and the true shine forth with greater and native brilliancy. [There was something in the manner in which this was delivered, that struck those of us who had heard him speak, as remarkably characteristic of him; and we gave utterance to the thought. He said: How happy I am. You do more than I would have done. You all believe it.]

In my short existence I find that sin must forgive itself, by expiating itself in the mind. How naturally the former life, former faults, and former follies, all rise up before me and reproach me, and almost take the form of an avenging angel. If there is a hell, it is when such thoughts reign supreme; and if there is a heaven, it is the recollection of having performed the duty required of us by the Great First Cause, who gave us our talents to be used for the benefit of our fellow-men, and made us the machines to direct the springs placed within our bodies.

That is to be my greatness again. My mission will consist in reaching men in many different ways; not in one, or two, or

twenty ways, will I perform the work which I am beginning to learn merely the alphabet of.

Thank Heaven, no qualms of conscience, prejudice, or principle, shall act there as a barrier to obstruct the full flow of my soul's aspirations after goodness and wisdom, to surround me with the ennobling and beautifying principles which have lain deeply imbedded within my soul.

In glancing over my past existence, I perceive many feelings which lay buried within my being were concealed from my view by the outward causes which were acting upon, and moulded my mind, and left their impress graven upon my public career in letters which time will not efface.

Had I a thousand tongues to tell the multitude of wonders, they should all be of the great and reforming in all its aspects, the good of my country, the good of mankind at large, through the exceedingly beautiful and natural laws which are bringing the world of reality and that which has been hitherto one of shadows together.

My words fail to describe my feelings, when I attempt to portray the delight which I feel thrill through my soul, with a warm glow of happiness, in contemplating the high destiny of the human race. I do not speak of that which is to come in centuries. I do not wish to carry my ideas out of your reach; but I mean within a few short years which I can speak of, as knowing the meaning of what I say, having so lately been guided by the same measure of time myself.

I feel that the high and beautiful wisdom of the Almighty God is indeed manifesting itself in a manner miraculous to spirits and astounding to mortals. And were I willing at this period of time to become a visionary rather than the practical man which I ever delighted to be, I could paint such pictures as would open the bowers of Eden, green and beautiful, to your view, fanned by the wings of angels, soothed by the breath of love and hope — bright hope, harmonized by the all-pervading power of wisdom, which not only has worked, but is continually working, wonders in the flesh and in the spirit. It would be a picture of peace and happiness, brought into operation by the co-operation of men and spirits, which, through their combined efforts, will yet concentrate the forces of their powers, and their strength shall be felt through every nerve and fibre of the human mind.

To me, who can now view these things independent of mortal eyes, the prospect is indeed cheering. Pray Heaven that the eye of your understanding may be opened to realize here what I never appreciated in its stupendous might and majesty until I arrived there. I am grateful and humiliated to find how true is the truth of this returning to earth, and how foolish is the blindness which makes men turn away their eyes and shut their hearts to the knowledge which speaks to the heart in a trumpet tone, or reaches them through the still small voice of conscience.

My experience has been but of short duration, yet long enough to see and to feel how much of the true knowledge which might govern and direct the human mind, for its temporal as well as spiritual welfare, I was utterly ignorant of. I now see how utterly incapable men are, with their present knowledge and past experience, of advancing the welfare of the human race in the progression eternal which might be, if better acquainted with the human and divine laws, apparent around you.

The laws which men make are so different from nature's laws! I have been looking into the narrow platform of thoughts and fears which men are constantly erecting and constantly overthrowing, for the simple reason that the platform is not wide enough, and thus one scale outweighs the other.

As I look abroad over the earth, over my own loved country, I see so many small circles, so many small platforms, that they need a larger one to revolve around.

I am astonished as I look around to see how very contracted my ideas were, yet I fondly imagined I took a flight like the eagle in her soarings to view the extended map of mind.

Friends, will you doubt me when I tell you I see a great and gradual change which will soon cover the face of the earth? I see the fires blazing up and breaking forth in different directions, and I see many and mighty spirits lighting these fires and feeding them; many great and mighty men who have passed away from the earth, coming in strength to help the work of the redemption of man.

I feel I have a great part to take in this mighty revolution. It has begun, and is spreading and overwhelming, as the billows roll over the great face of the waters when lashed to fury by some unseen power.

O, that I had begun my seeking sooner! that I had wisely

improved the talent given me, and let it shine forth! for then it would have lighted my path upward to the mansions above.

Mighty thoughts rush through my brain as I look abroad — too great for utterance now. I see that this work is to be a practical one. It is not to be performed by the writers or philosophers, the wise men or the poets of the day [alone?], but all, from the greatest to the lowest, are to assist and be instruments of utility, not as servants, but as heirs, as brothers, who will alike enjoy the fruits of their labor. The young, the old, the middle-aged, — all are to assist.

In looking back upon many of my friends who were familiar with me here, I see that before six months, or a year at furthest, shall elapse, many of them will have embraced and will proclaim this great truth, and I see some of them are to join me and assist me in more ways than one. I see many among my friends whose minds are awakened to the subject, but whose fears deter them from investigating, and I see many of the spirit-friends who are keeping the feelings alive.

You speak of your statesmen's having left you, of your having none to fill their places. Greater than they will fill their places. Mightier than they shall speak to the nation, in language bringing flowers of truth for man to live by and to die by. To die: the word will be banished from earth. It is but an exchange, a putting off the worn-out frame, and entering the new and beautiful spirit-covering which is prepared for us as we emerge from the world — not of shadows, but of bright realities.

My ideas are imperfectly given, owing to the difficulties of communicating, and my want of knowledge of its laws. I have been anxious to speak here before, but have not always been able to impress my name. But I am improving, and hope soon to be able to impart some things of utility, something practically to benefit those who take an interest in this good work. How I regret I did not begin sooner! My feelings overcome me when I look on what I might have been. My language may not have appeared like that of Daniel Webster; but I was anxious to begin, though I began as a child, for I know you will make good use of it, and it will be of much use to my surviving friends."

Experiences and counsel given by Margaret Fuller (Countess Ossoli), December, 1852. "My sojourn in your sphere seems now

as an indistinct dream, in comparison with the real life which I now enjoy. And I regard the raging of the elements, which freed my dearest kindred and myself from our earthly bodies, as the means of opening to us the portals of immortality. And we beheld that we were born again, born out of the flesh into the spirit. How surprised and overjoyed was I, when I saw my new condition! The change was so sudden, so glorious, from mortality to immortality, that at first I was unable to comprehend it. From the dark waves of the ocean, cold, and overcome with fatigue and terror, I emerged into a sphere of beauty and loveliness. How differently every thing appeared! What an air of calmness and repose surrounded me! How transparent and pure seemed the sky of living blue! And how delightfully I inhaled the pure, life-giving atmosphere! A dimming mist seemed to have fallen from my eyes, so calm and so beautiful in their perfection were all things which met my view. And then kind and loving friends approached me, with gentle words and sweet affection; and, O, I said within my soul, surely heaven is more the reality of lovliness than it ever was conceived to be on earth by the most loving hearts. Already are my highest earthly impressions of beauty and happines more than realized. It is owing to the influence of angels that men sometimes give forth thoughts which seem to shine with the light of heaven, and to breathe of the harmony in the spheres of immortality, and which, from their purity, men say are the words of inspiration. And truly it is inspiration from the world of light. It comes to earth borne by loving spirits. The winds of adversity which passed over their souls while on earth, but purified and chastened them, and rendered them more sensitive to the enjoyment of never-ending happiness. And having advanced into a knowledge of the harmonious laws which govern their abodes, they forget not their friends on earth; but with strengthened affection and exalted wisdom, they respond to the attraction of love which connects the two spheres, and aspiring men receive the influx of pure spirituality. Could the children of earth but look beyond the range of mortal vision, they would see these angel-friends surrounding them, sympathizing with them in woe, and rejoicing in their happiness, and dispensing blessings of kindness and love.

But, shall I speak to you of that which is gloomy and sad? O, yes! I feel it to be my duty. Do you see those people of the

world, who are led by no higher law than that of selfishness; who have no purer desires than those which are engendered by their own dark passions and inconsistent lives; who soar not above their own sensuous thoughts; but who are ever seeking happiness, in that which brings nought but misery? See how this degrading condition is crushing them; how it increases the hardships of the poverty-stricken, causing them to expend their whole energies in incessant toil for food; how the rich, the well-fed son of mammon, of luxury, and ease, from his sensual promptings, sullies the purity of helpless innocence, and heaps misery upon the dependent; when, if his mind had been rightly directed, he would have spent his gold in filling the mouths of the hungry, and lifting the daughters of degradation from their woe-stricken state. And behold the little human waifs and strays of society, who wander unnoticed through your thoroughfares. Tiny but immortal souls, do they not need earthly guardians to guide them in the ways of virtue, and turn their young hearts from the allurements of sin? The fathers which nature gave them have proved unworthy of their trust, and need, God help them, teachers themselves.

O, when I gaze abroad,— if it were only upon your great city —how much vanity and injustice do I behold! I see your magnificent buildings richly adorned with all that wealth and luxury can bestow, dedicated as temples of worship — of *worship!* — of *forms* of worship! As though the incense of your hearts would ascend sweeter through the arched dome, or the service be more acceptable, because performed in a costly edifice! God looketh not to the works of thy hand, O man! for worship. He asks thee not to build temples of beauty, which please the eye; but he asks of thee a sincere heart, for prayers sent forth from the inner sanctuary of the soul. And let thine offerings of gold, and silver, and precious stones, be made to God, by dispensing them to thy needy brethren. And the anthems of joy which these shall cause to ascend from their grateful hearts, will be more sweet to him than the softest music which proceeds from a thousand instruments of human skill.

How sadly my spirit looks back upon the place it once inhabited, to see so much that is wrong when so little would make it one glorious right. Would that men would join their hands together, and with united hearts say, Let us assist our brother from

the light that we have received; let us lighten his overburdened soul of its care and sorrow, by relieving his physical wants, and enlightening his mind; and thus raise him from a level with the brute, to the plane where something more is required than mere animal food, or sensual gratification in any form. Let us help him to repel those dark spirits, which his low and undeveloped nature attracts to be his companions. Let us show him that much that is dark and repulsive in himself, is rendered still more so by the influences which are in affinity with him. Nay, start not! it is true: for as like attracts like, and darkness loves darkness the best, so, in like manner, ignorant, unhappy spirits, linger around the haunts of vice and wretchedness, and often assist men in their dark deeds of sin; and these influences men call the Devil. They attribute all to one individual fiend, who is made omnipotent; forgetting that when man gives way to all that is degrading and debasing in his nature, obeying only his animal instincts, and shutting out the pure and good, he can be called by no other name than *evil.* But when the lowest among you shall have his higher faculties developed, and his intellectual powers expanded by elevated knowledge, he will shine in all the beauty of manhood; and will not go down to the grave in his sin and degradation, to give the world occasion to say, He is a sinner and eternally lost. None need consider that he must enter the spirit-world to suffer the torments of hell, or to taste the joys of heaven. The knowledge of man's own debasement will bring punishment, even in the flesh; and the consciousness of progress in truth and goodness, and the participations of their blessings, is the foretaste of heaven on earth. There is no further hell for him who is engaged in well-doing; but his pathway leads gradually and beautifully upward, into the brightness of the Heavenly Father's smile, which illuminates the countenances of his progressing children, and reveals their way into the higher spheres.

Softly and sweetly now are many good spirits breathing heavenly words into mortal hearts. Voices that have long since passed from earth are returning on a mission of love. Do not repel their gentle advances, for they come to benefit your race. They come as brothers and sisters; and though they have often been denied a reception, the time is at hand when their voices must be heard throughout the length and breadth of the land

when they will speak in trumpet-tones of the errors and forms which ye have so deeply cherished. And all that is truthful and beautiful shall shine forth in undimmed purity, and that which is obscure shall be made plain. And all shall ultimately experience the benefits and joys of communion with the heavenly spheres. It shall be food alike for all men; for none will reject it, because of its healthful and life-giving influences. And as I look to earth again, from my spirit-home, I truly rejoice to see the good work progressing; and am happy to know that as a spirit who has inhabited the earthly sphere, I can come back and contribute my mite toward the great work of human redemption."— MARGARET FULLER.

THE MAN OF EASE AND FASHION.

This evening the circle met, and then, through Mrs. Sweet, it was said: —

"This is a jolly sort of a world, anyway, but I'm tired to death. I don't know what to do with myself. I've travelled all over the world, searched out every object of interest, gone into every nook and corner, and now I have returned home. It is a dull and tedious world to live in. I hate reading, poring over your dry, musty books; trashy novels are worse yet. I'm tired of smoking. My constitution is worn out, and I can't stand strong drink. There is nothing here fit to eat; confound 'em! Why don't they have decent cooks here? Nothing tastes good. Well, it is a weary world. I wonder what a man was made for! I've plenty of time and money, and my friends say, 'Why don't you enjoy yourself?'

Those devilish horses like to have broke my neck the other day. Well, I'm becoming more and more disgusted with the world every day. Then what'll become of a fellow when he dies? Never mind, I ain't a going to die yet.

They say I ought to take a wife; that would be only a slight change. But women are such insipid toys — mere trifling little dolls; they must be complimented and praised forever, or they are pouting and looking so dismal. I sha'n't get married. I think more of my horses and dogs than of a wife, a damned sight.

Where shall I travel to? I've been to Paris, and London, and

all the big cities, and danced and waltzed and done everything a fashionable young man should do, and a little more.

I just happen to think that while I was in Italy, walking along, one day, quite discontented, in a secluded street, I happened to meet a grave-looking personage, and I thought I'd speak to him, to while away the time; it was so confounded dull. We got to talking earnestly. He questioned me a good deal. I told him I felt life a stale sort of matter, and I 'd about as lief step out; enjoyment had lost its meaning with me. Well, he asked me if I had ever done any good with my money, anything that would lead to a good end? I said I thought I had, for I had spent a good deal in my day. He asked me what I was living for, and upon my soul I could n't tell him. That set me to thinking mighty strong. He asked me if I had any ideas of a state after death. Such questions always made me uncomfortable. Father's servants were never permitted to talk to his children of such things as death, or the soul after death. That subject was never introduced into our family. Anything gloomy or unpleasant was strictly forbidden, as depriving us of part of the enjoyment of our lives as children. So if any of our friends or the servants were taken sick and died, it was only whispered in the family, and none allowed to speak of it openly. And when I went to church in the family carriage, our minister preached us pleasant stories, glowing descriptions of heaven. He sometimes spoke of the wicked and their punishment; but we knew nothing about such things, and did n't consider we had anything to do with that part of the discourse. Then, sometimes, the minister rode home and dined with us. He would make a beautiful prayer; and, on parting he would pat us on the head and tell us to obey our father and mother who were such good Christians, and one of these days, when we became men and women, we should follow their example and be a bright and shining light to all around us. So, after a while, our parents died. I felt bad — very sorry; I could n't bear to look at 'em, and I did n't; nor think of 'em. We 'd never been allowed to think of the dead, and so we forgot 'em soon as possible.

Well, when I left college I started with a large fortune, plenty of time, youth, and health, but not much of an education, for our teachers overlooked my faults, for I had wealthy parents, and they did n't like to be too severe.

I've been wandering ever since from place to place in search of enjoyment. At first I did enjoy every thing vastly; but really I don't know why, but I don't enjoy anything now; I'm just tired of life, and that's all. Gambling was once a great source of enjoyment, a fierce sort of pleasure; I used to feel almost frenzied sometimes while engaged in it, but it got to be an old thing, like every thing else.

I really think I'm getting out of health; I'm not half so strong as I was. My appetite is poor; the doctor says I must take exercise, and I'm too weak to do it, that's the fact of the matter. It jars my nerves. I feel best when reclining in an easy-chair or soft settee. I drive out occasionally, but the air affects me considerably. I don't know of one resource to relieve the monotony of my dull and tasteless existence. I thought I had friends; but, the fools! they are not willing to sit with an invalid. They want excitement as I used to, and that's now distasteful to me.

Now I'm all alone, with that cross old nurse, and that stern old doctor, with his nasty, poisonous drugs. I'm becoming very feeble. My lawyer visited me the other day. I think of making my will. I can hardly stand; my limbs are so trembling that they refuse to support me.

I don't know who to leave my money to. I've plenty of poor relations, but they'll only spend it. They are vulgar people, and don't know how to use it. I guess I'll leave it to the Club; there are some noble fellows there, and they will appreciate it. How my eyesight fails me! Yet I'm young — not yet forty.

I don't see why I should be so weak. I haven't done any labor; I've lived an easy life. What has worn out my constitution? The doctor says it is extreme debility, want of muscular energy. Strange one of my age should be worn out already!

Doctor, you know that old nurse the other day talked of sending for a minister. What could I do with one? I've never done anything bad. I don't want to be shrived for my sins. If the minister could restore my lost health! But he would only make long prayers, and ask me to remember his church in my will. I won't see 'em. I'm gloomy enough now. If it's time for me to pass away, it's just as well without a minister as with.

Here Mrs. S. went through the death-scene, during which he muttered a prayer for forgiveness of his sins, and then she added:—

Is this my body? Pagh! I've left that; it seems I've died. I've left that world, and waked up in another. After all, I am right by my body here. I don't want to leave it. I don't know where to go. I'd like to get up above it if I could, but I can't. Strange! I see people around it, fixing it. They don't see me. Up above there is another kind of people. Down there they don't seem to be much. They're beckoning me to come up to them. I see people above me, and I'll try to go to them; but I seem very heavy, not adapted to walking on air; yet I'm afraid to go away from my body, for I don't know where I'm going. There is no sympathy or companionship below, and beyond all seems uncertainty. It's very disagreeable traveling when one takes one step, and don't know where the next is going to be. I can't see clearly. As I leave my body in the distance I seem to be going into a different atmosphere; still it's not clear, not light — very dim and uncertain. They are still beckoning to me. I should like to go there.

There are some people approaching me. They're strangers I never saw before, very common-looking people. I think I won't speak to them. They're coming right up to me. They tell me they will lead me to the place prepared for me. Very singular! a place prepared for me, and I know nothing about it. I now remember what the minister used to say of the glories of heaven. It's there they're going to lead me. I think they might send some more intelligent, genteel guides. However, I presume I'll find it all right, and apartments furnished sumptuously, and servants perfectly drilled, and the cooking of exquisite order. I really feel quite elated. I'll accept the services of these common people; perhaps they could n't spare their better servants to come such a distance. I deserve a place in heaven, I know. I never murdered nor robbed, but I did two or three things not quite right, but they overlooked such things on earth, and why won't they here? Shall I meet that female there? But I've no idea she can enter such a place. The child died, and so it is quite forgotten now. Still it makes me feel unpleasant, and hesitate; but among refined people it is only a youthful folly. I'll not trouble myself about it.

Strange those people do n't address me. They seem waiting for me; but I suppose they are diffident, so I'll speak first. 'Well, friends, are you waiting for me? Are you sent to conduct me to

that beautiful place called heaven?' They're not waiting for me. What does that mean? Have I been deceived? Is there no such place as heaven? No such beautiful place as the minister used to talk about? Yes; then why not to your duty, and lead me straight there? They tell me I must go another way. Are you not servants? No. And you are to be my companions? That's a mistake. Can you lead me to my friends who must be waiting to receive me? My father and mother must be inhabitants of heaven, for they were bright and shining Christians; my brother, and sisters, and other relatives, must be in this vast country somewhere; I'm not accustomed to such treatment as this.

They stand and look at me, and make no reply; strange, I don't understand it. Is it possible I am to have no other companion but these common, though coarse people? Yet they look honest and friendly; but I can't associate with them. Their manner of living must be so coarse. One asks me to listen to him. Very well, but speak quickly, for I'm weary of this long delay, of this gloomy place, which is not half so good as earth.

He tells me, they are sent to instruct me. Preposterous! These coarse people sent to teach me!

He tells me my life has been very worthless, devoid of usefulness to myself or my fellow-creatures; my course was altogether idle and profitless, and pregnant with sin and folly. A life which brought me down to this level here, and beneath the rudest and most unrefined of God's creatures. Can this be so?

He tells me there is no heaven for me, until I earn it by the sweat of my brow, that is, with the labor of mind; that not one step can I ascend, only by the greatest amount of self-denial, of labor, of humility, and love to all below me, and a feeling of equality, and a wish for instruction, that I may progress out of my ignorance and moral deformity. O, can that be so? Am I ignorant, indeed ignorant?

He tells me, I must begin as a little child, and learn the first lessons of wisdom; must climb step by step, purifying and expanding my inner being, until I shall attain to the level of these minds, which are intelligent, and improved by the knowledge of this country. O, what a dreadful weary task it must be! How shall I begin? I never was able to perform labor. It is not such hard labor, he says, that will be required of me, but of a kind that will act on my spiritual body, and my spirit itself. Now, he says,

my spiritual body is unseemly and deformed by the imperfections of my former character. He says I could not mingle with those who are soaring above me, who look so light and clear in the distance. My body partakes of the color of my mind, and that is very dark and unseemly. How very new all this seems to me! And I must begin to study, to labor, to live and mingle with these coarse people; I must begin down here.

Yet they seem very kind, and reproach me with pitying looks; they take me by the hand, say they will help me. They tell me my mind is all a blank, and is capable of having beautiful characters of virtue, and love, and long-suffering, and gentle persuasion, and heavenly aspirations written on its tablets. O! they weep for me and pity me; can it be I deserve their pity? Yes, their sympathizing tears seem so much more welcome to me now than the deceitful smiles of my earthly friends. Yes, I must cast aside the stubborn pride and feeling of superiority and dignity, so long the ruling characteristic of my being. I must humble myself, and begin on my humble knees to learn wisdom as a child. And now, when I signify my willingness to be taught by them, how kindly they speak to me! How could I think them coarse? Their language is, to be sure, plain and simple, but pure in tone; their faces show an intelligence I did not before discover. There is about them a certain dignity, an air of self-possession, of firmness in all their movements, which seems to endow them with strength, to beautify their faces, to make their actions gentle, their words soft and kind. O, I was mistaken in their appearance. Now I feel how superior they are to me; yet I do not judge 'em so much by appearance as by words and gestures, their actions, all their movements. What is it that makes these common-looking people seem so harmoniously blending with grace, and look so gentle and dignified, even in their coarse apparel and in their rugged-looking country? There is some mystery about it I don't understand.

Now a female speaks to me, and her tones are soft and low. She says: 'Brother, persevere; begin your labor with a cheerful heart; give away all the sins and follies of your past life by killing the remembrance of them here by good works; and when you shall have become strong and manly in your development of mind, when you shall indeed have become a true man, fit to take your place in the spheres of wisdom as an individual spirit, then

shall great strength and power be given you; then shall bright and shining attendants take you by the hand, and with heavenly instruction cause your face to shine with knowledge, and wisdom, and pure love.

'Then shall you be fit to enter that celestial land called heaven, where all is pure and holy, where the very atmosphere is laden with the whispers of love and of joy from the hearts of angels, who, ranging in their eternal course through the illimitable space of worlds, are glorifying God in their songs of joy and holiness.'"

THE BEGGAR.

This evening a spirit said: —

"It is needless for me to give you a history of my earthly life. It is one which you are all, more or less, familiar with in some of its phases, as you daily witness in your streets those objects of want and misery called beggars. The position which I oocupied in your world was owing to the circumstances which surrounded me when I entered it. Therefore it was no sin of mine, nor no vicious course of conduct which reduced me to the station which I occupied. I was simply born a beggar, and reached the estate of man, being a beggar still. Circumstances had so encompassed me that I could never rise above that one condition; and I passed from this world into the next, bearing all the characteristics of my mendicant's life.

I was not considered wicked, but merely ignorant, and I thought if heaven was any pleasanter place than earth, food and clothing more easily obtained, and the comforts and luxuries of which I had heard, but not partaken of, were there in abundance, it must be a very pleasant exchange. For when I have suffered from cold and hunger, and have begged for a farthing to buy some food, I have often imagined that the cold and dreary earth could be only a place of punishment for some; and that heaven must be the reward of those who had suffered while on earth; for its goods always seemed to me so unequally divided, that I could not think that God, as a just God, would permit part of his creatures to live in luxury and ease, and compel the other part to misery and degradation. I, in my simplicity, could not see it was the work of man, and was caused by the laws which man had made; he, controlling the circumstances, and even, in a measure, the desti-

nies of the race. The torments of hell I conceived to apply to those who had turned the good things which God had given them into wasteful and riotous excesses; who had abused his rich gifts by turning them into instruments to serve their own sensual passions and appetites.

Man might be spiritual and pure for aught I know, but the most I had ever received from any of those who pretended to be law-makers and teachers, was an angry reproof because of my poverty and want, and an admonition to reform, which I would gladly have followed had I been furnished with the means to do it; but I only returned to wallow in the mire again.

The spirit-life opened a new field to my astonished vision. When I put on the garb of immortality, I was a beggar no longer, but kind spirits came near to me, and greeted me as though I had been an expected friend. They welcomed me from out of my state of bondage and ignorance into the world of liberty and light. They clothed me in clean and comely robes, and they fed me upon the bread of eternal life, which is called *wisdom*. And they gave me to drink of the waters of that stream which flows through the beautiful city called Holy. And as I quaffed deep draughts thereof, I thirsted no more, save for the unsearchable love of the Father. I felt that I was indeed a new being. My childhood had known but few joys, and my after-life none: then you may judge how bright and beautiful a place the lowest seat in heaven would seem to me; I mean by that, how dazzling and fair then seemed every thing which my eyes beheld, while I was only in the first sphere, or in the infant school, so to speak after leaving. O! how greedy my ears drank in every sound of wisdom and knowledge, and how rapidly my soul expanded as it beheld the opening glories of the immortal world. They carried me from sphere to sphere, as my ignorance and grossness was cast aside, and so my heart received the word of God.

Fair and lovely spirits now meet me, and take me by the hand, and show me the wonderful works of the glorious Creator. They support and sustain my faltering steps; they bear me up, and breathe into my soul high and holy thoughts, and now I feel that God is indeed just and wise, that he is all-powerful in his love and mercy, and that though man may trample on and crush his fellow-men on earth, or so warp and control their circumstances as to cause them misery and suffering, and condemn them to ig-

norance; 't is only on earth they can do it; it extends no farther, and whatsoever ye shall do on earth to your fellow-man, be it just or unjust, ye shall be rewarded accordingly when ye put off the flesh and put on the spirit, for our God is all just and glorious, and his laws endure forever."

THE FOOLISH MOTHER.

Through Mrs. S. we had this communication: —

"How unhappy I am! I am wandering up and down, hither and thither. I know not where to go. Friends, I will tell you the reason of my misery. I was a mother. Precious souls were intrusted to my care, and how did I fulfil my charge? I shudder now to think on the example I daily set them. I, their parent, who should have instilled every gentle virtue and high principle into their tender hearts, I only filled their minds with foolishness and unprofitable teachings. I brought them up to love external show and empty glitter. I taught them to love the world and the opinions of vain and conceited sons of men. I taught them to walk in the paths of pleasure, which but filled their young souls with a desire for more — more of the useless and unsatisfying gifts of wealth; and instead of making my children useful to themselves and society, I but filled their young souls with selfishness and pride.

O, it is a dreadful confession for a mother to make, but I must tell you the truth now, though it should humiliate my soul into the very dust.

I was called away from my children just as they were emerging into maturity, just when they could have been turned into a good path, or led aside into an evil one, with no guide but a thoughtless father, alas! more prone to love the world than his wretched companion. And now, can you imagine my unhappiness? No, that is impossible. I have not only seen my folly, my own wickedness in every thing that pertains to a knowledge of spiritual life, and the soul's happiness, but I am drawn back, as it were, to earth, to gaze on the course of those I have left behind. Heaven knows I have loved them well, but with a foolish, misdirected love; and now I suffer the consequences. I am daily a witness to the effects of my teachings. I am hourly pained with the breaking out of those uncultivated and grosser parts of their

nature, which it was my duty, as a mother, to lead gently into the right direction; and I see them hurrying from one folly into another, and I can do nought but wring my hands in mute despair, and wish I had never lived. I cannot look upward. I cannot labor for a better inheritance, for my sins of omission to my children are constantly reproaching me, and come black as night, and huge as mountains.

When witnessing their misguiding steps, I feel, 'Mother, this has been thy doings. Behold, now, the seeds planted in the hearts of thy children bring forth fruit of dust and ashes!'

Miserable mother that I am! How wretched has been my life since entering the spirit-world. I have wept and prayed continually. I have sorrowed with a deep and sincere sorrow for my past life, and my children's future happiness.

Not long since, a spirit approached me, took me by the hand, and said, 'Cease thy useless grieving, weak mother, for thy children, and set about working out thy own salvation. Cast off thy gross, material nature, and become wise in wisdom of heaven, that you may be able to go back to earth, and assisted by wise and loving hearts, and by the strong influence of thy love, you may be able to approach your children, if not through your own spirit-influence, perchance through another's. If not through one channel, another may be opened, so that you can approach them.' O, this thought seems too heavenly for so great a sinner as I. I wish to become pure. I wish to learn wisdom that I may become a fit companion for the bright ones above; but O, my children! my children! While I am learning wisdom, will they not be irretrievably lost? through my early teachings become hardened to good impulses, or sink so deep in sin as to forget me, and never hear me on earth? My heart is bursting with its great agony. I would fain go up, but love draws me down, so that I am a wretched wanderer.

O God in heaven! thou Spirit of justice, and truth, and illimitable mercy, look down on me, a poor, erring mother, and guide me right. How little am I acquainted with that name and the duties I owe! Pity me, holy spirits around this circle, in my weakness and sin. Entreat some loving spirit to protect my children while I learn wisdom and repentance.

Heaven is a glorious place, they say, but I have never caught the first glimpse of its brightness. My life has been among the

discontented, unhappy wanderers, regretting the deeds done in body, and not having courage to begin the task of labor. But I feel there is within my soul a longing to taste of the love of God, to mingle with the pure and good, to leave these lower regions where I am so wretched and lonely. But oh, my children! my children!

And yet I can do them no good by staying here. My soul is becoming worn down and overstrained in constant grasping to save them from ruin. I will go and make myself as a little child again, that I may learn to be useful; and my object will be, that I may be of service to my dear children; for I feel that I shall yet be enabled to lead those precious children aside from the paths of sin and wretchedness which they are now treading, into the pleasant way that leads to eternal life.

Dear friends, the spirits who surround your circle allowed me to approach you, poor, wretched wanderer that I am, to tell you my experience, and O, do you tell it to the world, that it may warn some foolish mother to escape the wretchedness which I have known since my entrance here, who are preparing for themselves a heaven or a hell, in proportion to the love they bear their children. Tell them their example and teachings will be ever before them, reproaching or approving.

My tale is ended. Thanks, and good-night."

EXTRACTS FROM COMMUNICATIONS GIVEN BY JOHN C. CALHOUN, LORENZO DOW, AND OTHERS.

"My object in coming here, is to me a very great one, and, God knows, I wish it was so to the world at large. I wish, I desire, I pray most fervently, that we might feel how great the responsibility that is resting on each one who has heard the revelations of life and truth, to spread the echo, to spread the circle of sound, of thought, of energy, of ambition to excel in the labors of the field in which they are placed, by being partakers of this high and holy privilege — privilege unfathomable, untold, unfelt, and unexpressed, ever changing, ever beautifying, and becoming more lovely, more light, more holy, more serene in its outward paths.

My experience as a spirit is very limited in comparison with some with whom you have conversed, and I deeply feel it to be so, to-night.

I deeply feel the barrenness of my soul, the lack of wisdom, the dread of ridicule, the loss of friends, the thought of enemies which debarred me from participating, from being experienced, from a want of knowledge of this holy privilege.

Why, my friends, while in the form it was not a new thing to me. O, no! it was a great reality, which my soul felt to be true, but dared not own. Have I not felt the presence of my friends around me in my seasons of despondency and doubt? I believed it, but dared not say it.

That 'dared'—shall I tell you what it did to me? It shut out from my soul a revelation that might have gladdened it, and compels me now to unbeam, when the covering of clay was thrown off.

Ask him, and him, and him, if he has not felt the presence of loved friends departed? a mother, a child, a wife, was near? Yes, and the inmost heart, welling up from the depths of the inmost tenderness, will answer.

It is the connecting link between the spirits of your sphere and ours; the cord that draws the spirit back to earth and elevates the thought back to heaven.

This may to many seem a small, worthless, and even absurd subject. The great and mighty of the earth despise small things; yet it is the small things, the trifles, which draw out the tenderest emotions of the heart. They swell and overflow. Have not the high and mighty those well-springs in their hearts? Yes, every heart will gush up; and through their affections must the mighty ones be reached.

This intercourse is calculated to bring heaven and earth more closely together, and to make man feel his responsibility as man, to lift him up from his degradation; and when you see this fully, you will not say the spirits' labor has been in vain. When the unfolding light of spiritual communication shall reach the hearts of the sons and daughters of earth, it will come with sweet humility, open their eyes, and show them wherein they err. It will set them to thinking; and every heart thus set to thinking, will feel, 'Thou art the man.'

No one will be overlooked in the crowd, the great spirits will take cognizance of all, the high and the low.

Some say, I 'll believe when others do. If so, you lose much precious time by tarrying. Sometimes the laggard is caught in darkness ere he is aware.

How very dim life on earth seems to me now! I look upon it as a troubled dream, wherein were indeed some bright spots, some kind feelings shed around my path to make it brighter. I was but the germ placed in a casket of clay, whose inner unfoldings, whose heaven-sent aspirations, should have begun to develop themselves sooner while placed there.

Of every man shall be required a talent. Let each ask, have I one, and will the Lord require that talent of me? Most assuredly, my friends. Do not hide it in the ground, but let it shine forth to warn your fellow-men. It was given to use: one may help another, and all mingle and combine together, and make up the great sun which giveth life on earth.

Every created one has some germ of beauty to be expanded. All are not unfolded, because the present state of society forbids it. What beautiful spirits are hid below the superstition, ignorance, error, and poverty that surround you!

When will man feel that his fellow-man requires a talent at his hand? As ye do it to these little ones, so ye do it unto me.

You may think that all are not performing a work. All cannot, through the force of circumstances. The work which enables the rich man to roll in luxury, causes the sweat to pour from the poor man's brow. Is this right? Is your society organized aright? Were labor so equalized that all might bear a part, each in his respective capacity, all might share in the benefits, and yet all be in their proper places, not to create confusion, or a vast revolution, or plan of socialism, but so dividing and diffusing, that the wants of all should supply the wants of all; the works of all supply the works of all, mind as well as labor. By so doing there would be no necessity for the poor beggar to wander through your streets, for the little stray waifs, the homeless ones, to be cast on the broad sands of iniquity.

How the spirits grieve at the lowness of those who are made to grovel in the dust by the selfishness and rapacity of their follows in humanity! The humblest creature, however deformed or warped, is capable of being cultivated in his own sphere, and being made useful.

Friends! won't you work to bring this about? Won't you speak to those in high places? It will begin as a drop and flow out and become a stream, and grow broader in the glad sunlight.

The seed is not always sown on fallow ground. In some places it will yield fifty-fold; and if it yield only one, will it not satisfy you that you are improving your time?

Do you not perceive, as you use your talent, it will increase; that it confers more strength on the owner, as well as extends to others the benefits which you have so bountifully received?"

"I see this fire, kindled by love and harmony, which constitutes brotherly love, will closely bind you as with a chain whose links shall become more immovable, as the desires of each shall fervently ascend to Heaven for strength to progress into the heaven on earth which you are all expecting to realize. And to attain this end, let each and all of you measure your own heaven by your own experience, extending your mind to no greater than that which you are able to grasp. Be content with the unfolding of the germ which in due time will become a bud, and which, when the bud is sufficiently matured, will burst into a flower. But were the flower to unfold before it was sufficiently strengthened to receive the rays of light, it would shrink back within itself, and be withered by the effulgence which it could not bear. My wish is, that every soul may see its own heaven. O, do not measure your own experience by one another's, but look within your own hearts, and receive the draught of happiness in whatever measure it may be meted out to you, and be assured that you receive as much as you are able to bear, though it may seem to come slowly.

A great work, to be greatly advanced, must be carried along slowly, continually, and steadily, yet with an unwavering faith. The workmen must first lay a sure foundation, which must first commence in their own minds; and when the foundation is sure, solid, and unshrinking, then it is time to proceed swiftly with the rearing of the structure, the greatness of which will require many and all manner of laborers before it shall attain its perfection. And patience, hope, trusting, and long-suffering, will be requisite for each and all, while this mighty work proceeds.

Be ye dwellers in the green and shady valley, and listen to the quiet murmur of the stream whose waters are as a deep flow of joy. Seek not to climb the mountain while you are yet feeble, but enjoy the beauties within your reach, and let the mountain come to you. When you have become sufficiently strong, you will not be overcome by the brightness of the light.

The general teachings of the present day, are of such a conflicting and fluctuating nature, as to create rather antagonistic feelings, than sentiments of harmony. One party maintains teachings which are in direct opposition to those of another, and each exclaims, 'Walk in the path which we are treading, for it will surely lead you to the haven for which you are seeking; our teacher can explain all things to your satisfaction.' And still another, and another party, walk with like texts upon their hearts. And shall these men say, We follow the Bible? I say, they follow the teachings of the different minds, which put different constructions on the same revelations. Then what man shall say (and feel secure), I am right, and you are wrong? or who shall say, I worship no graven image, but the image of the living God?

My friends, this mingling of so many rights, makes one great wrong of society as it now exists. The present social structure is inharmoniously organized, and disorderly arranged; for the man of might is the man of right, and that only by the authority which his might gives. And the man of honesty, is oftentimes the man of beggary, through the advantage which the man of selfishness gains, making him the stepping-stone to the throne of power, whereon mammon sits enthroned, wielding a brazen sceptre which is called *gold*, and before whose presence the man of need, and the daughters of drudgery, the hewers of wood, and the drawers of unclean water for unclean purposes, are made to bow in humble submission. And who shall say that wrong will make right, until the wrong of oppression is taken from the hands of the oppressor? The strings which have vibrated in his heart, are those of avarice and ungodly gain; and the might which he exercises so unjustly keeps the hearts of the oppressed, from catching even a glimpse of the treasures which lie concealed within their own being, thus shutting out from them the light, which it is their right to enjoy as sons and daughters of a common Father. Ah! that wrong tramples upon a great right, and its course may be traced to the very depths of misery and iniquity, which are filled by a combination of wrongs. And as we gaze upon the vast picture of dreary desolation, and shudder at the black and repulsive appearance of the surrounding world, we feel that a great work is to be carried on, executed, and accomplished. A mighty work it is, to stir up the fountains of the human heart, that men may become alive to the state of those whom they call brothers. How much they

make this a term of derision; and by the very mention of such relations, they seem to disgrace the Parent who could so unwisely divide the inheritance of earth among those who are called his children. Thinking minds will ask themselves the question, Are we not robbing our brothers of their birthright? and the more fully and evenly developed minds, will see the immediate cause for action in themselves.

When the character and responsibilities of every mind is placed in this light, it will be easy to perceive where the path of duty lies. And I am persuaded that all who wish to perform that important part of life called *duty*, will have an ample scope for indulging their desire. There will be no necessity for one looking upon another and saying, What shall we do to be saved? but each individual must take the work into his own hands to save his fellow-man from the state which has been induced by darkness of mind and oppression of soul. This is a work in which angels on high, whose robes are pure and shining with holy light, rejoice to be engaged in; and, mortal man, think never that thou art free from responsibility to heaven, so long as the condition of thy fellow-beings on the earth, thy brothers and sisters, requires the talent which God has given to thy mind, and which in time will be required of thee as being increased or diminished by the use to which it is devoted.

O children of earth, turn from your lofty structures erected for the worship of the Most High, and go forth beneath the starlit canopy, to receive with inward joy the echo, the spirit-echo, which shall meet you; it shall embrace you, and fill you with love, with joy, and with peace unutterable. O, the unsophisticated mind is, indeed, capable of high development!"

"Make unto thyself a world of beauty within; an inner life, a holy of holies, a sacred place where none may intrude, a spot dedicated in all its beauty and glory as the sanctuary of the most high God. This is within thee, it is a part of thee, it is all sparkling and shining. It needs but to be pervaded by the holy presence, the essence of soul, the life of light; for behold! as the dew vanisheth from the grass where it hath glittered as diamonds in the morning sun, it passeth away, and ye behold it no more, ye recognize it not again; so will all external beauties fade; so, in time, shall they cease to give thy heart joy, and thy soul gladness. Thou wilt look back upon the past as a man who has

walked in a sleep, struggling and striving with great phantoms, even those of his destiny. And when the light which made thee glad hath passed away into the darkness of oblivion, then shall the deep, low breathing of thy spirit's immortal harmony raise up within thee a light, a soft and sweet melody, which shall be a joy to thee forever. *That* is not earth; *that* fadeth not away; *that* is enduring and immortal, even as the glory of thy God is immortal, only changing from one glory to a greater and greater."

"Are we to suppose that the great Deity, in his wisdom, and in contradiction to his natural laws, poured out his spirit in other days more abundantly, and refined men's souls more quickly than now? Have we, indeed, cultivated all the revealed wisdom which has been manifested since the beginning? And does the human race become grosser and less refined, or spiritualized, in its development, both physically and mentally, than it did in former years? If so, then would this world present a very different appearance. Instead of the active, progressive principle which is ever urging you onward and upward to excel each other in every thing, you would be a nation of sluggards, content to have your worship measured out to you, to be performed in proper quantities, and then, like poor slaves, having performed your duties, you would retire, feeling that this is all that is required of you as men and Christians, for the welfare of your immortal souls.

But the enlightened mind now turns with uneasiness and disgust from such senseless ceremonies. It refuses to be led y one mind to a certain point, and then to be commanded to retire, saying, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!' But it will penetrate farther; it will not rest in its spiritual darkness, gazing only upon the things which have become old, and stale, and wearisome, from continued repetition. It wants something more. It is becoming so refined in its progressive state of activity, that it reaches beyond the established rules which have hitherto been its guide.

And with this longing, this deep aspiration after a greater knowledge of the inner laws which control the being of man, begins an expansion, weak and fluttering at first, trembling as though afraid to tread on forbidden ground; and yet how eager becomes the soul, as every new glimpse of light flashes upon its astonished vision! And presently the soul becomes stronger, more firm in its purpose, more bold in its demands; the flicker-

ing views which it has already received, now propel it with great rapidity.

"And the sky seems like one broad arch of glory, whereon is reflected the love of the Father upon his children, and nought seems dark and dreary but the human soul; for here, wretchedness, vice, selfishness, and pride go hand-in-hand to destroy their victims; and here is seen the folly of men's laws!

Here may be seen the great point of man's development, when giving strict and impartial justice to his fellow-men; for here, one who has never gazed before, would think God forever smiled on one part of his children, and condemned the other part to endless misery and wretchedness, so different do their paths and pursuits appear. What a clashing and jarring of interests on one side, and want on the other! The rich man desires to be rich still; and why should he not? for it insures him luxury and ease; but the poor man desires to be rich; and why should he not? for his life seems one long day of toil, and his moments of rest are scarce sufficient to recruit the wants which will not be denied, so long as life is sustained; and *he* is not in a natural position to follow out the great end and aim of his destiny.

The people being so unequally divided as regards temporal advantages, must also continue, in like manner, unequally enlightened in a spiritual direction, until there are many vast changes in the state of society; and this will not be brought about until the eyes of those are opened widely to their position, who enjoy time and opportunity to acquire new knowledge. And when some great souls have been waked up from their long dream of indolence and ease to a right sense of their true responsibility, they will be up and doing. They will lay down great principles; they will create a grand platform upon which these principles of equality and fraternity must be firmly established; and they will make man to see how degraded is his position, as an immortal soul, as an individual whose birth-right is as secure and indispensable to his heaven-born inheritance as that of the reputed noblest in the land, first in a temporal, and then in a spiritual point of view. For how can his spirit ever mount beyond its little abode here, while crushed by privation and want? The temporal state of mankind is their greatest barrier against their spiritual development, and let them but be shown how they may improve their condition, or how their lives may become pleasanter and better,

let them be made acquainted with the great laws of equality, which should govern the human family, and they will join together, heart and hand, to advance the cause. They will soon lose their air and mein of servants, and all will become as brethren, standing on one broad platform, open alike to the interests of all.

Then let those who have spiritual gifts use them, when spiritual gifts are needed, and those who have temporal gifts apply them also to the lifting up of their fellow-men, for, verily, every one will have to give an account of his talent, and every talent may be applied to a different use, all varied, but still useful and harmonious.

My friends not yet in the light, in whose souls the seeds of truth are not yet quickened by the light of love, by affliction, or so-called trial, may sneer at these facts, and say that they will allow their spiritual advisers to dictate their charity and their faith, but believe me, ye who listen, there is no such compromise with the angels whose unerring record tallies every act of man, and marks them in the tablet of his own heart. The ceaseless tide of compensation flows on and on, forever, and charity can no more be separated from justice, than the sun can be torn by the power of man from yonder heavens. Who, then, will dare to dispense judgment, or who will place the responsibility of so-called crimes. Not thou, O man! whose standard is the narrow platform of sectarianism, whose life is measured by the shortest span, and whose happiest hour is when some necessity of the great brotherhood of humanity enables thee to place thy stock and trade beyond the reach of him who toils for his daily bread, and whose shivering offspring is denied only that which fashionably dressed charity regards as popular. O ye who would enter the silvery gateway, and listen to the sweet songs of an approving conscience, know that ye *can* entertain angels, and that within the gardens of your souls will spring up bright and beautiful flowers, which will shade thy pathway to the temples of the living God within. Be not strangers to yourselves; listen to those intuitions which speak unmistakably to thy spiritual being; let *them* be first in the market-place and at the fireside, for ye will find them bringing you nearer and nearer to the kingdom, which first sought and made to dwell within you, all other things shall be added thereto.

The heavens are unfolding as a scroll of light, and the day of

new things is dawning upon the children of men, and they shall know, because God hath willed it so, and sent his holy spirits to tell them that they are free, because truth is free, and light is free. And God hath said, 'Let there be light,' and lo, it cometh so soon as men can bear it. Therefore prepare yourselves to receive it.

The following, from a letter which I received some time since, will be found to contain the impress of thoughts upon topics little treated of in this work, notwithstanding their great importance. I give it simply as an individual opinion, my own mind never having been exercised in that direction. Whether my spirit-guides will proffer any remarks upon, or suggestions in connection with the subject-matter contained therein, will doubtless be made manifest, after the extract has been penned.

"Howsoever much you may be tried in regard to your belief, I know you will not swerve one iota from what you believe to be right and just. Do not allow present adverse circumstances to weigh on your mind, for although we may be called upon, at times, to sacrifice the physical, to obtain the spiritual, I believe it to be an abnormal rather than a natural state, caused by artificial surroundings, and by the coarse requirements of a material and physical existence. The true life, if we could only be permitted to live one, would not call for any physical sacrifice, for the physical would then be in harmony with the spiritual. I merely state the foregoing, without wishing to elaborate, as I wish to get at Mr. Fowler, as you have been brought in contact with him. I suppose you will see something more than a coincidence in events as transpired, and perhaps there is, but you must know, that I do not possess your *faith*. My experience has not been such as to inculcate faith in my nature, that is, faith wherein the reason cannot go.

But to Mr. Fowler: He is a thorough, scientific scholar, and anything he may have said, or has written, is entitled to serious consideration. Yet I must be allowed to say that, judging from his writings, he reasons from a purely scientific and material standpoint. This, from any one in his line, is all we ought to expect. He does not *seem* to have much of the spiritual in his nature; but as I judge wholly from his writings, I may be in er-

ror. His book on Sexual Science, or the Science of Life, is an invaluable work, but, like all the productions of man, is open to criticism. He tells us that 'a man or woman, married to one, between whom no love exist, is simply adultery;' and, if either loves another, he calls it 'double adultery.' This no one can deny; but when, in another place, he tells us, in very vulgar terms, that *every woman has her price*,— of course he means through love — I feel as if I should like to take him to task. In connection with the above, he tells us, that (he quotes some one else and adopts it) any woman in love, can be —— in forty-eight hours. This does not detract from him credit on the other portions of his work, yet, in my estimation, it does lower him as a man. While it *may* be true as regards a great majority of women, he has no right to make so sweeping an assertion. He may be a phrenological scholar; he may be benevolent and have many noble virtues; yet the *ideal* has no existence in his nature. Perhaps he would tell us that idealty has no place or existence in science; but then *we* know that science cannot measure the human heart, nor can it measure the height or depth of a single soul in existence. Perhaps, after all, I have not been just, or charitable enough with him; but he might, at least, have put it in a less repulsive manner.

In regard to the past, present, and future, as regards marriage, polygamy, etc., monogamy is superior to polygamy; the former removed some of the evils of the latter, but not all. The future must, and *will do its work*, just as sure as life continues. Love will accomplish the unfinished work — love free and unfettered by idle forms and ceremonies. We speak of man and woman as two distinct and separate species, yet it takes the two to form a dual one; neither *is* without the other; it takes two to make a perfect one. Do you comprehend and sense what I mean? What, then, makes the union? is it a form or particular ordinance? How ridiculous! If one loves the other, and that love is reciprocated, there is a marriage, and the union is complete; love, and love only, can make a union. But we may love one for a time, and then one may outgrow the other and demand an higher union. This is perfectly logical. What, then, can be done? I speak here not confining time or marriage to earth-life, for we love in the life to come as we do here. Love alone must be the judge; but some may object on the plea that many would interpret licentiousness as being love. True, but we cannot expect to

flee from all evil at one step. At the worst it could be no worse than the present false system. We cannot expect to live a perfect life here; we could not even if left to ourselves, and then we have the world around us.

Mr. Fowler, in all probability, meant, when he said the future was neither polygamy nor monogamy, promiscuity, as advocated by Moses Hull and his school. This has been derided, even by free lovers; yet there is some truth in it, and it possesses many virtues; but I do not regard it as a permanent condition; it can only be a stepping-stone to a higher sphere. It may be a necessity for many to pass through it; the fact is, we cannot lay down any law or system of laws that will be applicable to all; the best we can do is to be true to ourselves and our own natures. I speak now in a wide sense; I care not how far you may carry the application practically, in any form you choose; it will hold good all the way. I know you will excuse me for speaking plainly, for we cannot be understood unless we do so. Then to proceed: If Mr. Hull or any of his belief think themselves justified in living with one woman, and living on very intimate terms with another, I hold that they are justified; for if this system were to be abused it would only be temporarily; the evil would be overcome by progression, and the participants would emerge as from a refining furnace. The vicious would mingle, sexually, only with the vicious, the refined with the refined, etc., through all creation; for all creation is ruled by law as unerring as a law in mathematics, and that law is — *God.* Every feeling of our nature, every desire, every aspiration was planted in us by *Him;* and if these are not satisfied it is proof conclusive that we are violating His law. This, also, holds good wherever you may carry it. We may not all be enabled to do what is right, but that does not invalidate the right. Take thousands of men and women in existence, some married and some not, all are alike governed by certain unerring, sexual laws, some to a greater or lesser extent, it is true, yet all under the law. Take the unmarried first; here is a number of men and women controlled by a law created by *God* that attracts one to the other, who are prevented by one thing or another beyond their control from following out a God-given law. Would such be right in thrusting aside all obstacles in their path, that have been created by *society*, and fulfilling the behests of nature? Fowler holds that they would, and many others

skilled in medical science as well as physiology, hold and teach the same doctrine. Of course they tell us that all should be under intellectual control. But if such a doctrine is right for any, it is right for all; if it is not right for all it is right for none.

If my views are wrong, I shall see it in the future; you, perhaps, can correct me, for a woman's perceptions on such subjects are more likely to be right than a man's.

As regards what you are pleased to call my 'work:' As things are now, I can do nothing in that line but keep a grim silence. I should like, some time, to finish a work I have on my mind. If I had the ability to do it justice, it would take its place as a standard work in literature. I would first trace down the religious wars of history from the earliest time, but more especially from the ascension of Constantine to the Roman throne, and to show the misery and desolation entailed on the human race by the same. To show up the several saviours the world has known, and compare their teachings, showing that each was the natural outgrowth of the other, from the cradle of our race: to show up the true position of Jesus Christ and his teachings, and that he was but an advance pioneer of those who immediately preceded him; to look into the new systems of government, social and political, and examine the true government for the future, to wit, the commune, or harmonial republic. Such a work would require years of close application to study and research. But I must close my too long letter. If Mr. F. said anything that you can draw any inferences from, please let me know; also if there is anything said in your communications through Mrs. R—— that would interest or instruct me. Do the best you can, enjoy yourself, and do not let your mind be troubled. You have trusted so implicitly to your guides, that it seems as if all things must be for the best; should think you would bring them down to the *practical* affairs of life as well as the spiritual and literary."

There is indeed much we would gladly give in connection with the foregoing – ea, so much that the few suggestions to which we must necessarily restrict ourselves seem as nought in comparison with the volumes of mystery yet to be unveiled to the sons of earth through the instrumentality of, or by the co-operation of the "just made perfect," who are continually striving with

humanity, even as the angel of the Lord wrestled with Jacob. O that, like him, they would cry out and say, "We will not let thee go except thou bless us," for then would the spirit of the Lord be poured upon all flesh, their name should no more be coupled with ignorance, and confined within the narrow limits of arbitrary conventional rules. But our words must be few; for, as before stated, we have already superseded all bounds as regards quantity, yet at the same time we are aware that many highly important subjects and interesting stages of development have been treated in a desultory and perhaps unsatisfactory manner. This could not be avoided where so wide a range of progressive and practical thoughts and ideas were endeavoring to force their way through the narrow channel of communication opened up to them.

In the present instance we can scarcely refrain from giving place to a few remarks, if only to encourage our brother, whose honesty of purpose and sincerity of heart seem stamped upon every line of his writings.

Most truly be it said, that inharmonious marriage is one of the greatest of social evils, and has from the beginning of time entailed upon the human family more misery and suffering, both physical and mental, than all other misdevelopments combined.

There are "no sweets like those of spiritual or congenial marriage; no bitterness so bitter as false unions, such as are often recklessly formed on earth; they are not unions, but rather animal connections. Heavenly marriage, the union of congenial spirits, results in certain and unalloyed bliss. This is the state in which the individuality of each is swallowed up in the other, and the two are made one, a unit in thought, feeling, sentiment, and aspiration. Their children are what nature designed children to be, perfect models, and trained from infancy in morality and intellect. They are perfect types of what man *should* be, to go rapidly on to perfection.

The virtuous man and woman have peculiar sympathies which they cannot express. They have strong desires for congenial companionship. The mind images to itself the felicity of a union with another appreciating mind. It meets its object, and then knows that no mind is perfect without its mate. As the brain is constituted of two hemispheres, so it takes two minds to perfect one. God has planted these desires in the human soul, and, un-

der proper regulations, the soul must act true to its promptings. Thus it recognizes its mate, and has a foretaste of the joys a union will produce. Now let it be turned off with a cold, antagonistical companion, and it is crushed. The peace of the family circle is broken by discord; the lower passions of the offspring are continually influenced by their sympathy with the parents. The more spiritual the mind, the more discrimination it possesses in the recognition of its true mate; and the more debased, the less discernment it possesses.

If you would exalt your children through life and through eternity, make the family circle harmonious and pure; make it a primary school and college in which may be learned lessons of wisdom and virtue.

Men are not free. Some are slaves to their passions, some to their creeds, some to their superstitions and prejudices. He who dares to stand up nobly, defending his manhood and acting true to his convictions, is but one in millions.

Every man and woman should consider themselves individual sovereigns, to think and to act as best pleases themselves, *if they do not infringe on the rights of others.* There should be no conformity except to Nature. The thoughts of yesterday, if they cannot bear the light of to-day, should be cast aside.

True, there are those, now and then, whom nothing can corrupt, so elevated in their sublime spirituality that they can walk through the depth of depravity, unscathed; but such are exceptions. The great multitude are all subject to surrounding circumstances. Exercise your charity then, in changing the condition of the miserable, and elevating the wretched.

To this end, unite with a congenial mind. You say all *strive* to do so. Yes, but they only strive with their animal instincts, not with the attractions of the spirit. There are numerous positive attractions in the essence of the soul, which, if followed, will find their proper negatives. You should rise above all conventional regulations, and follow the dictates of reason and wisdom, and become passive to their impressions. The spirit desires to find its mate. If it fails, it is like the turtle-dove; it mourns, night and day, over hill and dale, to find the counterpart of its being. *The ceremony is nothing;* THE HEART IS ALL.

Many are going to the banquet of woe with garlands of roses

on their brows, all unsuspicious of the sufferings they are to endure. And is there no remedy?

Yes, a remedy is near. They must be instructed. Laws are seldom violated wilfully, but almost always through ignorance. They must be made to see the right, and to recognize the grand difference between animal instinct and angelic love. Where the spirit leads, go. Magnets have not surer attractions than affinities of soul."

We would say to thee, brother, Go forth in the strength of thy manhood, and boldly teach these lofty doctrines as transmitted to thee from the life-spheres above. Free love, as now understood, or rather misunderstood, is not practicable for the age, and its tendency, until mankind become more pure, would be pernicious. "Free love is for man only when he becomes an angel. But teach how mutual attractions may be recognized and preserved. Teach the world that marriage is above animal instinct; an *eternal* relation of the souls of two immortals; that death changes not the relations that congenial minds hold to each other, rather strengthening the ties of affection; teach how the soul may be read beneath its exterior garment, and how all its interior promptings and desires may be determined.

Go down in the sunbeams of morning's light, and write for the world. What you write will be read and criticised to-day, and the present generation will profit very little by it. But the young and expanding minds will reflect on these things, and in ages to come they shall tell, and become a greater monument than you now hope to rear. Your name shall be given to the truths you teach, which, combined, will ultimate in an institution, and you will speak through the centuries. We all have appropriate spheres to fill; this is yours; and the infinite God speaks to you — go. Perform the task assigned you on earth, that it may not check your progress here. Do right, act justly, love your race. Then will you softly close your eyes in sleep when age has settled on your earthly form. No shadow will darken your soul; but peacefully will the internal unfold itself, and you will awake in heaven, an angel of light."

Our next may properly be styled "gleanings," as it consists of scraps culled from the various letters of a friend. These, though

bearing different dates, all come within the purview of our regretted "New Departure."

"DEAR E——:

"——— said I must write you a word, as you would be looking for a letter to-day or to-morrow. I told her I hardly felt that anything I could say would be of much interest to you, as it would have to be composed mainly of earthly things. We are all very happy; only one thing worries me somewhat: in your New Departure, or new life, it is hard to make you seem like the dear E. of old. Perhaps this is only my idea; to all of the rest you may seem the same, only drifted away from me. I am afraid the coming years in your new way will not bring increased happiness to you; it seems to me the intense strain upon your mental powers will sooner break down your body, than the quiet, happy life you have known in the years that are gone. I say this in sorrow, not in anger or reproach, and surely, not that I think anything which I say will change your course, as I do not ever expect to try to turn you from the path you have chosen. But I think if you would look backward, you would see in the years that have gone in the old way, calm happy hours, which, if they were not lived in so intense an atmosphere, will yet live in your memory as the pleasant spots in life. If anything I have said hurts you, am sorry; if it does you good, shall be glad of it. That kind angels will watch over you always, is the wish of ——."

"The memorial service for Mr. —— was wondrously beautiful. One item of it might perhaps comfort you if you needed it. He (the speaker) said, Mr.—— told him a day or two before he died, that he had prayed that he might have some token that his faith and hope were sure; and that in the stillness of the night, he saw the Ruby Gates opened, and looked in upon the golden streets, and saw the New Jerusalem. And again, at his bedside appeared a form like unto the Son of God, and kindly beckoned him home; and then 't was given him to know, that but a few hours would pass before he would be at rest in the bosom of his Father."

"It seems a long, long time, since you went away. Have you had a good time? I think you said you were among people who understood you. I give them credit for being good, bright people if they can do it, for I can't, and I have thought I knew something about you; but since your literary career commenced, I

give it up. Have been expecting to see, in some paper, 'Among the Pines.' Are you writing yet? does the gentle muse still linger in your heart? Well, I won't abuse you any more this time; hope that you are well, and truly happy, and that you may be tenderly cared for always."

"We have read your book and sent it down to——. You know, or can imagine, that it has not been popular in L——. There has been a great deal of talk about it, and people are continually asking if you are coming back. I do not think the New Departure has added to any one's pleasure, unless it is yours; but will not scold you. We are all drifting swiftly towards the *better* Country. May bright flowers ever bloom in your pathway, and may God kindly care for you ever, is the good-night wish of

YOUR FRIEND."

Think'st thou, my friend, that earthly things no longer
Charm mine eyes — no joy unto my soul impart?
That I could cast aside the cherished friends
Who have to me been always kind and true?
Nay, friend, angelic ones teach otherwise:
Earth's useless dross may be consumed; the gold
Comes forth resplendent from the seething flames.
And so with us: each trial sore, rightly
Applied, refines and purifies the heart.
All wrong desires we hope and pray may die,
But shall our holy friendships? Nay, not these;
They may, perchance, within this world of strife
Put forth "nothing but leaves;" yet, in that clime
Genial and fair, they'll yield immortal blooms.
Again, methinks thou dost most blindly err
In seeking present joys so entirely
From past experience. Believe me, friend,
The memory of those calm, happy hours
Will live; no change of time can them efface.
Yet, is there not in store for all, brighter
Joys ahead? Yea, brighter, purer, rarer,
Less mixed with earth's corroding cares and woes.
Then forward, heavenward, turn thy course — let not

The past regretted be, except the ills
And errors blind. Thus shalt thou for thyself
A glorious future help prepare; angels,
Thine own dear guardian ones, will smile on thee.
And aid thee to safé anchor cast—at HOME.

What have we here, so "wondrously beautiful,"
Which casts o'er thee a hallowed spell, lingers
So tenderly within the precincts of
Thine own spirit's abode, until it has,
Through thee, unconscious friend, its heaven-appointed
Mission inscribed? Yea, indelibly, too,
Upon the pages of eternity.
Thou had'st no thought of tracing in lettered
Words this beautiful vision, bright and fair.
No more had I, but angels willed it so.
Yea, much more than this did they also vouchsafe,
For through a stranger unto me did come
A message from the heavenly spheres, even
From the abode of Him, thine honored friend,
Who saw the ruby gates unfold, the golden
Streets beheld. Believest thou this, my friend?
'Tis true. Wouldst thou learn when and how, through whom?
I'll tell thee, for it did me much surprise,
So unexpectedly it came; I scarce
Myself could it believe and realize
At the time.

The day following the receipt of your letter, I was engaged in copying manuscript, when a neighbor of the friends I was stoping with called at the house: a lad, I think, fifteen or sixteen years of age. He had not been aware, until a short time previous to that, that he possessed mediumistic powers, so of course was undeveloped in that capacity, the leading phase of which was trance. He had several times become unconscious, spirits giving messages through him. As we sat there he was controlled, but could

not at first speak; he held up one hand and made as if writing upon it with the other, pointing to me and gesticulating, as if there was something he wished to convey or make me comprehend. I supposed, of course, it must be something in connection with my writings, and remarked to that effect. He shook his head, and at the same time became possessed of the power of speech, though talking rather incoherently, as the first control was an Indian spirit. He gave me to understand, however, that it was to the contents of your letter he wished to direct my attention. As if to convince me of the truth of this, he gave, without a word from me, the name of the deceased therein written; then followed a recital of the vision, given correctly and understandingly, though in broken accents, at the close of which the spirit said: "*O, him so happy—have no pain now. He no wants to come back.*"

The Indian spirit then said there was some one present who wanted to talk with me, and gave his name. It was that of a highly esteemed citizen of our town, who had been in spirit-life but a few years. He controlled the medium, and not only confirmed what had been said, but gave some further information regarding his spirit-life, also much pertaining to the earth-life, both of himself and of his deceased (so-called) friend; proving, beyond the shadow of a doubt, his identity. He expressed sincere regret that his family, especially his wife, had no knowledge of, or belief in, this beautiful spirit-communion.

The conditions were not favorable for a long interview. As I have stated, the medium was an entire stranger to me. He knew nothing of our place or people, or that a letter had been received; nor was he conscious of a word that was said through him. I know not what will be your opinion of the communication; but for myself, I am as confident that it came from the spirit-land, and from the party designated, as I am that your letter came from L——, and was penned by your own hand.

It does seem a long time since I left my native land. Shall I ever return thereto? God and his angels may know, but such knowledge is not for me; no, not yet. Have I had a good time? My times have been in thy hands, O Lord, devoted to thy cause; and I cherish a hope that, at some time or other, in some way or other, through thy ministering spirits, good will accrue therefrom.

Did I say I was among those who understood me? It may be;

yet I could not have meant my very self. I had reference then to the spiritual philosophy which is gradually, but surely, unfolding in our midst, and has become an established belief, not only in this household, but in many others. I can truthfully and with the most heart-felt gratitude, say, that since I came to dwell in this land, no opposing word has chilled the atmosphere; no malicious eye shot forth the scorn the tongue refused to quite reveal; no blighting winds of calumny have pierced my soul, save those which blew from Northern climes.

What you say of a "great deal of talk," etc., reminds me of a vision portraying the "Reception of Spiritualism," which I read, a short time ago, and will here insert.

"I see a great city in the distance; a great, busy place. I see one man coming from that city. He looks old, yet is tall and erect, and his hair is gray. Under his arm he has a roll of paper. He is coming on some important business connected with this place. Some have gone out to meet him. To them he is unrolling his papers, and spreading them out before them. They have found something new there, and look incredulous. They shake their heads and turn away; yet their attention is arrested. They crowd up and look at the papers. They read them, pass an opinion upon them, and turn away. He has shown them what they are, and now his part is done. He therefore turns back to that city, but he leaves the papers behind him. With his back toward me he walks slowly along, in deep meditation, and with his arms folded. He is alone, and no one notices him. They are too earnestly engaged looking at his papers. Now a great crowd has assembled around them, and it is very much excited by something wonderful they have found in them.

Now they are passing them over their heads to their leaders, and spreading them before them, and asking their opinion. If *they* receive them favorably, the crowd are willing to, but they want their sentiments first. I see some old men with spectacles on, who are examining them. They go together in the corner of a large room, and pore over them. Some gather in groups and discuss them; some turn away impatiently, and walk up and down, gravely considering them.

Now I see some of the priests come up to examine them. One of them has found something objectionable. He declaims against

it, as unlawful. He says it will ruin the people; it will not do to let the people get hold of such doctrines. He is very much excited.

Now one of the priests is approaching, so puffed up with pride and self-conceit, he won't look at the papers, but turns away with a sneer.

Now some learned men are examining them. They say, 'Show us the philosophy of this thing, give us the laws which govern it, let us know the science of it.'

Now they have all got into a wrangle about it; they dispute, and all talk together.

The crowd who first received it seem to have dropped it, and it is among the educated classes. They disagree about it; some of them want to keep it among themselves, while the crowd are waiting their opinion; and as soon as it is given they will consent, with some exceptions.

Now the papers begin to look large. How they are spread out, and carried round, and commented on. Almost every one has a leaf or a copy. And spirits are standing by their side while they are reading them, though they cannot see them.

There is very great excitement among the intellectual classes. They have all got hold of them.

And now approaches again the man who brought the papers. Crowds of people are going to him. They think he must know all about it. Some are inquiring of him, some are abusing him, calling him all sorts of names. Some shake hands with him, and yet are afraid people shall see them do so. But they seem to think so much of him. Yet he wears the same calm expression of countenance to all. He tells them there are the papers, just as they were given to him, and it is not his fault if they differ from their opinions. They must judge for themselves.

I see one man approaching him, who is very dark and repelling. He threatens him. He would annihilate him if he could, he talks so bitterly. Yet he sits calmly amidst it all. Close by him stands a majestic spirit, who sustains and strengthens him. That causes him to look so firm. He loses none of his dignity or self-respect by anything that dark one has said. He is neither awed nor overcome, but is sorrowful. I see the tear glisten in his eye as he turns away.

The dark man is surrounded by a gloomy cloud. He has two or three others with him. He stands up higher than they; but

they all feel the chilling influence of that dark cloud, but not with such force and fury as it works on him.

What a storm is raging around him who brought the papers! There is such a dust and confusion around him that I can hardly see him. But he is not forsaken. There is something bright and shining right over him. The storm will not hurt him. He has six or seven people near him. How bad they feel! They are crying, and I see him no more, while the storm rages with more violence than ever.

But ah! now I see him again. There he is, right in the light! The storm has passed away, and he looks happy and pleased. He seems strong and young. Just see how beautiful everything is since the storm has gone! How many green and beautiful things spring up all around him! The air is clear and balmy. A great many old things have tumbled to ruins, and every thing has a renewed and youthful look. Those who were near him now look so rejoiced! The storm has damaged them some, too, but it has done them good. Their countenances look clearer and better. He has gone through a great deal, but he has become purer, and looks like an infant. He is so spiritual! He is the image of a good man: serene, joyful, and happy. He was suffering in a good cause, and see what good has come of it."

The following fragmentary portions of a letter I insert, simply because containing the first, and indeed the almost only, *expressed* (to me) disapprobation of aught relating to my conduct in connection with my present belief. I will add that the reply to the same purported to have been dictated by a spirit, a cherished friend both of the author of the letter, and myself. I felt sure of an invisible presence, and of supernal aid at the time, although I knew not from what source it came until several days afterward. As this was the first time I was said to have been impressed in my writing, I am equally anxious to preserve that, although I can only give a portion of each, the balance being of such a personal character the parties would be in danger of being recognized. The writer's forebodings, as the contents of the letter indicate, were principally on a friend's account, whom we shall designate G.

"Dear E——:

"With trembling hand I seat myself to address you:

trembling, for fear I may say something that I had better not. But I pray God that he will direct my pen, that I may not. I could a great deal easier sit down and cry myself sick than say what I am going to to you, if I did not feel that I had a duty to perform which I dare not shrink from. I do so hate to give you pain, that my hand almost refuses to do its office. I thought I could not meddle, until G. read his letter to me, from you, when I made up my mind it was time you knew upon what ground you were standing. . . . . .

I must tell you, but pray God it may not harm you; *she* said, that she and ——, both thought you were crazy. O, that it should become necessary for me to write it! . . . . . .

O, how can you dare to interest G. in those things, after seeing the awful end of B——, and to look back, and see how many of the family have been deranged. O, it does seem to me, it ought to be a warning to us, not to bring up anything to excite even curiosity, for we all know how natural it is to him, to want to know all that is to be known. I want you to promise me, as one of the greatest favors that you could grant, that you will drop the subject entirely with G. . . . . I feel that our old religion is good enough, and we shall be accepted if we strive to do every known duty. You surely can trust us in our heavenly Father's hands, who doeth all things well.

I want to beg you once more, before I close, to grant my request; for if this thing should be brought into our home, I should tremble for the consequences. And another thing will obtrude itself upon my mind: L—— spoke of your having a good deal of gentlemen's company. O, may we not have the sting of thinking you are a free lover: above all things, let us think of you as *pure*. It seems to me it would be too much for us to think otherwise. . . . . .

Upon looking over my letter I see I have not said quite all I want to about what Mrs. —— said, ... she went on to express herself so strongly, and got so excited, that I feared to stay another minute, for fear it might bring harm in some way.

And now, dear E——, I have been very plain with you. I must say, if it will harm you any less, that *I do not doubt your sincerity*. But as you will have to answer at the bar of God, for harm that may come from what you may say, or write, I hope you will be careful. We are too apt to be too sure that we are

right, and the rest wrong. I do not wish to say anything, or hear anything upon the subject that has disturbed us so much, as we never should agree. I wish to drop it entirely."

[REPLY.]

Your letter was received last eve, and carefully perused, though not with tears of remorse; far from it. My first impulse was to take no notice of its contents; but a more careful consideration, and a message from your own mother, saying, She means all right, have decided me upon a different course. Were it concerning myself alone, I could bear your reproaches in silence, for — In the Lord put I my trust — and He has enabled me to live above these petty annoyances. Yet I feel it is but just to the cause of the truth which I espouse, to express myself freely upon these subjects. And may the same God who has guided your pen, direct my thoughts, that I may be enabled to answer your every suggestion, in a truthful, and, as far as may be, satisfactory manner.

You say you think it is time I knew upon what ground I am standing. I agree with you perfectly in this, and at the same time, thank my heavenly Father that he hath made my way *so plain* I cannot be mistaken. . . . .

As to the crazy part: I believe myself to be perfectly sane at the present time; but how long I might remain so, were I to knowingly place myself in circumstances where my best thoughts and feelings were misinterpreted, the highest and purest aspirations of which my being is capable, crushed out and trampled upon, God only knows. It is evident to me that the *suppression* of the knowledge we crave, and which God has intended should be as free to all as the air we breathe, will do more to produce "insanity," than a careful and judicious study of the same. We are all created free moral agents, with a right to think, speak, and act, for ourselves.

"As you will have to answer at the bar of God for harm that may come from what you may say or write, I hope you will be careful." Yes, I hope I shall; and truly thankful am I that it *is* God's "bar," to which I shall have to answer, instead of the bar of human injustice and wrong. Again, you speak of the "old religion" being good enough for you. Now, friend, I do not be-

lieve there is a being upon the face of the earth who has ever heard me speak ill of any religion, sect, or creed. I acknowledge the *good* in all, both inside and outside of the churches. And here it might be well to whisper a word in your ear, lest *you* should be caught unawares. This "new religion," as you term it, is slowly but surely creeping into the churches. Many leading members have already acknowledged their belief in spirit-communion, as have their pastors and teachers. Others, and celebrated ministers, too, who draw crowds of worshippers, were convinced of these truths, years ago, although, from the lack of moral courage or some other reason best known to themselves, they do not come out before the world as Spiritualists.

There is one other subject which I suppose you have felt it your duty to bring up, upon which I shall waste no time, further than to say, If my past, present, and future LIFE speak not for itself in regard to its own "purity," *words* which I could utter would be of no avail.

In regard to your conversation with Mrs. ——, it neither surprises nor alarms me; if you enjoyed it, all right. Excuse me if I say it is the only subject which I ever knew you to think alike about, and the reason why you agree upon this is, because neither of you know, or *care* to know, "upon what ground you stand." I understand her feelings toward me much better than you *can*. That it would mortify her to have her friends know that the word "spiritualism" was even mentioned in her dwelling, is true. Why? *Because it is not popular.* I blame her not, nor would I willingly add a feather's weight to her unhappy frame of mind, the true cause of which is within her own being instead of . . . . We have now both unburthened our minds, and I trust we shall "agree to disagree." I have said nothing but the truth, and if you are not pleased with it you have no one to blame but yourself, as I should never have said or written one word to you upon the subject had I not felt it "*my* duty" after receiving your letter. I shall endeavor to stand up for the truth and the right, now and ever, though by so doing I may lose the confidence of many dear earthly friends; neither shall I sit down and cry over it; much rather, if need be,

"Forget the steps already trod,
And *onward* urge thy way,

'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye."

I see plainly the *point* you wish to gain is, in regard to my writing to G. (I will here state, that the subject was first introduced by him and not by me.) I assure you I shall not do so, unless *he* desires it, but if he is as much interested as I think, there are plenty of ways in which he can obtain the desired information, as you can scarcely take up a paper without finding something in regard to these subjects. They will not much longer be *put down*. The light will not always be hidden under a bushel. The very fact that G. "wants to know all that is to be known," shows that his *mind*, as well as his body requires food; and there is just as much *reason* in starving the one as the other.

One thing more, and I am done: A —— writes, that she tried to "smooth over matters" to you, in regard to my long absence. I am sorry she did so, as I hate intrigue; if the truth cannot be spoken, I prefer silence.

I know this letter will give you pain, but I cannot help it, *it had to be written;* but it has not been done from any ill feeling toward yourself or any one; you have done what you thought right. Am glad you do not doubt my sincerity.

I had thought my last personal extract was inserted; but a letter came to-day which seems a little different in character from any contained herein, and brings the dear "little ones" so forcibly to my mind, that I cannot but hope that they will receive a blessing from the spirit-messengers of love.

"Your letters are so 'weighty' that I have to read them over a good many times to settle them in my brain — then I can't remember half. Seems to me you must study a great deal, certainly your writings indicate it. I do not see but what your arguments are pretty sound, and I must say that I agree with you in a good many things. Speaking of 'hell-fire' sermons, I suppose you agree that there is future punishment, for certainly if the scriptures teach anything they teach that, and it is compared to burning. I have never been taught that it was really *fire*, but

anguish amounting to the same. There are lost spirits; whether they are ever reclaimed, I don't know. *You* think they *are.* Christ came to save all who repent and believe. What a blessed thought it is, that, when we leave this world we can be born into a brighter, happier one. But if our happiness depends on our actions here, I don't know where I shall be; it seems as if I did not live one day through without getting out of patience with the children. Now if I prayed for a spirit of patience, as I ought, I suppose it would be granted, would n't it? But I do n't, you see. The evil spirit is in me all the time; only once in a while I seem to be peacefnl and happy, and yet I have everything, almost, to make me good in this world. I tell you, it needs a wise head to govern children as they should be. L——— is a good girl, but she is so full of frolic, and so forgetful and careless. We have real nice times together, but I do get out of patience with her so often."

My letter, dear friend, would soon settle down
In that brain of thine, if only poor me
Dictated the same. If "half" you remember
'T is more than do I, for it comes and goes,
As a breeze passing by, tarrying not.
Me study! No, indeed, not I. What 's that?
My arguments sound! All right if they are,
But "faith and I fear they 're niver a bit mine."
And what of hell-fire? But I must sober down
Or they 'll think me worse than I really am.
No. Seldom, thank God! is this doctrine now
Proclaimed abroad. Future punishment? Yes,
Each deed and each thought its penalty brings;
It may be to-day, it may be next year;
It may be when slumbers our form in the
Tomb; but this do we know. 'T will ne'er be less,
Nor can it be more than, the deed or thought
In justice demands. The anguish of mind —
Which punishment is — accords to the same.
But this is not all. Whate'er we have done
That may have produced an evil effect,

We must strive to undo — or the evil
Repair. Until we do this, we are bound
As with cords, to things of the past,
And can not imbibe the pure joys of heaven,
Or in the scale of progression ascend.
Our Saviour himself, much less his blood, can
Not expiate sin. By example pure,
And precepts divine, he taught us the *way*,
Which way, if we tread, leads upward to God.
With what measure we mete, that measure withal
Comes back in return.
Aye, blessed indeed
Is the thought of our birth to a brighter
And happier world. Believe me, dear child,
You are growing each day more patient and
Gentle with your own darling ones. Thou hast
In thy keeping, it is true, tender buds,
But be not faint-hearted, for wisdom shall
Unto thee be given. Thy guileless heart
Is open and free; no cherished sins are
Found rankling there. When we know our own faults
The battle 's half won; and victory sure
Will crown with success thy beautiful life.
Not the breath of a prayer from thy soul goes
Forth, but brings in return sweet echoes of
Love. In affections kind thy heart is rich,
Thy maternal love devoted, as strong.
Thy dear little claimants, so innocent,
A firm, yet love-tempered course demand.
Their questions, we see, you answer kindly;
'T is well. Retain in thy keeping their sweet
Confidence, tender, unchained, and free; 't will
Happiness render to both them and thee;
For they 'll love thee more, reverence no less:
"True love may cast out fear, but not respect,
That fears the very shadow of offense."
Then strive thee truly, thy children to teach

The duties, we all humanity owe
In charities tender. Teach them, also,
To feel and cherish, while their pulses beat,
Mercy and kindness for all living things.
Thy darlings are fair — surpassingly so,
Then make thou the inner temple compare;
What now is lovely, may, by true culture,
Still more so become in its prime. May their
Young and tender minds expand in beauty —
And may they become living ensamples
Of holiness and purity, loving
And serving Him whose heart is pity's throne,
And whose mandates wound not except to heal.
Farewell, precious mother; sweet babes, Farewell.

Yes, friends, farewell is the word. I thought to have said it long before, but could not. I suppose it would not be considered "proper" for one whom the world recognizes as the author of a work, to pass judgment on the same. But I trust you will pardon me for here saying: I had no intimation of the character of its contents in advance. The criticisms on my former work, which are inserted in this, were all spontaneous productions. I have solicited none except from two persons (with a view to advertising the book) neither of which have seen fit to respond. All that have come to me are here made public, and without abridgment save in some three or four cases in avoidance of repetition.

I have in store a few choice titbits from the perusers of said volume, some of which came to me personally, others indirectly.

One person thinks the book may be of some use to "beginners" in the spiritual philosophy. Another: It is so "advanced" they cannot comprehend it. The reading of it exerts a soothing influence over one, and puts him to sleep. "How can that be?" says his neighbor; "I cannot sleep at all if I read it." A friend has read it through once, and is reading it again; likes to have it where she can "catch it up." Another, who evidently likes popularity better than she does the book, says, "It is n't fit to be in anybody's house." One respectable gentleman purchased and

read the book, then offered it for sale at fifty cents. About the same time, another gentleman took one on trust, and a few days afterward, brought me five times that amount, insisting that it was worth that to him. A certain individual thinks the writings indicate an unhappy frame of mind. Another, in conversing with me, says, "I would give anything in the world to feel as I imagine you do, from your writings." One, who had the book in her possession, lent it to a neighbor who said it was the best book she had ever read on that subject. We hear of another who actually burned the book because (he said) so many wanted to borrow it; and he, not endorsing its teachings, felt unwilling to lend it. If this be the true reason, we honor and respect that man for acting in accordance with his own convictions of duty.

Of course the book remains unchanged, notwithstanding the diverse opinions. It has certainly been serviceable in one way, to those, at least, who chose to make it so — serving as a mirror in which they might "see themselves as others see them." For as "the moral and intellectual status of man is grounded in the material," so is it reproduced in the every-day occurrences of life by whatever we come in contact with. Each person we meet, each book we read, is but a reflection of our own mind. If we see in our friends nothing to love and admire, it is sure evidence that something is wrong with ourselves; and *vice versa.* There can be no better criterion to judge people by, than the judgment which they pass upon others.

I expect, after all, I have heard but a small tithe of what has been said in regard to the book "Misunderstood," yet I have no scruples in saying, It has been enough to establish in my mind, beyond the shadow of a doubt, two facts concerning it. First: It must possess some merit, as well as demerit, to call forth even the amount of criticism which has come to my knowledge. Secondly: notwithstanding all its faults and foibles — and I know there are many such — *It is rightly named.*

All unpopular authors have my sincere and heart-felt sympathy, and I would suggest that we make use of the philosopher's (Apollonius) prayer; substituting *friends* for "things." "O ye gods! grant me to have few things, and to stand in need of none." The first part of it is sure to come true; the last *may*, sometime. With all of our "eccentricities," "hallucinations," "transcendentalisms," etc., we have this to console us — we are sure to escape

the "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the *false* prophets."

There is one thing I came near forgetting to mention, which seems to me a little remarkable, and augurs well for the cause. Not a person who has written to me upon the subject has expressed a disbelief in, and I think not a doubt concerning, the truth of spirit-communion. I rejoice in this, most firmly believing that spiritualism will eventually be *the* religion of the world, gathering all that is good from all religions. "It will also be the conservatory of science; for all truth centres in God." O, then, dear friends, will ye not help to rear and culture the flowers of angelic wisdom, which shall bloom for thee in the bright summer-land, where life, in its freedom, is a "poem from the finger's ends," and where all things are formed anew?

The winter's dreary days have *gang agla*,
Spring verdure and sweet flowers succeed
The seeming barrenness of hill and dale;
Only seeming, thank God! The germ of the
Soil dies not; it needs but the genial breath
Of the sun's life-giving warmth and light to
Resurrect itself in unsurpassing
Loveliness, fresher, purer, for its season
Of tranquil repose. So truth, when crushed, shall
Rise again. Howe'er so deep in error's
Debris hid, it forth shall spring, untarnished
By tradition's fast-receding wave, whose
Overwhelming power must soon give place to
Rising wave of Freedom's noble birth, whose
Fruits are liberty of thought, *speech*, and LIFE,
Combined with equal justice to our race.
O progress eternal! how beautiful
The thought! Angelic voice of love and truth,
Roll on, and with majestic sway, higher
And yet higher in the scale of holiness
And purity, lead thine adoring worshippers!
Within the soul of each a germ of worth,

Which only needs the vitalizing force
Of truth, hallowed by principles of love
Divine, to fruitage bear of heavenly peace.
Waters from out the living well of hope
Their strength and beauty shall increase, till they
Become like gardens fair, in midst of which
Shall ever-blooming trees of knowledge their seeds
Of perfected wisdom disseminate.
Yea, fowls of the air shall gather the same,
And scatter abroad o'er hill-top and plain,
Through valley and mead, till every clime
Some few have received. Which seed will bring forth
Trees after their kind. And what is their kind?
What indeed but knowledge, and knowledge is
Liberty; and liberty is —"The soul's
Right to breathe," untrammeled by sectarian
Creed, cringing before no cowled priests whose
Symbols dire harass unconscious ignorance.
The "Tree of Life" not only spread its branches
Wide, a shelter from impending storms; it
Also did disseminate the growing
Germs of millions more, which have, in strength,
Become like to the cedars of Lebanon,
And "whose leaves shall be for the healing of
The nations." Healing them from what, ask ye?
Centuries and centuries ago 't was said:

"The tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

This command and threatened annihilation purported to have come from the Lord God himself, "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

And what said the serpent, who is called the Devil, and the father of lies? "Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

Here we have direct opposition at the very outset of man's proclaimed creation. These contradictory texts emanate from two spiritual beings whom the sacred writer — may God forgive his ignorance! — styles *the* God and *the* serpant. A reflective mind which ponders these things cannot fail to perceive the inconsistency of their teachings, and the question will arise, Which of these spirits, if either, was the veritable Lord God? Of course there can be but one answer. The one that told the *truth*. And which did tell the truth? The same writer, in the same chapter, informs us that

"The Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever:

Therefore the Lord sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man."

This opens up the way for more questions: Did the serpent deceive Eve — *if* there was an Eve?

All things came to pass as he predicted.

And *if* there was an Adam — did Adam die?

He could not have died a physical death, and afterwards have tilled the ground.

Even old orthodoxy, if we are rightly informed, does not admit of a *spiritual* death.

Then, again, with some the question will arise, Where, and in what condition would our race have been to-day, if poor deluded Eve had not eaten the apple?

Alas! we have no response; for to us, this wonderful narrative, sadly perverted though it is, was but the forerunner of scores of divine symbols far excelling it in beauty and wisdom; and which, at the present day, might be counted by the millions.

The fruits of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, have been widely scattered over the earth, and are still fulfilling their destiny, by shaking the very foundations of the old heavens and earth.

Most truly did the spirit say, "In sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; (on earth) thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee."

All who have progressed intellectually and spiritually above the ordinary mind and masses of the people, can, from sad ex-

perience, testify to the truth of this prediction. The gospel of truth has been sustained only through individual personal "sacrifice of selfishness, and an expansion in the elements of universal love and true philanthropy." The beautiful and true, from time immemorial, have consecrated their lives and labors to bring about a plan of true harmonial development for humanity. The standard of truth has been raised higher by each well-directed advance of self-sacrificing devotion and exemplified act of self-denial. There must be an Order above and in advance of the world, to govern and regulate it. These must be such as "prefer duty to diversion. He who is false to present duty, breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaws when he has forgotten the cause."

"God's work remains the same, and will endure through eternal ages. Human nature is everywhere the same. In all ages it has had the same wants and aspirations, and has been subject to the same infirmities. The present condition of society is no cause of discouragement. The future cannot be determined by the present. Like life, society grows from a principle divinely implanted; it is progressing, bringing the world and its attractions to an ultimate."

There are noble minds to-day, endowed with power and an understanding of truth, who are educating souls to become practical pioneers in the glorious spiritual reformation, between which and conservatism the spirit of divine wisdom stands as a balance, levelling all distinctions save goodness, transforming the drudgery of life into pleasant occupation by equalizing labor, maintaining the strongholds of virtue by elevating the human race according to to the inspired revelations of the angelic host. For "what *education* is for one man or woman, *revelation* is for the whole human race." Yea, for all, regardless of sect or sex. Woman shall no longer be excluded from her right to aid in purifying and sustaining a rational system of morality and spiritual development, for she is of more worth than to be a mere instrument of worldly pleasure. "We see in our Zion-home women of strength and virtue, whose consecrated powers adorn and beautify the temple of God." Yea, they receive and diffuse the divine esse of love which permeates all mind and matter, and establishes upon earth, "a true type of angelhood in the spheres."

O thou Spirit of Truth! ascend with us
More lofty altitudes of light divine;
Whose ideal beckons, yea, with silv'ry voice
Calls, "Come up higher, above, away from earth!"
The pathway seems wondrously new and strange,
Paved with eternal rocks of holy thought,
Containing essences of subtile power
To penetrate and vivify the daring
Soul which mounts and soars through changing vistas
Of delight, fresh draughts of wisdom to secure.
'T is holy ground, on which we tread with rapid
Strides; the winding path mysterious gives
Birth to marvels unrevealed; celestial
Wonders a living panorama seem.
The River of Knowledge we pass, and plunge
In its pearly stream, emerging forth with
A deeper joy, and with gems of bright truth
From the beautiful wave of harmonic life.
O thou sinless spirit of purity!
When shall we reach the Eureka of bliss
Where blooms the tree of life eternal, whose
Way by cherubims aud seraphims is
Guarded? Onward we roam, upward we soar,
Yet the same deep whisper from our
Soul goes forth: "I hunger, hunger still!"
We know we are but the breath of a thought—
Faint echo of life; But O! we would ask
For the keys to unlock the God-like powers
Of the spirit within; bright glimpses of
Which stir the depths of the soul, but quench not
Its thirst. O! that the music of the sinless
Angel might flow into our enraptured ears,
Filling us with a mighty impulse to
Upraise and beautify, purify and
Ennoble, earth's weeping sons aud daughters,
Leading them in the flower-fringed paths of love
Upon which shines the Sun of pure Wisdom.

O thou Source of Life and Light! bend thine ear;
Let Perseverance be our motto brave,
Humility the garment which we wear;
Be Faith the guiding-star, and hope the light
Which lures us on. Then on the staff of strength
We 'll lean, while prayer shall fill our souls with bread,
Until we safely reach thy kingdom Lord—
Celestial Heaven.

Finis.

AN INVOCATION.

FATHER in heaven! we adore thy glorious name; we look to thee for help in time of need; we feel how weak and incapable we are of fulfilling thy laws: the "spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Wilt thou, O holy and ever-blessed Father of Love, strengthen us, and enable each one of us to bear life's burdens? May every desire of our hearts be pure and holy, and may we extend to each other and to all of humanity that sympathy and love which shall help us to realize that we are all thy children, and that our souls are immortal. Help us, O Father, to know and to be true unto ourselves, thus fulfilling the holy purpose of our being; for if we are true to ourselves we shall be true unto others as well: and may we ever strive to follow the example of Him who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. Amen.

GATHER THE BEAUTIFUL,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

[427]

GATHER THE BEAUTIFUL.

My friends, loved ones, draw near, I pray, and learn
A lesson from the honey-bee:
Mark how he only doth extract the sweet,
For that alone from grain or flower is meet
To gather home and stow away.

The flowers from which he stole the sweet, remain
Fresh, pure and bright; the passer-by
Might pluck the same and fail to know or miss
The sweetness gathered by the honey-bee's kiss.
O lovely flower! that we might be

Like unto thee, so pure we could not hide
One sinful thought, one evil deed;
That we might bear the noon-day sun, and feel
We have within a friendly heart toward all,
With sympathy for those in need.

Many, say "the world is beautiful!" Why?
Because within their own bright souls
'T is so reflected; because such an one
Hath learned to gather the beautiful alone,
Pass by earth's lucre and seek its pearls;

Yea, pearls of wisdom, pearls of truth most rare.
And why so rare? Is it because
We have no just conception of the same?
Nay, nay, my friend, that cannot be; I blame
Thee not, and yet, I pray thee pause; —

Hast thou e'er lived according to what thou
Didst at the time perceive to be
The best and highest course thou mightst pursue?
Hast kept thy noblest attributes in view?
Thy baser passions kept at bay?

If so, my friend, thou hast, like one of old,
"Chosen the better part," and hast
Entered already the valley of blessing;
Hast drank from the fount so cool and refreshing,
And had a sweet taste of heaven's repast.

Thou hast gathered, indeed, the most beautiful;
O, cherish and keep it alway!
Add treasures thereto, increasing the same;
Seek not for riches or for worldly fame;
They both, like the dew, will pass away.

Seek, rather, the pure, the good, and the true,
Nor deem them hard on earth to find,
For I tell you, friend, by a God-given law
We all do possess a heaven-born ray
Of celestial light, though dimmed,

It may be, by the casket rough it wears.
O, crush not, then, this gem so fair,
Nor smother with corroding care this fire,
But add fresh fuel to the same; then higher,
Brighter its flames shall rise, and bear

Sweet incense to its maker, God; then, too,
Pure angels, from the sphere of light,
Shall, on the wings of love, descend to earth,
And gather up the beautiful, the truth,—
That truth with heavenly radiance bright.

In all thy intercourse with man, if thou
Wouldst seek to find within his soul

The nobler virtues of the mind and heart,
Wouldst, all unconsciously to him, impart
Desires which would his bosom fill

With earnest zeal to rise above frail self,
To mingle with the great and good,—
O, then, my friend, thou wouldst thyself from him
Gather the beautiful, while he the same
From thee would cull, both would be fed.

'T is ever thus, our great Exemplar said:
More blest are they who freely give
Than those who only do receive; 't is sure,
We know; yea, every word of God is pure,
Then near to Him O, let us live!

"As in water face answereth to face,
So the heart of man to man."
Then pray, let your face no image produce
Which might lead souls astray — induce
Men to think your heart could be vain;

For as "love is the guiding star to love,
And soul must speak to soul," so we
Our sacred affections must keep in view,
Rememb'ring, all "who learn to love aright
Do pass from darkness into light."

Methinks I hear some dear one ask the way
To love aright! The golden rule
Comes to our mind: if we our neighbor as
Ourselves do love, 't is enough; no danger
Of loving too much or too well.

Let Charity, so sweet and mild, e'er find
A home within thy gentle breast,—
Charity, which is the bond of perfection;
Also, the hidden manna to our race,
Without which we have nought to boast.

Behold the sky now radiant and fair!
Bright, fleecy clouds are flitting by,
And far away the crimson glow so deep,
Its lustre sheds, while golden hues do leap
Beyond the same. Beautiful sky!

The scene is changed — the sky so bright and fair
Is hidden from our sight by clouds
Dark and dismal; no sunshine now to guide
The trav'ler on his weary way; instead,
Gathering darkness him enshrouds:

We would compare this changeful sky with man;
At times his course seems bright and fair;
He scatters sunshine as he goes; no one,
However poor and mean, doth seek in vain
His tender love and friendly care.

Then comes a day when sorrows deep intrude;
His tranquil soul is clouded o'er
By afflictions keen; wild emotions now
His bosom thrill; his pulse's beat is slow,
His very life a burden sore.

How dost thou, then, interpret this? my friend,
Dost thou in darkness still revel?
Or dost, like patient Job, exclaim instead,
Shall we receive good at the hand of God,
And shall we not receive evil?

Again, shall we because of these same clouds
Declare that sunshine is a fraud,
A vain delusion which will nevermore
With its golden beams heaven's pure light restore?
Nay, nay, not so, my unknown friend; —

But, like the bright celestial orb, abide
Until the clouds be scattered all;

Then trace with him the bright and fair, unmixt
With dreary clouds of gloom which come betwixt:
Gather alone the beautiful,—

And scatter the same. There are treasures rich
Buried deep in thy heart so warm;
O, bring them all forth; polish them brightly;
Then give from your store, esteeming not lightly
Thy God-given talents sublime.

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall
Be, saith the preacher, David's son;
And that which *is* done, is that which *shall* be done:
And there is no new thing under the sun.
Canst thou sense it? The rivers run

Into the sea, yet the sea is not full.
"The thing that hath been." How is this?
Listen. Thy mother has a rose; single
Its leaves, and small the flower; it doth mingle
Sweet fragrance with the breeze; it is,

Yes, it is a rose; Is it beautiful?
Nay. You may possess a *cultured* rose;
Compare the two: just look! thine doth unfold
A score of leaves to *one* of hers; behold!
Thine, too, is more than twice its size.

A stranger comes and views the two,—one who
Has never seen before a cultured rose;
If guided by her own instinct alone,
Would she not say, "These flowers are not the same"?
Aye, truly too, we may suppose,

And yet they both do bear the name of Rose.
The friend is right, and, too, is wrong;
She 's not to blame, and speaks what is
To her the truth; condemn her not for this,
But lead her forth the flowers among;

Explain to her the means employed to change
The single to the double flower.
Now thus would we the preacher's words explain;
For if there 's no *new* thing under the sun,
There 's surely *undeveloped power*.

The past and present have done — are doing, much
To rear the structure and prepare
For what *shall be* in ages yet to come;
And as the wheels of time roll on, *Reform*
Shall be the watchword and the tower.

Long ages yet, may come and go before
His early purpose is fulfilled;
Also, the rivers run into the sea
Cycles of years, ere they it overflow;
The powers that be have thus decreed,

And to every thing there is a season,
And a time to every purpose
Under the heaven! He hath made every thing
Beautiful in his time. Again, "he hath
Set the world in their heart:" If true,

For what? that man might have a work to do,
An aim in life, a purpose to
Fulfil? ask your own hearts. In much wisdom
Is much grief; yet wisdom excelleth folly
As far as light excelleth darkness.

And wisdom also is better than strength;
Nevertheless, the poor man's wisdom
Is despised, and his words are not heard.
The days shall come when *worth*, not *wealth*, shall guide
The human mind, and trace therefrom

True wisdom from a higher source: we shall know
That whatsoever God doeth

It shall be forever. Hast thou, my friend,
An erring brother? strive, I pray, to lend
Thine aid to lead from danger's path;—

"A word fitly spoken is like apples
Of gold in pictures of silver."
Notwithstanding this, beloved, there 's a
Time to keep silence, and a time to speak,
If thou thy brother wouldst deliver.

O, show thyself friendly and kind to all,—
Let love alone reign in thy heart;
For a bird of the air shall carry the voice,
And that which hath wings shall tell the matter,—
Thy life become a living chart:

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
Or the golden bowl be broken:"
O, then shalt thou gather at the river,
The pure, the bright, the beautiful ever;
God's love shall be of this a token.

Remember, a friend loveth at all times;
Let thy garments be always white;
O, gather and scatter the beautiful,
Thine own cup of joy will then be full
In summer's day and winter's night.

There 's beauty all around, below, above,
"And the Soul of the Beautiful
Is, the Divine,—the beauty which unites the
Human to the divine is love, and love
Is the longing of the soul *for love*.

DRIFTING.

I 'm drifting now, I have no home,
No place that I can call my own!
I 've left for aye my cherished room,
Within whose walls angels came down.

Angels so kind, so pure, so bright:
Why, ye loved ones, O, tell me why
Dark clouds surround? Is there no light—
No beams of love to cheer the way,—

Must I go forth a wanderer
Upon the troubled sea of life,
Remote from all whom I hold dear,—
My weary soul know nought but strife?

Is there no home on earth for me,
And yet must I abide below
And crush this longing to be free,
Bearing this weary weight of woe?

My spirit longs to be at rest,
To meet those loved ones, O, so dear!
To dwell for ever with the blest,
Nor stem the tide so dark, so drear:

I know that thou, my angel-guide,
Dost say my work is not complete;
I must still longer here abide,
Though bitter mingle with the sweet;—

Must, for the sake of those I love,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
Give forth the truth which those above
Reveal to me in God's dear name.

Then hush, my soul, this inward grief;
Shrink not from duty's call, I pray;
Though fierce and angry be the strife,
Thy night shall end in glorious day.

Wilt thou, my precious angel-guide,
Direct my mind and heart aright?
Help me to rise above the tide
Of selfish thought, and by thy might

Unfold the gift God hath bestowed;
Point out the work, show me the way,
Make me an instrument for good
Toward all humanity, I pray!

I 'm waiting now,—must it be long?
I want to *do*, and not to *dream;*
Wilt thou help me? and is it wrong
To wish to *be*, and not to *seem?*

THE ANGEL'S REPLY.

We heard thy prayer of yesternight;
We see thy weary, restless soul
So longing for a home of light
Where sin's dark waves no more control.

We know thy pure and gentle breast
Sighs for the dear ones gone before;
There seems for thee no place of rest,
No home upon thine earthly shore.

Just now, we see the storm is raging
In wild, tempestuous, angry mood,
While cold bleak, winds, round thee sweeping,
Seem drifting thee from shoal to shoal.

But, sister dear, it won't be long;
The clouds so dark will soon disperse;
Thou hast not done, but suffered, wrong,—
For others borne the heavy cross.

Have patience, then, calmly abide,
Look not upon the past as lost,
Though fearfully misunderstood
By those you love the most and best.

A change will come, a happy change
For them and you; yes, by and by
Their thoughts will take a wider range,
Upheld by angels from on high.

Thy work, indeed, is not yet done;
If 't were we would have told thee so;
We would have sent thy dearest one
To lead thee to thy home on high.

Thy words and deeds of love and light
Have here prepared for thee a home,
Yes, beautiful, radiant, bright:
We can but show thee, now, one room:

Its atmosphere is pure and sweet,
Fresh flowers are blooming ever here
Here music soft, here music sweet
Ascends from thine own earthly sphere.

'T is here that we, thine angel band,
Unite our forces thee to aid;

We love thee, sister, and we stand
As sentinels thy soul to guard

From ills which thou, as mortal, still
Art subject to; nor is this all:
We do thy mind and brain control;
We write our image on thy soul.

Then fear thou not, for this we say,
Thou wilt not, cannot, far go wrong,
For we shall lead thee all the way,
Yea, we will help thee to grow strong.

Canst thou not trust us, sister dear?
Forgettest thou the wondrous truths
We made to thee seem bright and clear?
Told we not thee thy future course

While at the time thy doubting heart
Could not discern — could not believe?
Have we not proved beyond a doubt
The same,— also, that we still live?

Then trust us, precious child of earth;
We still will guard, we still will guide,
Help thee to *live* and *teach* the truth,
So long as thou on earth abide.

MOTHER IN ISRAEL.

Have you seen her? do you know her?
And what they tell us — is it true,
Concerning her whom they do call
The mother dear in Israel?

"We have seen her and we know her;
We will gladly send thee to her;
Though much there is which we might tell,
No 'hearsay' satisfies as well."

Can she tell me of my mother,
Who from earth-life passed up hither
Ere I had learned to know and love her?
Loves she still her darling daughter?

"It is not she who hath the power
To tell of loved ones gone before;
But if thy loved ones her control,
These same, indeed, can tell thee all."

I 've heard that she did ofttimes see
Bright scenes above, and spirits, too,
How beautiful! I would that I
Could look beyond the bright blue sky.

"They call this phase clairvoyant sight,
Or spirit-vision, pure and bright;
It must, indeed, sweet joy impart
To visit these, of heaven a part."

A good developer, as well,
She is, at least they so me tell;
Hath she for you the future told,
Or helped your powers to unfold?

"She has indeed some things foretold;
More precious in my sight than gold
Is all the loving care which she
So kindly hath bestowed on me."

She is, I 'm told, kind to the poor,
And never sends them from her door,
But gives them "sittings" all the same,
While they in turn do bless her name.

"Quite right, my friend, full many come
Without money and without price;
Her heart goes out in sympathy,
Nor does she work alone for pay."

I hope she has laid up in store
A good supply; if to the poor
She is so liberal and kind,
She must possess a noble mind.

"I grieve to say her earthly stores
Are not abundant; the reverse
Would be nearer; her daily bread
Is sure to come, then all is said."

If not on earth, then sure in heaven
Her deeds of love have all been written;
She will receive a just reward
And dwell forever with the good.

"Yes, if the seed she here hath sown
Doth yield its fruit, she there will own
Treasures untold which perish not,—
They all have been too dearly bought."

My thanks, kind friend, for what you say,—
I 'll go to her this very day;

I feel quite sure that something bright
Will come to me, my heart's so light.

"I trust there will; a truer friend
Than she to me I'll never find;
The name she bears doth suit her well—
A Mother kind in Israel."

A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

How sad the voice which whispers in our ears
When earth is hushed in calm repose;
These hours recall the friends of former years,
Now passed beyond this vale of woes.

Come near, thou precious, loving ones, to-night
My heart is sad—I know not why,
Thy presence can make it the home of light—
Without thine aid I dare not try

These sad forebodings to repress; alas!
They seem to cast a shadow drear
Around my pathway, deep, dark, fathomless;
I pry' thee, friends, come very near—

And fold me in thy warm embrace once more,
Whisper low, sweet words of comfort;
O, let me feel and know that loved ones near
Do all my secret soul interpret!

O, what is life with all my dear ones gone before?
Must I, can I smother this grief,
This inward dearth, and sorrow meekly bear?
O Father, may my stay be brief

Within this dark and lonely vale of tears!
O, send to me speedy relief
And help to banish all my worldly fears;
My heart fix thou upon thyself.

Friend, hearest thou mine agonizing cry?
Hast thou no pity in thine heart?
Forgettest thou the days agone, when I
Did share with thee the cruel smart

Of sad injustice done to thee and thine?
Alas! I now alone must bear
That grief for which thou didst thy life resign;
No loving one have I to share

This weary weight of woe—this burden sore;
My heart is drear and desolate,
No gleam of light within my soul so bare:
Come thou, before it is too late,

Help, O, help my weak endeavor! give rest
Unto thy weary child once more;
Give strength, give patience, till I upon thy breast
Can lay me down for evermore.

"O, let the dead and the beautiful rest!"
How *can* they rest when they behold
Their darling ones with sorrows deep oppressed,
And they unable to enfold

Them in their loving, fond embrace so sweet,
So soul-refreshing, and so dear?
"Hush! my child, thy sad repining is not meet;
Thou still art blessed with friends to cheer

Thy pilgrimage. Awake! put on thy strength,
Put all thy beauteous garments on;

Garments of purity and peace, at length
Thy righteous labors all shall crown;

Dwell not upon thy trials sore, live thou
Above the same; ride over them:
Our kindly aid most gladly we 'll bestow,
And help thee to life's current stem.

Look not behind! upward, heavenward thy course!
If thou wouldst have our sustenance,
Reach forth thine hand; no longer let remorse
Thy noblest powers of mind enhance!

'Out of the darkness! into the light!' and
Blessing will then attend thee ever;
Thy soul become so wondrously bright, that
Sorrows shall darken never, O, never!"

CHRISTMAS.

'T is Christmas Eve! and I am, where?
Far from my home: I cannot share
With those I love, the festive mirth
This season brings to all the earth,—

I shall not hear the voices sweet,
Which have been wont mine ears to greet
Before the rising of the sun,
On holy, happy Christmas morn;—

I shall not see the stockings nine
Hang from the mantle in a line,
Commencing with the Papa's tall
Down to the smallest one of all;—

I shall not place my little mite
Within each one this christmas night;
I have no work to finish up:
I wonder if, whem I 'm asleep

I 'll dream of home, so far away,
And see the little ones at play;
Receive from each a greeting kind,
And feel their arms about me twined!

I wonder if they 'll miss me there,
And say, I wish that she were here —
I hope a letter I 'll receive
From them to-morrow, or this eve; —

To-day a Christmas package came,
Reminding of that pleasant home;
It did contain two pairs of hose, —
So now I 'll have no more bare toes.

Although, the weather is so warm,
I doubt if it could do me harm;
It seems more like to mild September,
Than the wintry month December.

My hostess has this day "done made"
Such lots of pies, and cake beside;
The turkey too, is "mighty fine;"
To-morrow we "right well" will dine.

Not that it is a thing uncommon
To have a turkey, in this region,
For here these birds are far more plenty
Than fair young girls — under thirty.

Geese and chickens, ducks included,
Here unwittingly are murdered;

We have them daily for our dinner:
Methinks the flocks will soon get thinner.

. . . . . .

'T is Christmas morn! I did not dream
Of Santa Claus, nor of my home —
As I was hoping that I might —
But had, instead, a fearful fright.

Some one, I thought, came to my door,
Then softly walked across the floor;
Came to my bed with arms outstretched,
And at the clothes about me clutched:

'T was such an ugly, frightful dream!
At first I could not move or scream;
A mighty effort I did make
To call for help, and thus awoke;—

No one I saw, 't was very dark,
But O, the dogs, how they did bark!
I know not yet what was the matter,
Or why they made such fearful clatter.

. . . . . .

The day, so fair, has come and gone,—
'T is eve, and here I sit alone;
I went to church this morn, and heard
Sweet counsel from God's holy word.

The text was this: "Our Religion;"
And all who do it make their own,
Have nought to fear on this side heaven,
And surely not, in God's pure Eden.

The music sweet was soul-enchanting;
No power or harmony was lacking;
I think the angel-choirs above
Must sure have lent their aid, in love.

The church, so neat, with box and pine,
With holly, birch, and ivy-vine,
Was decorated here and there,
Quite simply, but with taste most rare; —

Each lamp was taken from its socket,
And in its place were berries scarlet,
All intermingled with the green
So bright — while English ivy-vine

Came trailing down, as if to show
How luxuriantly it doth grow
In this sunny Southern clime,
Where blasting storms ne'er find a home.

No "Merry Christmas" do we hear,
But "Christmas Gift" from children dear;
The one who says it first, expects
From others to receive the gifts.

The observation of this day
Is quite amiss; I grieve to say
How sadly here they do abuse
The same, by a too frequent use

Of ardent spirits; the day doth seem
More like "Election" — for we ken
Poor foolish men oft then drink rum,
As office-seekers *give* them some.

One poor old "nig" was sent to-day
To the land where good darkies go,
I hope, by one who, though not black,
Was, like the darkey, very drunk.

Again, the day seems like the "Fourth,"
As celebrated by the youth;

What else they get it little matters,
Only so they have *fire-crackers*.

The hour, I fear, is getting late;
This jingle I 'll submit to fate,
And when I write to you again,
Will hope to have a better pen.

No letter from home had I to-day,
So must bear it as best I may:
With a kiss for the children dear,
I 'll say good-night, and then retire.

LINES TO ——— FROM HER SPIRIT-SISTER.

My precious, darling sister! I am with you
O! so often, in the hours
When daylight fades, and twilight gathers anew
From thy heart sweet memories
Of all the happy days and years you and I
Have lived and loved together.

I wish, dear sister, you might *feel* my presence,—
Might be more sure my spirit
Returns to thee, nor thee alone, other ones—
My father dear I visit,
My mother, too, whose yearning heart oft bemoans
Her loss, my gain, dear mother.

I do so long to tell you all the rapture
I feel when you, my dear ones,

Draw near to me in heart and soul. The future
Will bring to thee loving tones
Oft whispered in the midnight breeze: you, sister
My darling! do oftentimes

So lonely feel without me there, as of yore;
You long to clasp me fondly,
Your heart is sad and desolate; trials sore
Have left their impress dreary;
I long, dear one, to aid thee still, saintly pure
Thy spirit, but *so* weary; —

But brighter days, my sister dear, will, I think,
Soon dawn for thee; have patience,
My own loved one, thou standest now near the brink
Of some new joy — assurance
Is mine to thee inform, though first thou wilt drink
From sorrow's brimming chalice.

Let not your heart be troubled: look upward!
And trust thou in God and us;
He is able, we are willing; our love combined
Shall leave thee not comfortless:
We'll lead the kindly, by the surest, smoothest road,
And thee, darling, will cheer and bless.

Thy friends above are numerous, sister dear,
We're a happy loving band;
Sweet music fills our souls alway,— may its cheer
Our dear ones reach — softly blend
With their sweet strains wafted on high; these we hear
So oft in our summerland.

Sweet flowers are blooming ever here; their fragrance
Perfumes the air so sweetly,
Then rises to sublimer heights, as incense
From those who rear tenderly

Kind nature's gifts, rare, beautiful; sweet essence
Of love, so pure, heavenly.

Our loves we cherish fondly here and truly,
So full, so rich, and so free;
Enough for all who will receive and kindly
Return the same — more, maybe;
But fare thee well! May blessings pure and holy
Attend, loved one, thine and thee.

FORSAKEN.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?
Did I not leave all else beside to follow thee,—
My home, my friends, and all that I on earth hold dear?
And now dost thou withhold from me one word of cheer?

How long, O Lord! how long must I in darkness grope,—
How long by *faith alone* keep heart? I once had hope,
'T is sinking fast; the glimmering light I saw ahead,
I see not now,—where hath it fled? is it obscured

By passing clouds which will at thy command disperse?
Wilt thou, my God, my heart and soul once more immerse
In waters deep, so deep they seem my life to chill?
I wait to hear my master say, Peace, be still.

But no, still come these troublous waves; each one gives place
To sister wave, which in its turn doth me embrace,
And leave me weaker, fainter than the one before;
Would they might waft my spirit forth to yon bright shore.

Why must I be so chained to earth? I long to rise
Above the same, to dwell with beings pure and wise,
Whose pleasure doth for aye consist in words and deeds
Of love and truth, supplying, daily, wants and needs

Of those to whom they minister. The angel-world
Is filled with such; how sweet, how bright, what joys untold
Await us there! Our life-work, but begins on earth;
May it begin aright, we pray: the spirit-birth

Will then be free,— the soul assimilate and blend
In holy ecstasy of love, with heart and mind
Congenial to its own; no misconceptions there;
No midnight gloom: The pearl of truth, so bright and fair,

Yet, sad to say, so oft o'erlooked by mortals here,
Will then shine forth so radiant, so bright, so clear,
No counterfeit can be produced to take its place,
Or for one moment dim the beauty of its face.

My angel-guides, O, where are they? I see them not,
Nor do I sense their presence near; is there no spot
Where I may trace, in visions bright, their silent aid?
Is there a purpose in this melancholy hid?

Must I through suffering obtain, what to the world
I give in song? is there no other way to gild
Our earth-life, and fit us for a heavenly one?
Methinks I hear thee gently say, Behold my Son!

My gracious God! forgive, I pray, these murmurings;
'T is meet for me that I should have these wanderings,
Else, how could I true sympathy and love bestow
On poor, forsaken ones below? Father, I bow

Submissive 'neath thy chast'ning rod, and own it just;
Henceforth may I smother this grief, and firmly trust

In Him who did his dearest Son suffer to die
Upon the cross; for what indeed, am I, that He

Should mindful prove of my desire? then take away
This spirit of unrest, I pray! give, day by day,
What seemeth best; help me to trust thee for the rest,
And in sincerity to own — God knoweth best.

If to obtain my heart's desire, my spirit's food,
The physical I must restrain and crucify,
Give strength, I pray, and patience too, that so I may
Go boldly forth—bright chosen ones to lead the way.

Draw near me, then, and let me feel, as in the past,
Thy love is sure, thy truth it will forever last; and
Though I walk untrodden paths, thou still art near
To guide me through the wilderness, so dark and drear.

O, point me to the light ahead! its rays divine
Will then infuse my inmost soul; I will resign
My all to thee; I would draw nearer,— feel thee dearer
Than e'er thou hast been unto me; Holy Father,—

Send to me my dearest ones, for thine they are—
Yes, thine and mine! how sweet the thought, we all may share
Thy love and joy, for thou hast said, Ye all are sons.
Forsake not, then, for his dear sake whose crown was—thorns.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

A form of beauty and of grace
She did possess,
Her face was fair to look upon,
Her hair as golden as the sun,
Her lips, from them you fain would win
A holy kiss.

This little mother, too, was young;
Nevertheless,
An infant lay upon her arm:
She pressed it to her bosom warm
As if to shield it from all harm,
And to it bless.

Beside her stood a sweet young child
Two summers old;
The image of her mother, she,
But from her tender eyes, so blue,
Tears came flowing copiously;
Her grief seemed wild.

My heart was touched; the little one
I twice before
Had seen, in joyous, happy mood;
So innocent she seemed, and good,
I wondered what could have transpired,
To thus unbar

The flood-gates of her little soul:
What do you think?
I gently called her by her name,—
With outstretched arms to me she came,
As if she thought I'd save from harm;
Dear little Beck!

I soothed her tenderly, and asked
What made her cry;
The answer came. Dear little pet
With eyes so sad, and cheeks so wet,
Your lisping tones I'll ne'er forget!
She thus did say,—

"Bad little girls be all burned up."
Father divine!
My heart grows sick; this little lamb,
Scarce old enough to lisp thy name,
So early taught her tiny form
Thou wouldst consign

Unto the fiery flame, if she
Did aught amiss!
We sat before an open fire,
The flames arose, leaping higher
Than was their wont. Poor little dear!
I stooped to kiss

Her burning cheek; I longed to say,
It all is false,
But there the little mother sat,
And she, I knew, did from her heart
Believe her teachings to be right.
Alas! alas!—

The mother, but a child herself;
At years fifteen,
The nuptial vow had been performed,
The duties of the *wife* assumed,
Her fair young life, alas, entombed
In sorrow's shrine!

The joys and pains of motherhood
She twice had borne,

When first the death-angel came down
And bore away her first-born son,
His work e'en then but just begun:
He did return,

And claim the little one as well—
The babe so dear.
The mother's heart seemed bursting now—
Misfortune, too, did them o'erthrow,
Their *home* to others soon must go,
'T was theirs no more.

A shelter kind, and loving hearts,
Were found beneath
The little mother's homestead roof;
Old friends did vie to give a proof
Of sympathy. Is it enough
For thee, O death?

The frail young mother cried, and hope
Revived again;
For now the time was drawing near,
To which, with joy outweighing fear,
Her heart, so desolate and drear,
Looked to regain

Its wonted joy.—Maternity!
What love untold
This simple word, doth oft embrace!
Sweet mother, rest a little space,
And pray thee for renewed grace
Ere thou behold—

The counterpart of thy past woes!
For weeks her babe
Sleeps peacefully, except at times
When nourishment its body claims,

No throb of pain its face alarms,—
Rest, undisturbed,

Seems all that this dear little one,
Thus far requires.
The mother watches eagerly
The form which rests so languidly
Upon her breast; so tenderly
She gazes now—

Her heart is troubled. Precious babe!
What dost thou see?
His deep blue eyes he doth uplift:
They seem, alas! a sightless gift,
As if the soul had gone out and left
The door wide open:—

Can this be true! my darling blind?
Little mother,
Thy cup indeed is filling fast,
Thy sorrows did this shadow cast
Upon thy babe! Thy dream is past.
He will never

On earth, behold his mother's face;
Her gentle voice
He soon will learn to know right well:
The months go by, but who can tell
How long?—Thy cup, indeed, is full.
Dost thou rejoice

O'er prospects which some would lament—
Little mother?
Another bud of promise soon
Will claim thy tender care, and win
A place thy guileless heart within:
Yes, a daughter

Is folded to thy heart once more;
Unlike the boy,
She doth possess a robust frame,
And in a little space of time
Becomes a sunlight in your home.
Her father's joy,

Her mother's pet, is she; and yet
Thy chief employ
Remains the same,—to tenderly
Watch o'er and guard so lovingly
Him who to thee so clingingly
Denotes his joy.

His sweet young life has been of late
So fraught with pain,
No voice but thine could soothe to rest;
His tiny hands oft thee caress,
As if to say, I love thee best,
Dear mother mine!

Sweet babe! thou soon wilt be released
From suffering.
Thy spirit pure in spotless robes
Will soon be clothed; thy sightless orbs
And clayey form where nought disturbs
Lie mouldering.

Not so thy soul; it shall ere long
In beauty bloom,—
Thy spirit-birth to thee unfold
Visions of light; pleasures untold
Await thee there; thou shalt behold
No midnight gloom,—

But brightness shall illume thy path,
So dark below.

Little mother, we chide thee not!
Our Jesus wept, and it is meet
That for thy precious babe so sweet
Thy tears should flow:

He hath to thee, full well we know,
Been doubly dear,
Because of his infirmity
Which claimed thy heartfelt sympathy,
Combined with love pure and holy.
Angels hover near

To comfort thee, as tenderly
Thou dost prepare
For its last home the waxen form
So beautiful. No chill earth-storm
Shall with conscious pain alarm
Those features more.

Then fold the little hands to rest,
Stricken mother;
Brush from the forehead broad and full,
The sunny hair, and lay each curl
Adown upon the snowy pall;
Then bring hither

Fresh flowers, most delicate and rare;
Scatter the same.
E'en now his spirit hovers near
And views the scene; his vision clear
Beholds the tender, drooping flower.
Music sublime

Floats from the angel-choir above
And fills the air;
Weep ye not for the dead, mother,
His anguish and pain are over;

Angels of light, pure and tender,
For him will care.

Now, reader kind, I have given
The history,—
At least so far as I it knew,—
Of that dear little mother who
Gave to her child, innocently,—
Unconsciously,—

That false and cruel conception
Of Deity.
From my heart went forth a burdened sigh,
A prayer that heaven might grace supply
To help unveil the mother's eye,
And finally

The truth be written on that brow,
Divinely fair,
Fresh powers of comprehension given
To trace the light and joy of heaven
Within herself, and God's own leaven
Working there,—

Fill all her being with his love,
Changeless ever
As the luminous firmament,
Pure and bright as the rainbow tint
Which deepens when the storm is spent.
Holy Father!

If *thus* Thy love her bosom fill,
Her soul is saved;
No place remains for death and hell;
'T is with herself and children well;
No more will she the darlings tell,
Heaven's path is paved

With babes whose souls have been "burned up;"
Nay, much rather,
Herself become like to a child,—
Tread the pathway of Him who said,
Of such is the kingdom of God.
Fair young mother,

Our prayer for thee is, that thy life
Be full of light.
Teach thou, in love, this to thy babes,—
Fear not, little flock; for it is
Your Father's good pleasure to give
You the kingdom

ALONE.

"Then lead me, for O, I am lonely!
And love me, for I am thine only:
Yes, Great One and True One! thine only,
And with *Thee* am never alone."

I oft, alas, do *feel* alone, yea, all alone, so far from those I dearly love; I feel like Noah's weary dove, that soared the earth around, but not a resting place above the waters found.

My life of late seems not mine own: I'm tossed about hither and yon; 't is well the earth is round; if flat, I might come to the end some day, and fall, somewhere, anywhere, who would care?

Would not somebody say, "Well there, I've wished it long ago, 't is all because of that hallucinated brain; I've warned her oft, 't was of no use, she had her way, and now, alas, she bears alone the pain."

Yes, friends, I truly bear alone, heartache and pain, although instead of falling lower, I feel myself rising higher, above this earthly plane.

I know it is no fault of yours, for, as you say, you would have kept me still with you, had you known precisely how, also possessed the power.

But here I am; the world is round, and large enough for you and me, though *wide apart;* and if the language of your heart remains the same, in truth 't is better thus.

The past only a vision bright has been, which soon will fade away; though for a time 't will dim the sky, obscure the heavenly light which radiated us between, and seemed to cast a "sunbeam glancing o'er life's tears;"

Tears caused by sorrows of past years, deeply drifted in my heart. If this be all, and I henceforth alone must tread the weary walk of life below, —

No friends, save those who dwell on high, and strive my soul to guide; I pray that I may patience have to "bide my time," till I with them shall be at rest.

If these love not the best, they surely, unlike some, are not afraid their love to show in its true light: not that I would my friends rebuke, for I have been, still am, so weak;

I pray, and strive, and fight, and ofttimes feel the mastery o'er self I ne'er shall gain, or selfish deeds and aims uproot; if angels pure did not assist, a blotted page sadly defaced my life would show.

Mine earthly friends, methinks, would number less than in the days of yore; and why? "When a mortal has dared to be wise, and seize upon truth as the soul's 'Magna Charta,' he always has won from the lovers of lies, the name of a fool, or the fate of a martyr."

I doubt not you, my friends, will think me too severe; I may be so, God grant I am, for your dear sakes as well as mine; may you what I endure, and have in life passed through, never be made to feel, unless it be the only way to separate the false and true;

May God more gently deal with thee and thine, the dross cast out, the gold refine, without the seething, burning flame, which has been deemed in former time the best way, the divine.

Methinks the world make a mistake in saying this, and do what they 've oft done before,— the sins which lie at their own door, palm off on Him who is above being tempted of evil, neither tempteth he any man.

Would he plead against me with his great power? No; but he would put strength in me. Do I need that strength? Yes;

every day I need thee, O my God: make haste to help me, and draw me nearer, Lord, to thee.

Like Job, I feel to say: "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him;

He hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him; but he knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold. My foot hath held his steps, his way have I kept, and not declined.

Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips; I have esteemed the words of his mouth, more than my necessary food. But he is in one mind, and who can turn him? and what his soul desireth, even that he doeth."

For he performeth the thing that is appointed for me: and many such things are with him. He doth for me care, I have therefore learned, —

"When days are dark, and friends are few, on him to lean who, not in vain, experienced every human pain: He feels my griefs, He sees my fears, and counts and treasures up my tears."

I will henceforth trust him ever; for, "Shall mortal man be more just than his God? shall man be more pure than his Maker?"

My friends, think not my grief is for myself alone; it is for thee as well, yea, more, I do in truth believe; you are by me, as in days agone, cherished fondly, loved most truly.

I oft have felt, when in your presence dear, "Thou art so near, and yet so far." How is it now? thou art *so far;* and would to God I here might add, And yet so near, in heart, in soul, and spirit dear; 't would cheer me on the road.

But no, such bliss seems not for me on this side heaven, for I am far, yea, very far from all that I on earth hold dear.

Do I, then, for this mourn? Not for the distance as measured by *miles or days,* this I could bear without repining; but now, my cup is overflowing, my sky a murky haze.

As a dream when one awaketh, so, Lord, am I. I thought ere this, my friends, some of them at least, would search with me these hidden mysteries; not so, and I am waiting, waiting still.

"I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart." Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Nay, precious in his sight are you, my companions and friends;

then taste and see that the Lord is good: delay not, the longer you do idly wait, the harder to get free.

Then say not thou within thyself, Yet a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. Awake, thine eyelids ope, and view the broad expanse of heaven so beautiful!

The sunlight fair adorns the same, yet not for one alone it came; for you, for me, for all who place themselves within its realm, its light goes forth; come, feel the warmth its rays can give,—

Thy spirits pure no longer grieve with errors taught in youth. "We do not ask for forms and creeds, or useless dogmas, *old* or *new*, but we *do ask for christian deeds, with man's progression* full in view.

Both in your church and in your state, *more of life and less of fashion, more of love and less of passion,* that will make you good and just."

Like David, I can truly say, for you, my dear ones, My heart and my flesh faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.

But vain, dear Lord, would be my words if I should ask, Whom have I in heaven but Thee? or say, There is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.

For I know in heaven many dear ones are waiting for me, yet working while they wait, tenderly guiding souls aright, the way of life teaching.

And on earth, my God, are those that "I desire beside Thee;" In thy sight it cannot be wrong, for mine are thine, and thine are mine, all subject to thy law.

Stay yourselves, and wonder; cry ye out, and cry, for the Lord hath poured out upon you the spirit of deep sleep, and hath closed your eyes. It won't be long, the time is drawing very near when they also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding and thou shalt weep no more.

He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee, and though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more.

But thine *eyes shall see thy teachers:* and thine *ears shall hear*

a word behind thee, saying, *This is the way, walk ye in it,* when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.

Moreover the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days. Shall these words fall like dew upon the souls I fain would bless?

And shall they, like the morning dew, as quickly disappear, or will they point some living one to fairer regions in the sky? I still will work, and patiently will wait:

The dew is not without its uses, too; it gives a freshness to the fields, whose verdure doth depend on it, until the rain and gentle showers shall deeper moisture give.

Shall I, then, despise the day of small things? Nay, although I may not yet enter, I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For with Thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light; thou us hast made, a little lower than the angels. If only a *little* lower, shall we not strive to rise higher, be the willing pupils of those who dwell in regions fair, in homes eternal?

The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times. How many times shall I, dear Lord, pass through the fire, to be by Thee, sufficiently tried; and shall my soul be purified and breathe the nether air?

Methinks seventy times seven refining fires do scarce suffice for some of us. Thou hast showed thy people hard things: thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment.

Not that we murmur at the Lord, for we know, if the iron be blunt, and he doth not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength.

My heart, Lord, is dull of understanding, my eyes see not with quick clearness: Long ago had I fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord. But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped, and I said, O, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.

Do I blame thee, do I chide thee, friends beloved? Nay, I

blame not, I chide not any, though I pass through sorrows deep, have trials many; for God maketh my heart soft.

May what I here suffer be for his glory: though piercing thorns my flesh may tear, the "crown of thorns" I ne'er shall wear. Times were when I, from day to day, scarce knew how I should sup, with whom should dine, my purse so little did contain;

I ate most sparingly, yet dwelling upon the Psalmist's words: I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him; fret not thyself.

Who runs may read, and many here will doubtless say, "We would have helped you willingly." If I were hungry I would not tell thee. Do any ask why?

Because they know not, neither will they understand: some will blame, other some will chide; one say shame, another, false pride; but who shall countermand?

Suffer me that I may speak; and after that I have spoken, mock on. As for me, is my complaint to men? Is not God in the height of heaven?

And behold the light of the stars, how high they are! and thou sayest, how doth God know? Can he judge through the dark cloud? Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee.

Thou shalt also decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee! and the light shall shine upon thy ways. When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, *There is lifting up;* and he shall save the humble person.

He shall deliver the island of the innocent; and it is delivered by the *pureness of thine hands.* Hear this, all ye people; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world: Both low and high, rich and poor, together, for he is no respecter of persons.

The Lord shall count when he writeth up the people. Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other; truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

Friends, I ask you now to consider with me the words of one whom you have been taught from youth to believe was the most

patient man the earth ever knew. Had he much, think you, to contend with?

Do you surmise that he did all this suffering forego, pass through, to prepare him to teach this lesson of patience unto generations yet unborn?

Persons are often said to possess the patience of Job, in fact, it is a household by-word, and repeatedly used by those who know not what they say. Not long ago I heard of a book entitled, "The Sixteen Crucified Saviours:"

The work I have not seen, and know nought of it except its name, but the thought occurred to me, that if sixteen Saviours had been known, Job must surely have been *one.*

What do his sufferings teach us, humanity to bless, or curse? Himself hath told; read, I will teach you by the hand of God: that which is with the Almighty will I not conceal. Behold all ye yourselves have seen it; why then are ye thus altogether vain?

I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me.

My judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out.

Be it known that this was in the days of Job's prosperity, or, as he expresses it, When the Almighty was yet with me, when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness.

Then I said, I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days as the sand. My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch.

My glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand. Unto me men gave ear and waited, and kept silence at my counsel; after my words they spake not again;

And my speech dropped upon them. And they waited for me as for the rain; and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain.

If I laughed on them, they believed it not; and the light of my countenance they cast not down. I chose out their way, and sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners.

The young men saw me, and hid themselves; and the aged

arose, and stood up. The princes refrained talking, and laid their hand on their mouth.

The nobles held their peace, and their tongue cleaved to the roof of their mouth. When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller.

Do you behold, my friends, any praiseworthy deeds in the life of him whom God scourged? was he scourged because of good deeds? Nay, rather because of men's needs.

I verily believe he endured, in God's way, his full measure of pain and woe, as much as did He, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

I fear we give not Job the honour due; one thing I fear we do forget, which is, when he was so beset by high and low, and performed those noble deeds of charity, 't was at a time when he possessed both wealth and honour, and we know how hard it is, has ever been, for these same rich ones to enter the kingdom of love, or to acknowledge a brother as such, whose station in life is, in worldly respects, lower than his.

For us, we would sooner look for sympathy and help in time of need, from those below us in station and wealth; this we say from actual experience, having proved its truth.

And here let me say, if you should e'er seek aid in behalf of some worthy, charitable object, *avoid the rich.* He, who his daily bread earns by the "sweat of his brow," will give twice as much, and with a more willing heart; the rich may give — a *look* — which hurts a sensitive spirit.

But we will not leave Job, as did his friends of old when adversity came upon him. These friends if such we may call them, left him out in the cold: read what he saith.

But now they that are younger than me have me in derision: they were children of fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler than the earth.

And now am I their song, yea, I am their byword; they abhor me, they flee far from me, and spare not to spit in my face. Because he hath loosed my cord and afflicted me, they have also let loose the bridle before me, they push away my foot, they mar my path.

And the thing which I knew not I searched out. Friend, go thou and do likewise; some things will doubtless you surprise if you once get afloat, but never mind, you will see what you do see.

There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and bread cometh out of the earth, but when shall wisdom be found ? and where is the place of understanding ?

Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, it is not in me: and the sea saith, it is not with me: it cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price therof.

It cannot be valued with the Gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies: the topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence then cometh wisdom? seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof. For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven; and he weigheth the waters by measure.

When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder: then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding. Amen and amen.

We feel that aught which we can say, can add little weight to these truths, self-evident to all of wise intent.

To some they come in youth, others must wait for riper years; those who receive on earth a taste, have much to learn when they go hence: Many here mourn an idle misspent youth.

If we should speak only of things pleasing to you, our mission would not be complete; we seek not to mislead, but keeping the truth in view give full assurance that all who in sincerity inquire, and seek true wisdom from above, shall not in vain aspire, their hearts shall be grounded in love to do the thing which good is.

But I grieve to say there are those that rebel against the light; they know not the ways thereof, nor abide in the path thereof.

The murderer, rising with the light, killeth the poor and needy, and in the night is as a thief. The eye also of the adulterer waiteth for the twilight, saying, No eye shall see me: and disguiseth his face.

In the dark they dig through houses, which they had marked for themselves in the daytime: they know not the light; for the morning is to them even as the shadow of death. If one know them, they are in the terrors of the shadow of death.

He draweth also the mighty with his power: he riseth up, and no man is sure of life; lo these are parts of his ways:

God forbid that I should justify: till I die I will not remove mine integrity from me. This is the portion of a wicked man with God, and the heritage of oppressors, which they shall receive of the Almighty.

If his children be multiplied, it is for the sword: and his offspring shall not be satisfied with bread. Those that remain of him shall be buried in death: and his widows shall not weep.

Though he heap up silver as the dust, and prepare raiment as the clay; he may prepare it, but the just shall put it on, and the innocent shall divide the silver.

He buildeth his house as a moth, and as a booth that the pauper maketh; the rich man shall lie down, but he shall not be gathered: he openeth his eyes and he is not.

Terrors take hold on him as waters, a tempest steals him away in the night. The east wind carrieth him away and he departeth: and as a storm hunteth him out of his place.

For God shall cast upon him, and not spare: he would fain flee out of his hand. Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place.

We would here a few suggestions make to the "rich," or rather, would of them inquire, why it is that in the Scriptures we invariably find the *rich*, coupled with the *unjust*, and with the *wicked?*

Can ye not come out from among them, and be ye separate? May God in his infinite mercy help and deliver you!

Although we have gleaned much wisdom, understanding, and good counsel, from patient Job, we find that, in the sight of God, even he was not "all clean."

In the anguish of his spirit, his soul was filled with contempt for — we had almost said God and man. Unto God he made his complaint, and said, Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my soul grieved for the poor?

When I looked for good, then evil came unto me: and when I waited for light, then came darkness: I went mourning without the sun;

I stood up and I cried in the congregation. My harp is tuned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep. I cry, and thou dost not hear me; thou art become cruel to me.

If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw myself in the gate, — then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, if I have made gold my hope, or have said to fine gold, Thou art my confidence.

If I rejoiced because my wealth was great, and because mine hand had gotten much; If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been sweetly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand:

This also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge: for I should have denied the God that is above.

If I covered my transgressions as Adam, by hiding mine iniquity in my bosom: Did I fear a great multitude?

O, that one would hear me! behold, my desire is, that the Al mighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book.

(Right here let us say to friends and foes, If we had a desire to retaliate, the most satisfactory way of doing so would be, that they might write a book, and subject it and the author to the criticisms of — everybody.)

Surely, I would take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me. I would declare unto him the number of my steps; as a friend would I go near unto him.

If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain; if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their lives:

Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley. The words of Job are ended.

Ended for a time only, as we shall soon see, although after this, his words were few, and in reply to the Almighty, who had heard his prayer.

Some of our readers may not be aware of the fact, that Job, and others of the so-called holy men of old, held converse with immortal beings through earthly mediums.

These mediums are not easily traced in scriptural writings, unless our minds are predisposed in that direction, from the fact, that diverse appellations are given them.

In the case we have before us they were designated "friends."

Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite. These three, according to the book of Job, were consulted by him alternately and quite frequently.

Now after Job had ended his sayings, these three men ceased to answer him, because they said he was righteous in his own eyes.

If the Almighty had not heard his heart's desire, and answered the same in his own appointed way, who would have known the latter end of Job? we surely should have inferred that the last state of that man was worse than the first.

But the end is not yet: mysterious are the ways of our God, by whose agency a young man, named Elihu, was sent to reason with Job, and his three friends. Now this young man was filled with the spirit within, and could not keep silence.

Against Job was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God; also against his three friends was his wrath kindled, because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned Job.

Now Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. When Elihu saw that there was no answer in the mouths of these three men, then his wrath was kindled.

He answered and said, I am young, and ye are old; wherefore I was afraid, and dared not show you mine opinion. I said, Days should speak, and multitudes of years should teach wisdom.

But there is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment.

Therefore I said, Hearken to me; I also will show mine opinion. Behold I waited for your words; I gave ear to your reasons, while ye searched out what to say.

Yea, I attended unto you, and behold there was none of you that answered Job, or that answered his words: lest ye should say, We have found out wisdom.

Now he hath not directed his words against me: neither will I answer him with your speeches. They were amazed, they answered no more, they left off speaking.

When I had waited, (for they spake not) I said, I will answer also my part, I also will show mine opinion, for I am full of matter: the spirit within me constraineth me, — I will speak, that I may be refreshed.

Wherefore, Job, I pray thee, hear my speeches, and hearken to

all my words. Behold, I am according to thy wish, in God's stead: I also am formed out of the clay.

Behold, my terror shall not make thee afraid, neither shall my hand be heavy upon thee: surely thou hast spoken in mine hearing, and I have heard the voice of thy words, saying,

I am clean, without transgression, I am innocent; neither is there iniquity in me. Behold, He findeth occasion against me; he counteth me for his enemy; he putteth my feet in the stocks, he maketh all my paths.

Behold, in this thou art just; I will answer thee, that God is greater than man. Why dost thou strive against him? for he giveth not account of any of his matters.

For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon their bed; then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man.

If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness: then he is gracious unto him. He looketh unto men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; he will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light.

Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living.

Mark well, O Job! hearken unto me: Is it fit to say to a king, Thou art wicked, and to princes, Ye are ungodly? much less to him that accepteth not the person of princes, nor regardeth the rich more than the poor; for they are all the work of his hands.

In a moment shall they die, and the people shall be troubled at midnight, and pass away: and the mighty shall be taken away without hand. For his eyes are upon the ways of man, and he seeth all his goings.

There is no darkness, no shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves. For He will not lay upon man more than right;

For the work of a man shall He render unto him, and cause every man to find according to his ways. Surely it is meet to be

said unto God, I have borne chastisement, I will not offend any more:

That which I see not, teach thou me: if I have done iniquity, I will do no more.

Should it be according to thy mind? He will recompense it, whether thou refuse, or whether thou choose; and not I.

Elihu spake, moreover, and said, Thinkest thou this to be right, that thou saidst, My righteousness is more than God's? for thou saidst, What will it be unto thee? and, what profit shall I have, if I be cleansed from my sin?

I will answer thee and thy companions with thee. Look unto the heavens and see: and behold the clouds which are higher than thou.

If thou sinnest, what doest thou against him? or if thy transgressions be multipled, what doest thou unto him? If thou be righteous, what givest thou him? or what receiveth he of thine hand?

Thy wickedness may hurt a man as thou art; and thy righteousness may profit the son of man. By reason of the multitude of oppressions they make the oppressed to cry; they cry out by reason of the arm of the mighty.

But none saith, Where is God my maker, who giveth songs in the night; who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven?

Then they cry, but none giveth answer, because of the pride of evil men; surely God will not hear vanity, neither will the Almighty regard it.

Therefore doth Job open his mouth in vain; he multiplieth words without knowledge.

Elihu also proceeded, and said, Suffer me a little, and I will show thee that I have yet to speak on God's behalf, for truly my words shall not be false: he that is perfect in knowledge is with thee.

Behold, God is mighty, and despiseth not any; he is mighty in strength and wisdom; he preserveth not the life of the wicked: but giveth right to the poor.

He withdraweth not his eyes from the righteous: he delivereth the poor in his affliction, and openeth their ears in oppression. Even so would we have removed thee out of the straight into

a broad place, where is no straightness; and that which be set on thy table should be full of fatness.

But thou hast fulfilled the judgment of the wicked: judgment and justice take hold on thee. Will he esteem thy riches? No, not gold nor all the forces of strength.

Behold, God exalteth by his power: who teacheth like him? God is great, and we know him not, neither can the number of his years be searched out.

God thundereth marvellously with his voice; great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend; for he saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth;

Likewise to the small rain, and to the great rain of his strength. He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know his work.

Then the beasts go into dens, and remain in their places. Out of the south cometh the whirlwind: and cold out of the north. By the breath of God frost is given: and the breadth of the waters is straightened.

Also by watering, he wearieth the thick cloud: he scattereth his bright cloud, and it is turned about by his counsels, that they may do whatsoever he commandeth them upon the face of the world in the earth.

He causeth it to come, whether for correction, or for his land, or for mercy. Hearken unto this, O Job: stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God.

Friends, we have here given but a few, of the many words which Elihu spake, for Job and his companions' sake. What we have given, wilt thou also consider, and see if ye find not therein more perfect wisdom, and higher knowledge, than had been before vouchsafed him, even through his three elder "friends."

This young man, who, from his speech, we should infer, was but lightly esteemed by Job, because of his youth and inexperience, was moved by the spirit to speak in the name of the Lord, or, as he said, in God's stead.

We can only judge of the effect produced upon those who hearkened unto him from his own words, as no reply was vouchsafed him from Job, or from his friends.

As his inspiration ends, a still greater mystery awaits us; for we read that the Lord himself speaks to Job out of the whirlwind. Would you know his words, read Job, chapters xxxviii to xlii.

These chapters four so much contain, so many truths reveal, we have it not in our hearts to disannul, by giving only portions of the same; but for the benefit of those who take not the time to peruse more, we will give the commencement sublime: also, Job's reply unto the Lord.

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man: for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measure thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?

Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew? out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?

The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen. Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?

Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty, instruct him? he that reproveth God, let him answer it.

Then Job answered the Lord, and said, Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken: but I will not answer; yea, twice, but I will proceed no further.

What have we here? hath Job forgotten his desire? Did he expect the Almighty would take him at his word and deign to answer? Job refrained from replying to the Lord.

Then answered the Lord unto Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Gird up thy loins now like a man: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.

Wilt thou also disannul my judgment? wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be righteous? hast thou an arm like God?

Thus did the Lord show forth his own great power and might, until sublimity itself seemed lost in wonder; a belief in the same, a giddy height reaching beyond the frail conception of man.

The heavens may declare the glory of the Lord, but who upon earth is equal thereto? No wonder that Job did humble himself

before his God, who did thus condescend the very clouds of heaven to rend, showing his mighty power.

Then Job answered the Lord, and said, I know that thou canst do every thing, and that no thought can be withholden from thee. Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not: things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.

Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me. I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.

And it was so, that after the Lord had spoken these words unto Job, the Lord said to Eliphaz the Temanite, my wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends: for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath.

How wondrously deep and wise are these teachings! The friends upon whose counsel Job most depended, it seems were not adapted to inspire his soul with the wisdom and understanding he needed, and which might be summed up in two words—Know thyself.

We have here, plain evidence that length of days and multiplicity of years, does not always secure to man the greatest amount of wisdom; the youth in this case, rendering more perfect knowledge.

No word of rebuke received he from his Master, while his elders were charged with cruel slanders against God. A reprieve however, is granted them, through the intercession of Job. We are not informed whether, like him, they received blessings twofold, and lived to a good old age.

And the Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends; also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. Then came unto him all his brethren, and all his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him in his house.

And they bemoaned him, and comforted him over all the evil that the Lord had brought upon him; every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one an earring of gold. So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning.

Line upon line, line upon line—page after page, page after

page — have here been penned, when I, in truth, did not intend loneliness to thus assuage.

I little realized myself, how patient Job had been pursued by fears within, and foes without: he must be clean, and wear a spotless robe; I'm sure he doth deserve the same.

I wonder why the best of men have been, still are, abused and tantalized by fellow-men. I oft have tried to reason out and solve the problem in my mind; at times I do get on quite well, and some things truthfully divine.

But then, the world is round, my friends seem not inclined to travel on with me. Must I go forward all alone, traverse each country in its turn: and from each one, maybe, a fresh experience gain? What good will come of it?

If no one but myself can be benefited thereby, then give me peace and rest: yet how shall this even be done? can I go back?

A spirit dear says, Nay, 't is useless quite for you to try; if you do courage lack, come boldly to the throne of grace, plead for thyself, plead for thy loving ones as well, be not discouraged!

Thy friends, while grieving o'er thy poor, hallucinated brain, have hearts still warm with love for thee: then chide them not: speak kindly, deal gently, cherish lovingly thy friends, thine own, who ne'er will thee forget.

Think not thou art, and ever must be, all alone: thou hast on earth many, who would gladly their arms about thee fold, and soothe with gentle tone thy weary soul.

They cannot all thy sorrows know, like us who are to thee more near, although by them considered far. Angels pure attend thee, and call thee from earth away — earth's cares I mean.

You could not do our heavenly work, while minist'ring unto thy friends; beside, thou hast thine own life to nourish, and guard well for Him who gave it thee:

A boon we know thou didst not crave, he did bestow. And thou, dear one, in time shall learn to prize what thou hast oft in days agone considered but a burden sore.

'Tis not so now, and nevermore shalt thou thyself resign to days and weeks of melancholy, as heretofore; not that we chide thee, for this also did thy soul need to pass through, fitting for its future.

¶ O angels bright! O angels fair! may I for aye in thee confide,

live near unto; in all the years which come and go, may Truth and Love combine to draw me nearer heaven and thee.

May love divine most graciously fill all my soul, for then I'll never, never feel — no — not all alone.

HOME AT LAST.

Yes, Father dear, I'm home at last; thy loving arm
Hath me upheld; dangers arose, and doubts and fears
My weary spirit did oppress; but, safe from harm,
Once more I rest, nor water now my couch with tears;
Disquietude gives place to peace.

Amid the din of city life I found not this;
My heart rebelled; in agony I cried to thee;
I begged my guides to lead the way to some lone place
Where I could rest from toil and strife, and also see
My home made bright through them, by thee.

My prayers did not ascend in vain: thy gracious ear
Was open to my mournful cry; and thou didst send
An angel bright, who did for me unbar the door,
And bid depart unto a distant, foreign land,—
My home, the while, the deep blue sea.

My course was toward the "sunny South;" my feeble powers,
They said, would there recuperate; my failing strength
Would be renewed; I should, at times, see lonely hours:
My heart would yearn for those I loved: I should at length
Return unto my native land.

The sky was bright, the sea was calm, when I launched forth
Upon its broad expanse alone,— to earthly eyes,—
Yet not alone : my dear ones, who by spirit-birth
Have soared aloft, beheld me from their natal skies,
And made their home within my soul.

At length there came a fearful storm : for days and nights
The tempest-toss'd lay sick and faint, afar from land,
"Rocked in the cradle of the deep." The sweet delights
Of sailing on the calm, blue sea, were at an end,—
Lost in the mighty, raging deep.

Then "Peace, be still," the Master said, and forthwith came
A sweet repose o'er land and sea. We anchored safe :
No one was lost of all the crew. Be it our aim
To fear no danger,— trust in Thee, who will through life
Our home decree, where thou seest fit.

O, what a change do we behold ! bright, sunny skies
In place of winter's chilly blast ; sweet, blooming flowers
Their fragrance shed ! We gaze around in glad surprise,
For, surely, here we, for a time, 'mid friendly bowers
A home may find,— kind friends may win,

If we unto ourselves are true, striving to do
Unto all others as we would that they in turn
Should do to us. We feel, we know, we then shall be
Upheld and guided by thy love, from thee shall learn
'T is home wherever duty calls.

Then may each trial we endure, our souls refine
And purify. Our spirit-vision, too, unfold,—
That we may see the light ahead,— no more repine
At thy commands, who first did form, who still wilt mould
Our life and character aright.

If here thou hast a work for us,— with heartfelt zeal
We still will strive to walk by faith, if not by *sight:*
Thine own unerring judgment will more kindly deal
With us and ours, though clouds of grief and sorrow's night
At times prevail, we trust thee still.

Enough to say, We wait on time, with heaven's own
Sunshine in our heart, rejoicing in the faith sublime,
That those who love can never part, and, wheresoe'er
The soul may dwell, that God will order all things well,
And guide us to our home on high.

WHAT I LOVE MOST.

I love the merry, merry sunshine,
With all that 's gay and bright and fair;
No stormy seas for me and mine,
But joyous, happy, free from care,—

We 'd roam through forest, field, and plain,
Seeking for treasures rich and rare,
'Neath woodland shade and mountain glen,
Where pure and fresh and free the air.

I love the little birds that sing
And warble forth their Maker's praise
As upward they soar on joyful wing,
Tuning their sweetest roundelays.

The tender little flow'rets, too,
Which sweetly scent the morning air,
As, sprinkled o'er with heavenly dew,
They send forth fragrance rich and rare.

I love my dear and happy home,
My kind and loving friends so true;
Not far from these I 'd wish to roam,
Unless by duty called to go.

I love my quiet, sunny room;
Its many gathered treasures there
Recall to mind my dearest ones,
Who wait for me "just over there."

The little children, full of glee,
With hearts so tender, warm, and true,
Come clust'ring round about my knee,
And often murmur, "I love you;"

And then their pouting, rosy lips
To mine they raise for one sweet kiss:
I love their merry, prattling ways,
Nor would I miss their fond caress.

But dearer far than all the rest
Are loving spirits gone before,
Whose kind return, at our behest,
Oft us instruct in sacred lore,—

Teaching the way of life to find,
And truth eternal to embrace:
Their light has on our darkness shined,
And soon we 'll see them face to face.

This is an idle tale, you say,
Some fancy wild, or vision fair,
Which soon will crumble quite away,
And vanish into empty air.

Dear friends, I have no wish to chide;
The time will come, I full well know,

When in these truths you 'll too confide,
For the angels tell me so.

The question I 'll not argue here,
For words, I know, would not avail,
But strive, by deeds and actions pure,
Though tempest-tossed by many a gale,

To raise my beacon-light so high,
While sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
That those who pass *me* coldly by,
The *light* may see, and danger flee.

WORDS OF LOVE.

How few, o'er all this wide, wide earth,
Have learned to comprehend the worth
Of loving words we all might give;
And more like Jesus then we 'd live.

His kindly deeds, his words of love,
Are proof to us that God above,
A mission gave him to fulfil,
And thus make known his sacred will.

Then, if we do his counsels heed,
And follow on where he doth lead,
The labors of our life shall prove
We, too, have felt the power of love.

Though gold and silver we have none,
Kind words, we know, are all our own;
More precious, too, we feel they are
Than rubies bright, or pearls so fair.

They fall like gentle ev'ning dew,
If from a heart that 's warm and true,
And oft they cheer the sorrowing one
Whose pathway here is sad and lone.

When pain and anguish rack our frame,
And life seems but a troubled dream,
How sweet the voice of tender love,
Murm'ring softly, There 's rest above!

We hear the sweet and silv'ry tone,
And feel ourselves not all alone,
For kind and loving friends are near,
To wipe away the falling tear.

If we in sunny childhood's hour
Are taught the wondrous, holy power
Of gentle words and loving deeds,
Our hearts are sown with heavenly seeds,

Which, scattered wide o'er many a field,
Shall fragrant flowers immortal yield,
Whose sweetest incense, wafted high,
Shall draw us upward to the sky.

The child whose young and tender mind
Is saddened oft by words unkind,
Will quick respond, and glad reply,
With cheerful heart and beaming eye,

If it but hear, in accents mild,
The voice of her whose love beguiled
From lips so pure their first sweet kiss,
And fondly cherished each embrace.

How oft I 've seen the tear-drop start
From eyes so blue they seemed a part

Of heaven's own azure from the sky.
Why, ye thoughtless ones, O, why

Will ye thus mar the tender bud
Which scarce has passed its babyhood?
Yet, tiny as it may appear,
'T is not too young to see and hear.

A smile of thine, a tone of love,
Calls forth an answering one to prove
'T is all within the baby's reach,
Though yet denied the power of speech.

If in our homes we strive to share
The burdens we are called to bear,
Our homes, like to the ones above,
Will teem with kindness, peace, and love.

In radiance they will far outshine
What wealth and honor can combine —
If love and kindness have no part —
To cheer and soothe the aching heart.

So pure and gentle may we be, Lord,
That thoughts of heaven, of love, and thee,
Our souls may fill; and may we have
That peace the world can never give.

Within ourselves, we then will own,
The kingdom of thy love has come;
And as thy will in heaven is done,
So may it be on earth the same.

May angels bright, still guard and guide,
Until we reach the other side;
And then conduct us to our home,
Whence nevermore we 'll wish to roam.

O, haste the day when all the earth
Shall feel the power, shall feel the worth
Of deeds of kindness, words of love,
As taught by Him, who reigns above.

TO AUNTIE.

Yea, in this dreary wilderness,
Where all seems dark, and lone, and sad,
There comes a light within thy soul
Which bids thy heart once more be glad.
'T is not for us to stay the tide
Of life's tempestuous, angry sea,
As o'er the dashing waves you ride,
And vainly strive the storm to flee.

Another mission still is ours,
Which gives us pleasure to fulfil:
It is to cheer, to bless, to guide,
Directing how to shun the ill.
We see thy worn and anxious face,
We know thy heart is often sad;
But life nor death can e'er efface
The inbred *truth* which makes thee glad.

We know that trials will befall,
As through life's tangled maze you tread,
'T is not the fate of *one*, but *all*
Must stem the tide they so much dread.
We sorrow not like those below,
Whose feeble vision fails to prove
The depth of wisdom, power, and love
Bestowed on man by God above.

For in this bright and happy land,
We look beyond the flight of time,
Assured that all in our lov'd band
Sweet fields of beauty yet shall roam.
Then upward raise thy drooping lids,
Bid cares depart, and never fear,
For in the future, calm, serene,
A light for thee shines bright and clear.

SOFT AND LOW.

O, list ye to the gentle breeze
As, softly sighing through the trees,
It wafts its fragrance as it goes
Lulling thee to sweet repose.

O, lov'st thou not the woodland air,
When skies are bright, and fields are fair!
And seems it not a hallow'd place,
As God in nature here we trace?

The babbling brook, the quiet dell,
Both cast around a soothing spell,
While birds which hop from bough to bough,
Are sweetly singing—soft and low:

The little flowers beneath our feet,
So shy and modest, yet so sweet,
Do lift their tiny heads and cry—
O, crush us not as you pass by,—

But stoop and cull our fairest ones,
And take unto your loving homes;
We will repay your tender care,
Distilling fragrance rich and rare.

I love to sit me down and think,
Beside the river's mossy brink,
Whose pearly water's ceaseless flow
Is ever murm'ring, soft and low.

A holy calm pervades my breast —
Sweet foretaste of the heavenly rest.
Though oft I've bowed beneath the rod,
I know it was the will of God.

Yet at the time 't was hard to trace
The workings of his truth and grace;
My heart was filled with calm despair:
I heeded not his tender care,

But, brooding o'er my trials sore,
Shut close my heart and barred the door.
But lo! a glim'ring light I see,
And voices whisper, 'T is for thee.

I saw this feeble, flick'ring ray
Increase in brightness day by day;
My fears dispersed, my hopes grew bright;
I prayed my God to give me light:

The angels quickly caught the strain,
Then soft and low their sweet refrain
Is wafted from ethereal skies,
Re-echoing their glad replies.

My softened heart is all aglow,
To know the angels love me so:

A sister, brothers, friends most dear,
I fondly loved and cherished here,

Do all with one consent unite
To guide me in the path of right;
While brighter yet, and still more bright
Steals o'er my soul a glorious light.

Then 'neath the summer sky, so fair,
I 'll raise mine eyes in silent prayer
To Him who reigns in heaven above,
And e'er acknowledge — God is love.

OUR FATHER'S CARE.

As flow'rs their sweetest fragrance shed
O'er all who come within their reach,
So may each gentle soul be led
To grasp the lesson these may teach;

For it is one we all may learn,
And may it practise, too, each day,
Nor from the poor and needy turn,
Who scarce can find one cheering ray.

On all alike the glorious sun
Gives forth its rays of beauteous light,
Nor from the sad and sorrowing one
Withholds its beams, so clear and bright.

It is our Father's loving care
Which guides the weary footsteps right,

And bids us ever kindly share
The joys which open to our sight.

O, may each gentle thought of love
Our wildest passions all control,
Like music wafted from above
In sweetest cadence o'er the soul.

And if a wider range of thought 's
Bestowed upon some favored one,
Whose life with toil has e'er been fraught
For others more than self alone,—

O, may the purest joys of earth
From such go forth to bless mankind;
Nor pass those by of humble birth,
For hearts have they, both warm and kind,

Though chilled, perchance, by winter's blast;
And days of sorrow, nights of pain,
May for a time their shadows cast,
Yet summer days will come again.

Then let us ever faithful prove,—
With others kindly, truly share
The blessings show'red from heaven above,
All by our loving Father's care.

VISIONS OF THE PAST.

Aye, past! those bright and happy days
Of childhood's early, rosy morn;
Yet back to thee our mem'ry strays,
Though hushed and still the gentle song:
Those happy careless days of yore,
To heedless sport and pleasure free,
When close beside our cottage door,
'T was only, sister, you and me.
But soon another joins our band;
A baby-brother now have we:
They say he came from baby-land,
And now his home with us shall be.
We sit and muse, nor can explain
What unto us a myst'ry seems.
O, these are links in life's long chain,
Realities, beautiful dreams.
As time speeds on, our band of three
Its numbers swell, till now we 're ten:
Our brothers six, four sisters we,—
All joined in love and sympathy.
But time is ever on the wing;
He comes with soft and gentle tread,
Yet swift and sure the message brings,
And one is numbered with the dead.
It is the sweet and tender bud
Which last did join our earthly band;
So pure, so fair, we would not call
Thy spirit back from that bright land.
We think of thee as one whose soul,
'Neath sunny skies and balmy air,
Where flesh and sense no more control,
Will quick expand in beauties rare.
Again the angel Death draws near,
And fills our souls with wild despair.

A shining mark — our brother dear!
O, stay thy hand! in mercy spare!
'T is he who first our childish love
Called forth in accents pure and strong:
O, must we give him to the tomb
In life's fair op'ning morn?
But prayers and tears cannot avail;
Stern death, with cold, relentless hand,
Is captor now. The spirit pure
Has winged its flight to summer land.
The wheels of time roll on apace,
Our joys and sorrows still combine;
Yet hard it is for us to trace
The workings of a love divine.
While Death hath entered twice and called
The fairest ones from our dear band,
Others have left the homestead-roo
And taken for themselves a stand.
The eldest brother here below
Gives heart and hand in nuptial love,—
The dearest gift he could bestow,
And one which hath its seal above.
A gentle little sunbeam came
To cheer and bless their home;
But O, how short its pilgrimage,—
How soon its earthly course is run!
We watched beside it day by day;
We tried to soothe by gentle song;
Yet crushed and drooping, there it lay
Till angels came and called it home.
O our Lillie, precious darling!
So sweet, so pure, so white, so fair,
O, surely, now, we must be dreaming!
But hark! sweet music fills the air,
As underneath the chilling sod
The lovely, waxen form we lay:
The gates are standing all ajar,

And waiting, waiting, angels say,
For soon another we shall claim.
'T will make the parting less severe,
To know thy child has gone before
And waits for thee "just over there."
Not long, alas! had she to wait,
For all too soon for friends below
The summons came. The pearly gate
Is opened wide, and voices low
Are singing soft and gentle strains
Of welcome to that peaceful shore,
Where truth and love triumphant reign,
And sorrows trouble nevermore.
We miss thee, brother, but we feel
'T is well with thee and with the child:
But O, the torn and bleeding heart
Of her who cries in anguish wild!
"'T is dark, all dark, and lone and drear;
The light of life for me has fled:
Kind friends, I know, are passing near,
But oh! my child — my husband — *dead!*"
Thy loved ones, dear, whisper to thee
And say, Look up! we are not dead,
But still our watch and vigil keep
O'er thee, as through life's maze you tread.
What joy and comfort, then, is ours,
To know that loved ones gone before
Come near and bless our souls each day,
And guide us to that heavenly shore.
O, may our hearts be filled with love,
As upward, onward, still we go,
Trusting in Him who reigns above,
Directs our pathway here below.

"HE LEADETH ME."

How sweet to feel that God above,
Holy and just, by his kind love
Will gently lead us all our days,
And keep us safe in wisdom's ways.

How weak and sinful still are we!
How much we need the guiding star
Which points us onward, upward ever —
Turning backward never — never!

Though darkling storms may gather round,
And scarce a ray of light be found,
'T is only for a little space
The sun has hid his glorious face,

And soon our Father's love divine,
Will bid its beams go forth and shine
In radiant splendor far more bright,
To shed its rays of warmth and light,

As if unto our souls to prove,
'T is not in anger, but in love,
That for a time he hides his face,
To draw us nearer that blest place

Where all is light and love and joy;
Where care and pain no more annoy;
But tranquil seas and sunny skies,
Are free to all who earn the prize.

His voice is calling, calling still,
And pleads for all to shun the ill:
Unselfish deeds of love and truth,
Shall blessings bring to all the earth,—

Though slow the process oft may seem,
Its flight is swifter than you deem;
And not one precious seed is lost,
Though hidden 'neath the winter's frost.

How earnest, then, should be our work!
O, let us rise, and with the lark
Who joyous sings in yonder tree,
Give praise to Him who "leadeth me."

"Let us, while we read or study,
Cull a flower from every page;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!

At our work or by the wayside,
While we ponder, while we play,
Let us thus, by constant effort,
Learn a little every day."

THE LITTLE ONES.

God, bless them all, these little ones
So dear and precious in thy sight!
They come to cheer our hearts and homes,
And fill our souls with glad delight.

I love to watch the baby dear
Who sits upon his mother's knee;
His timid eyes, so bright and clear,
Just for a moment rest on me,—

Then turning quick his little face,
He nestles close to mamma's breast;
She clasps him in a fond embrace,
And softly whispers, "Darling blest!"

I love to watch the tiny bud
Unfold its leaves in light of day,
It makes me gentle, kind and good,
And helps to cheer me on my way.

I see the tender buds expand
So sweetly, gently, one by one:
The babe no longer I behold,
He, too, has older, wiser grown,—

But still we call him baby-boy,
The merry, laughing little elf!
He joins the children in their play,
And none more happy than himself.

I love to watch them sport and play,
As joyous, happy, free from care,
They bask in sunshine all the day
'Mid fragrant flowers and balmy air:

For soon, I know, the time will come
When they must fight life's battles too,
And strive all evil ways to shun;
For future joy or future woe

Depends upon each word and deed
Which marks our pathway here below;
For here we only sow the seed;
If good or ill, we scarcely know.

O, grant us wisdom from above,
And may we each select with care,

Seeds of kindness, seeds of love,
And broadcast strew them everywhere.

And as the tiny seeds take root,
And tender shoots come springing forth,
O, may they all bear precious fruit,
In rich abundance, here on earth;

Then when we're called from earth away,
Bright angels from a higher sphere
Shall welcome us, and kindly say,
Thy deeds of love are cherished here.

Again we seek thy love and care,
And for ourselves thine aid implore;
O, keep us safe from every snare —
Uphold us by thy mighty power,

And help us wisely to direct
All those intrusted to our care;
The little ones may we protect,
All these so young, so pure, so dear!

O, may they early learn the truth!
Their warm and tender hearts perceive
More quickly in the spring of youth,
As simply trusting they believe.

Believe the tender words of love
Which Jesus gave for such as these:
His help and guidance from above,
O, may they seek on bended knees,—

And may they e'er be true to Thee —
The great All-Father — God of love,
Whose tender mercies, full and free,
Shall guide them to their home above.

DREAMING.

We sleep, we dream! nor is this all:
  We raise our weary, drooping lids —
For what, to gaze upon the wall?
  We hear a soft, low voice, which bids,
"Look upward still, 't is not a dream,
  But *vision* bright; and angels fair
O'ershadow thee, as calm, serene,
  Before thine eyes float beauties rare."

We hail thee, lov'd ones gone before;
  Thy gentle presence e'er shall be
A pure incentive guiding o'er
  The troublous waves of life's dark sea.
Thrice happy those who nevermore
  Shall look at death as sev'ring ties
Of earthly love, and friendship pure
  Which points us upward to the skies.

How sweet to know that angels bright
  And pure do guard our way!
In silent watches of the night
  Still hold unbounded sway,
E'er pointing upward to the light,
  Which ne'er grows dim, or knows decay,
But bursts upon our raptured sight
  In boundless waves of endless day.

What peace and comfort then, is ours,
  Though all below seem dark and drear:
For in these calm and quiet hours
  We feel thy presence ever near,
To kindly bless the aching heart;
  To speak sweet words of loving cheer
In gentle tones, which e'er impart
  A joy unto our souls, most dear.

IS IT UPHILL *ALL* THE WAY?

Tell us, ye bright-winged messengers of love
From the spheres of light beyond the blue,
As our thoughts and wishes soar above
To the better land just out of view,—
Is it uphill *all* the way?

We do ofttimes feel, in life's fair morn,
Ere clouds arise, and shadows dim
Earth's visions fair and heaven-born,
Such joys as these can ne'er grow dim;—
'T is not uphill all the way.

But as each year brings more and more
To chill the heart and freeze the soul,
We long to reach the "farther shore,"
Where sin and death no more control.
Is it uphill all the way?

We fain would ask thee once again,
While clouds of dark and deep despair
Fill heart and soul with woe and pain;
We long, O, we long to be there.
Is it uphill all the way?

"My child!" the angel-voice replies,
"'T is not *all* dark and lone and sad:
Why so tearful — why those sighs?
For much thou hast to make thee glad,
Though 't is uphill all the way!

We would not chide thee, precious child;
We know thy life is fraught with care,
Thy heart breaks forth in anguish wild,
Thy bosom heaves with deep despair,
For *'t is* uphill *all* the way.

But the lesson we would teach
Is one of patience, faith, and hope,
Which shall in wisdom far outreach
Thine earthly vision's narrow scope;
Yet, 't is uphill all the way.

There is no good which comes unsought;
The blessings you crave must all be *earned*,
Not with silver and gold be bought.
Thy lone spirit, for *love* hath yearned;
Therefore, 't is uphill all the way.

Yet, if for others, who, like thee,
Pine from sorrows and griefs untold,
Thy heart goes out in loving sympathy,
Peace its wings shall thee enfold,
Though *'t is* uphill all the way."

PATIENCE.

I pray Thee, Father, patience give,
And let me feel thy presence near;
O, may I daily, hourly live —
Upheld by thy kind, loving care,—

So pure and truthful, free from guile,
That no harsh word or deed unkind,
Shall chase away the beaming smile,
Or leave an anxious thought behind.

If pain and sickness be my lot,
O, may I patience still possess,
To kindly soothe some aching heart
With words of love and tenderness,—

And may I feel for others' woes,
Forgetful of the pains I bear,
Like Him who on us each, bestows
A portion of his love and care.

If when my eager, thirsty soul,
A higher knowledge to obtain,
Would fain press onward to the goal
And burst asunder ev'ry chain,

I find some links which will not yield,
But hold me in a tight embrace,
Then let my patience be revealed,
Till time shall bring a sweet release.

My soul is longing for a sight,
Of future bliss — of joys supreme;
Those worlds of beauty, fields of light,
Our vision dim can scarce conceive,

So dazzling bright they seem to be:
Yet, how I long to catch one gleam
Of my home beyond the crystal sea,
Ere called to stem death's icy stream!

I know my loved ones wait me there,
Though long and weary years have passed
Since I beheld their forms so fair.
Such friendships pure must always last,—

No change of time, no change of place,
Can warm and true hearts sever,
Nor can their image bright efface;
'T will linger ever — O, for ever?

I'm longing now, I've longed before,
To hear those sweet and gentle tones

Which came to me, in days of youth,
From lips of those, my darling ones,

Who now beyond this vale of tears
Have passed, to mansions bright and fair,
Prepared for all His children dear,
Surrounded by His loving care.

But if there 's work for me to do
Before I pass to yon bright shore,
O, quicken me — inspire anew
My feeble frame! and grant me more

Of heavenly wisdom, zeal and power!
More patience, too, wilt thou impart,
And may I ever, from this hour,
Do good, and trust with all my heart.

One favor more I 'd ask of thee,
As now I feel thy presence near;
Lighten mine eyes, that I may see!
My pathway make so plain and clear,

That I may wander nevermore
From wisdom's sweet and holy ways:
More bold and fearless than before,
I then will tread life's thorny maze;

In patience, too, I 'll calmly wait,
And strive my mission to fulfill;
I 'll gladly work for thy dear sake,
Fulfilling all thy blessed will.

I know that all I have is thine:
O, may I ever faithful prove,
Rejoicing if one deed of mine
Be worthy to record above.

THE HEAVENLY CITY.

There 's a city above, not made with hands,
  Its gates are of crystal, and open wide;
For all His dear children in far-away lands,
  The kind, loving Father, will ever provide.
Not one so polluted and hardened in sin,
  But deep in his heart — though unheeded, maybe,
There 's a still, small voice, ever whisp'ring low
  To its own guardian spirits, Come in, come in!
O, then, in the quiet of eventide,
  When the air, the earth, and the skies are still,
May we seek for heavenly counsel, to guide,
  And to teach us thy blessed and holy will.
May our dear spirit-friends, in these calm hours,
  Give wisdom from the fount of life above,
Which, like gentle dews distill'd on flowers,
  Shall freshen our souls, make purer our love.
And then, kind Father of all below,
  Still nearer to thee may we daily come;
Our desires reaching far from earth away,
  May we seek to learn of the far brighter home,
And may the dear friends whom we love on earth,
  All with us unite to bless mankind,
And to help each erring, sin-burden'd heart,
  The life, the way, and the truth to find.
May we, while on earth, ever strive to live
  The life of the righteous; then, freed from sin,
We shall, by our deeds and labors, prove
  That the love of our God doth dwell within.

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